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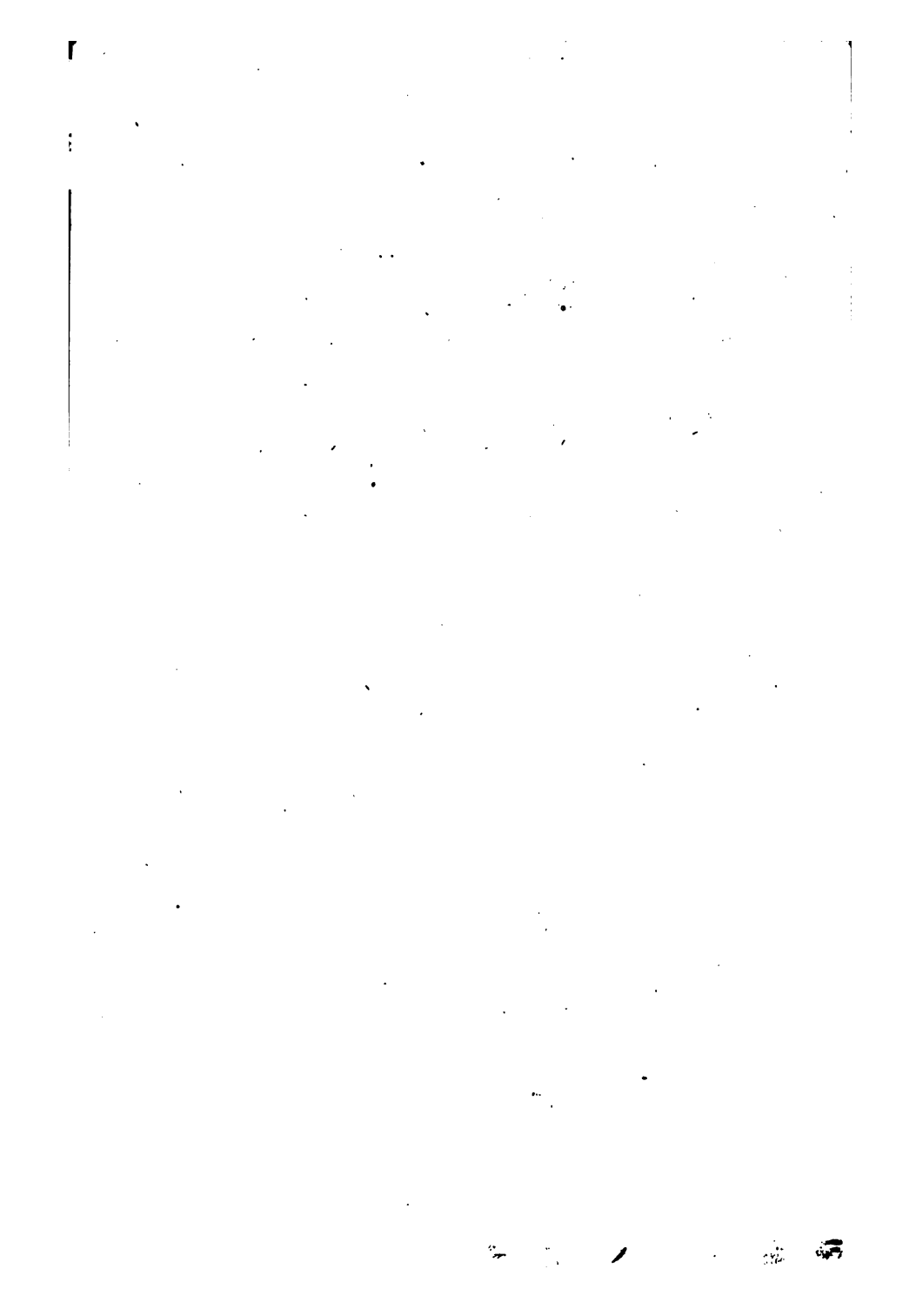
*A TOUR  
WITH COOK  
THROUGH  
SPAIN*





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Burgos Cathedral.

THE FOUR VOLUMES  
THROUGHOUT

A Series of

THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE  
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LONDON: SAMUELSON, LOW, MARSH, & SONS, LTD.  
1874.

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the same time, the fact that the same person can be both a subject and an object of a relation, and that the same relation can be both a subject and an object of a relation, is a fact which is not captured by the traditional logic. This is because the traditional logic is based on the assumption that the subject and the object of a relation are distinct entities, and that the relation itself is a distinct entity. However, in the modern logic, the subject and the object of a relation are not necessarily distinct entities, and the relation itself is not necessarily a distinct entity. This is because the modern logic is based on the assumption that the subject and the object of a relation are the same entity, and that the relation itself is the same entity. This is a fact which is not captured by the traditional logic, and it is this fact which is the basis of the modern logic.

# A TOUR WITH COOK THROUGH SPAIN:

BEING

**A Series of Descriptive Letters**

OF

ANCIENT CITIES AND SCENERY OF SPAIN, AND OF LIFE, MANNERS,  
AND CUSTOMS OF SPANIARDS.

AS SEEN AND ENJOYED IN A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

BY

J. B. STONE, F.G.S., F.R.H.S.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS PRODUCED BY THE AUTOTYPE PROCESS.



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1873.

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## PREFACE.

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TOUR with Cook through Spain cannot by any means be considered an easy ramble or a quiet holiday excursion. It is a journey affording infinite pleasure; but during a short tour to visit cities lying great distances apart, entails, for the time, hard work and restless activity.

It is not to the purpose arguing how long a time is required to see a country; some people will discover and enjoy a world of wonders in weeks, whilst others may spend a lifetime without finding them. There are travellers and travellers. Some are patient students, who seek in far off and unknown lands physical geographical knowledge; others seek in travel, health, pleasure, or amusement. The ordinary tourist may have any of these objects in view, and will seek and find in the cities and places he visits, matters agreeing with his particular inclinations; thus, tourists with varying tastes see a country and its people with different eyes and from different points of view.

In Spain, the active traveller—if a student of history, an artist, or an antiquarian—will see much; the idler will see little. Spain abounds in monuments associated with its

past history, which require seeking out and investigating. To the enterprising explorer there is a mine of wealth in these national antiquities—to the heedless mind they are but so many unromantic ruins.

I should not expect every one to see Spain from my point of view, nor do I imagine that all who may read my letters will accept my judgment or expressed opinions upon the different matters of which they treat.

It has been my pleasure to take a passing glance at the present, and to read many a delightful story of the past, in the attractive scenes of nature, and monuments of art, in which Spain abounds. I do not pretend that the letters embrace a comprehensive description of the country or the people. They are gossiping letters sent home to immediate friends; subsequently they appeared in the columns of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*. Consulting the expressed wishes of many personal friends, they are now re-issued in their present form. In the letters no reference is made to Mr. Cook, or to his well-organized system of holiday travelling; therefore, a few passing remarks relative to the many comforts and advantages arising from his admirable tourist system will be appropriately introduced here.

I am not personally acquainted with Mr. Cook, but, like many other travellers, I have frequently been indebted to him, and I have no hesitation in offering to him my tribute of thanks for the many facilities and conveniences his enterprise has provided for tourists abroad. Experienced travellers may possibly have a contempt for such pre-arranged conveniences; but there are thousands of tourists yearly who spend a few weeks' holiday on the Continent, who, having but a slight knowledge of Continental travelling

arrangements and of foreign hotel life, are not indifferent to the conveniences arising out of an organized contract system, which at once relieves them from endless petty annoyances and from the dread of prospective troubles.

To purchase a ticket which will frank one for thousands of miles through various nationalities, by railway, steamboat, or diligence, is no trifling advantage. And to feel that all difficulties of hotel life are dealt with at the moment of purchasing the ticket is a matter of congratulation.

In addition to such comfortable arrangements, Mr. Cook's organization embraces admirable schemes for conducting tourist parties himself or by able and responsible agents.

Our party in Spain travelled under the charge of Mr. Cook's representative, Mr. OSWALD, whose indefatigable zeal removed many difficulties, and provided for us many comforts and conveniences. All our party were strangers to the country, its currency, and its language; yet, under the guidance of Mr. OSWALD, we travelled through and enjoyed this sunny and attractive land without meeting any serious inconvenience.

The letters refer in detail to the events of our journey, and as they have particular reference to the country and the people, no special introduction is needed to them.

To intending travellers, I would suggest that they should take as little luggage as possible. "Murray" and "O'Shea" are capital guide-books. FORD, and many other writers on Spain, will be referred to and read with intense relish after returning home.

Making such a tour, short though it may be, will enable the traveller afterwards to understand much about Spain

and Spaniards that has hitherto been imperfectly understood, and an increased interest will be created in all things Spanish.

Should these pages be read by my travelling companions, I greet them heartily, assuring them that many agreeable recollections are treasured in my mind of the pleasant hours spent in their company.

If it would be correct to dedicate this volume to any one, considering the letters were originally addressed to different individuals, I could desire to do it to my friend Mr. FREDERICK KNIGHT, whose companionship over many thousands of miles of travel has been to me a source of unmeasured pleasure.

J. B. STONE.

Lothersdale,  
Aston Village,  
Birmingham.



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## LETTER I.



### Burgos.

OW much it is to be regretted that the picturesque should be so often allied to dirt, poverty, and misery!

We enter the Basque Provinces with eager expectation of gaining our first experiences of Spanish life and manners, and as we traverse the valleys of the spur of the Pyrenean chain of mountains through which the railway threads its circuitous way, we get glimpses of the peasantry, dressed in bright and quaint costumes, which could not fail to be highly attractive to an artist, but upon examination betray the coarse and scanty material that denotes a needy condition. The scenery has not been grand so far, not in any way to be compared with the passes of the Alps or Apennines: but the undulating country finds a home for a hardy, if uncultivated, race of people. It is in this district that sedition and revolt are most troublesome to deal with. The country favours a guerilla warfare, and the people, from their earliest experiences, are fully accustomed to the many hardships of a mountaineering life; hence we find Carlist bands and brigands a continual trouble to the Government, and there is perpetually an unsettled state of society which must be very unfavourable to progress.

We watch with interest the peasantry toiling in the fields as we travel along; women, bare-legged, taking their share of the laborious work. The heavy soil is turned up in large clods, but the land is stated to be of a fertile character. One

can hardly say that the cottages of the peasantry are picturesque; they are low and heavy, with the smallest windows, without glass, and have no surroundings of trees, or even herbage to tone the staring whitewash with which they are all covered. As to the people, every man, woman, and child would be material for an artist—not that any are beautiful; on the contrary, though fine in figure and feature, there is a strange lack of that refinement which gives beauty to the countenance. Rude in character, they toil with the rudest of implements. Their carts, for instance, are of the most antiquated and unwieldy description. It seems incredible that any country through which railways—those true modern civilizers—have penetrated, could cling to such miserable aids of locomotion. To these wretched conveyances, which can only be described as vehicles on wheels, oxen are yoked, which drag by main force the cumbrous load over the very worst of country roads. The laborious task of these clumsy beasts of burden might be somewhat mitigated if a few rays of modern science could aid in the construction of these primitive vehicles; perhaps, putting on one side the considerations of elegance and beauty, one might be persuaded into the belief that these substantial timber boxes, with solid discs of wood for wheels, accord better with the rural highways of Spain than would the trim and comparatively slenderly-fashioned market gardener's cart to be seen in the English lanes. Some of these carts have wheels with more pretensions, possessing a more advanced construction of spokes and tires. To protect these more delicate organizations, blocks of wood of irregular size and shape are nailed around them, the addition of which produces, to unaccustomed eyes, an effect of intense absurdity.

The whole country of the Basque Provinces is full of historical associations of the greatest interest; every town and village has been a place of mark in history. Memorable scenes crowd upon the mind as we pass places, the very

names of which fill the imagination with pictures of the past. San Sebastian, Vittoria, and the Bidassoa, seem almost British, so much are they associated with the history of our own countrymen. We, however, only get glimpses of such places as we are pushing on for Burgos, the ancient capital of Old Castile, once, also, the home of the Cid, and the scene of a thousand memorable events. Here the old Kings of Castile resided; here the renowned Saint Ferdinand held his Court; once the notorious Rodrigo Borgia (afterwards Pope Alexander VI) shared in the councils of the Cathedral Chapter; and many are the names in history of those whose home was at one time or another in this ancient city. We arrive late at night, full of desire to see so notable a place, but the ill-conditioned state of things at the present day somewhat damps our enthusiasm, and forcibly reminds us that we are travelling in a country which is behind all other countries of Europe in point of progress.

Burgos is our first Spanish resting-place, and we are therefore more than ordinarily curious in noticing trifling arrangements. The railway station is away from the city, and we are transported to the Fonda (Hotel) de Rafaela in an omnibus drawn by Spanish mules over paved roads that certainly could not have been repaired since the good old times of Ferdinand and Isabella. However, we arrive in safety at the quaint but comfortable old hostelry.

We find no lack of courtesy and attention, and considerable merriment is created in the household in consequence of our party knowing so little of the Spanish language. However, the excellent entertainment provided for us, and the general cheerfulness of the whole establishment, enable us eventually to retire to bed with the most favourable impressions of Spanish hospitality.

Early in the morning an excellent meal is provided, consisting of chocolate (a national beverage, and especially noted for its excellence in this district), or coffee and omelettes. This it may be noted is not breakfast, to which we return at eleven

o'clock, and which forms a substantial mid-day meal of meats, &c. We dine at six, and spend the evening indoors, with the family of our host, who are musical, and have the luxury of a piano.

Having thus given you an idea of our domestic arrangements, I will try to sketch you roughly this most interesting city. It still has the ancient walls surrounding it, and the hand of time has spared many an old monument of the Middle Ages; indeed, the whole city appears to be a huge relic of old times; narrow streets, of heavy-looking mansions, which have once been the strongholds of great families, looking dreary and woe-begone in their aged and dilapidated condition; and streets of equally aged and dilapidated houses, where the poorer classes have probably resided for ages, and which now swarm with a wretched population, huddled together in want and misery. Beggars are pests in Italy, but no beggars can equal in numbers, in misery, and in importunity those of Burgos. They are filthy in their condition, but Murillo may have found studies enough in Burgos to have filled the Vatican with pictures of gipsies and beggar-boys. Wrapped, or partially so, in bright, parti-coloured rugs or blankets—which, for costume, serve in good stead the Spanish *manta* or cloak—their nakedness and dirt are readily hidden from the observation of passers-by. Their pestering importunity can only be got rid of by closing the chamber door against them; for neither the sanctity of the Cathedral, nor the privacy of the staircases and passages of the fonda, are a protection from them.

Our first visit, of course, is paid to the Cathedral, still the glory of Burgos, and the chief object of interest to travellers. It is, indeed, a grand work of true Gothic art. The softening decay which time has effected has darkened the materials and mellowed the sharpness of the original decorations. To the true artist and studious antiquary, the perforated tracery of the spires recalls to mind that they are gazing upon the handiwork of a departed race of giants in intellect and skill. The interior is not less beautiful. There are glorious old cloisters,

chapels full of delicate ornament, and monuments, where many a truthful artist has left large contributions of his craft. Side by side with these fine old monuments are to be seen the paltry draperies and tinsel ornaments contributed by the modern members of the Roman Catholic Church. At the moment we enter, a kneeling congregation acquaints us with the fact that mass is being performed. Desirous not to disturb the assembly, we silently pause before one of the many altars, and contemplate with curiosity the strange collection of ornaments and offerings adorning it. To any one seeking art monuments, or venerable records of past ages, the heterogeneous collection appears strangely incongruous and misplaced. Our Protestant notions, too, prevent our appreciating the motives which prompted such gifts; consequently we look upon them simply with the inquisitive eyes of sightseers, and estimate their worth by their use and intrinsic value. In the centre of the altar is a figure of the dead CHRIST, carved in wood, and painted in colours. It has upon it a muslin skirt, and around it, conspicuously displayed, are large clusters of bright artificial flowers. The whole is illuminated by a number of burning wax candles. The thankofferings of devotional communicants are indiscriminately arranged in places on, over, and around the altar. Some of these are coarsely-manufactured trinkets in silver; others are figures in wax, which at once attract our curiosity, being miniature models of arms, legs, breasts, and babies. Doubtless these latter articles are symbolical offerings, their particular form being significant of recoveries from special ailments.

As usual in lofty Gothic cathedrals, a sombre and mysterious light pervades the whole interior. Numbers of priests are gliding about, and their pompous deportment, aided by magnificence of dress, exacts profound reverence from the people assembled. The impression conveyed to our minds in witnessing the absorbing ceremonious service, is that the church and clergy have a powerful influence over the people. Nowhere in Italy—not even in Rome—is spiritual control so

apparent. The worshippers appear sincere and most reverential in their devotions, and there is an obvious air of superstitious awe about them, which seems to extend itself even to the venerable sanctuary itself, enriched as it is by many strange relics, which are mysteriously regarded and jealously preserved. Upon the high altar is a full-sized figure of CHRIST, carved in wood, which is, with curious fancy, ingeniously enveloped in a human skin, long tresses of hair hanging loosely over the face and shoulders. To our ideas, biased by Protestant principles and proclivities, the figure is strangely repulsive, and we gaze with astonishment upon the kneeling worshippers bowed before it.

In and about the aisles and chapels are a number of grand old monuments, upon which are inscribed names of many noble men, their decaying grandeur yet testifying to the vast wealth expended in raising monuments to earthly glory. Among those preserved within the ancient Cathedral, are some strikingly-beautiful ones, erected in the fourteenth century, decorated with rare Renaissance ornament. These glorious monuments are most interesting as works of art, apart from the histories recorded upon them.

There are many chapels in different portions of the Cathedral, some constructed within the aisles or transepts, others subsequent appendages to the earlier building. Some are large, and would hold a good congregation, and all are gorgeous. The chapel of Constable Don Pedro Fernandez de Velasco, in which are preserved the magnificent tombs with recumbent effigies of the noble knight and his wife, is rich in architectural ornament, gorgeous in coloured decorations, and brilliant with the interspersed gilding.

Of the other chapels much might be said, for they contain rare treasures of ecclesiastical and historical art. In one room or chapel, hanging against the bare walls, is an old and decayed wooden chest, much valued by the good people of Castile, as being the identical Coffin of the Cid, with which the far-famed knight is said to have outwitted certain money-

lending Jews of his day, by representations to the effect that it contained valuable treasure in silver, whereas the contents were in reality nothing but stones and sand. The legends of Castile acquaint us with the fact, that later in life the valiant Cid fully compensated the Jews for the trick he played upon them in his needy days.

A short sketch would do but scant justice to the extensive Coro or Choir, which is elaborately carved in Renaissance ornament. Equally will the remark apply to some fine pieces of sculpture in high relief, encompassing the high altar. Such fine works as these, embracing so much beautiful detailed ornament, cannot be described; they must be seen to be appreciated.

Our inspection of the glorious old Cathedral concluded, we ascend the fortified hill which overlooks and commands the city. The view from here is most extensive, and to us particularly interesting, as it is the first comprehensive view we have had of a Spanish town. The chief characteristics seem to be age, dirt, and whitewash. The magnificent Cathedral, crumbling in hoary age, with its fretwork towers still retaining their marvellous elegance and beauty, is encompassed by wretched houses inhabited by the poorest of people. The clusters of old and dilapidated buildings, which crowd upon the Cathedral, envelope it so completely that all the beauteous decorations of the basement are hidden from view. From no position can we get a view of the whole structure; the beautiful towers alone arise clear from all surroundings. As to the houses which line the narrow streets, all centuries younger in age than the noble pile in their midst, they betray in their tottering condition an already prolonged existence.

One can hardly imagine, while surveying these dreary habitations, that this small city has been the scene of so many brilliant events in history. Dotted about here and there, still stand a few landmarks of its former greatness. The quaint grandeur of the old Market-place, the



medieval Town Hall, and the carved façades of a few aged palaces, assist the imagination to re-people these romantic walls. Notable amongst the ancient relics are those interwoven with the history of the renowned Cid, the hero of Burgos and Castile. Upon the hill side where we stand are erected some obelisks of cumbrous make, marking the spot where the famous knight was born (1026). It was within the walls of the ruined castle above that the romantic bridal of the Cid with the loving Ximena was celebrated. In an ancient church, standing near to the Cathedral, the stern warrior compelled his King (Alonzo VI) to swear (tradition says with repeated oaths) that he was guiltless of the foul murder of the late king, his brother. The effigy of the Cid may be seen, in company with those of other famous Burgos citizens, forming portions of the ornament in one of the old city gateways. The celebrated Convent of San Pedro de Cardena, where the Cid was buried, lies a few miles away from Burgos. It is an ancient foundation (537), and if history lacks sufficient evidence to preserve, legendary lore is not likely soon to forget, the marvellous story of the dead knight being brought hither clad in armour, borne upright upon the back of his well-tried horse Babieca, nor the subsequent history of the watchings of the faithful Ximena over the unburied body of her dead lord. When certain alterations were needed to this ancient establishment, some years ago, the bones of the Cid, with those of the noble Ximena, were removed to the city, and at the present time are carefully preserved in glass cases, within the Council Chamber of the Ayuntamiento, or Town Hall.

Descending the Castle hill, we return to the narrow streets, and again encounter the hosts of troublesome and dirty beggars who lazily hang about the highways and byeways of the city. The market does not reach our ideas of commercial greatness, or astonish us by its prodigious activity. Everything is antiquated in appearance, and every one has a dreamy look of apathy at what is passing around them. The

merchandise displayed is not greatly varied, nor does it possess any remarkable local peculiarity. A collection of bright tin pots and kettles is the chief attraction to idlers, whilst small heaps of grain, and collections of hard-baked bread—generally in the shape of batch cakes, with deep incised crosses on them—are the staple articles of commerce. The square in which the market is held is surrounded by remarkable and interesting buildings many centuries old, chief amongst them being the Town Hall. Having already obtained an order of admission to the latter, we are allowed to enter, inspect its historical chambers, and examine its treasured mementos of by-gone times. Any one having a taste for antiquities, can not fail to be deeply interested in visiting this relic of feudal ages. Its iron grilles, its thick walls, its prison-like windows looking like eagles' eyes upon the life of the citizens, its narrow galleries and old-fashioned appointments, all assist in conjuring up scenes of many romances connected with past ages of chivalry, oppression, and misery.

Of course we look with interest upon the bones of the Knight of Bivar, though the only remarkable thing about them is their bearing evidence of the small stature of the valiant knight. In the same chamber is also preserved a primitive oak chair, once belonging to the Cid, which is regarded with peculiar veneration by the people of Burgos, and still used as the state seat in the municipal councils.

Continuing our ramble through the city, we pause at several places having more than ordinary interest through associations connected with them, one is the house where once dwelt the great Constable Velasco, another is the famous prison-house of Alvaro de Luna, whose brilliant career and tragic end belong truly to the series of historical romances of Spain.

A few wretched statues on the public promenade are the only signs of modern progress; indeed, apart from the fine old Cathedral, and the undying historical associations of the city, there is in Burgos little that would tempt a traveller to make a sojourn there, whilst its dirt, and tribes of indo-

lent poor, give to the passing tourist a ready impression of its unhealthy and unprogressive condition, both intellectual and physical.

The people of the province in which Burgos is situated possess an unenviable notoriety for the eagerness with which they engage in conspiracies and rebellion, and their continued state of disaffection is a perpetual source of anxiety to the Government. We feel, in passing, some of the inconveniences arising from this state of society. Upon the supposition that Carlist bands are preparing for a rising, the Government have sent to Burgos a strong military force, well knowing that this is a very hotbed of sedition. The General in charge of the force is staying at the Fonda, which is made, for the time, the military head-quarters of the province. I cannot add that his presence restores to us that confidence which the rumoured cause of his visit has somewhat destroyed.

In the evening we discover that Burgos is literally a city of darkness. The inhabitants have not yet had sufficient enterprise to light the streets with gas: this, in itself, is sufficient to create in our minds a feeling of distrust. With English notions, we look with suspicion too upon the muffled figures of ordinary pedestrians, who, with customary habit, fling their cloaks over their shoulders, enveloping their arms and partly burying their faces in the folds, whilst a slouching hat hides their features from the passer-by. Under such circumstances, prudence dictates that we should retire to the Fonda, where we find agreeable company, and spend a pleasant evening.

The following morning we make up a pleasant party to visit two old convents situated a little distance away from the city. The omnibus is prepared, and two ancient and angular-looking mules are harnessed to it. Hitherto we have had no practical experience in travelling over the country roads of Spain. From the partial glimpse we have obtained from the railway, we have already distrusted them, but our apprehensions are eclipsed by the reality. Experience is a

hard teacher, but practical lessons often give much sound information. Our ride teaches us more about the subject of road-making than many learned treatises would. Our first visit is to the Carthusian Convent of Miraflores. Although the revenues of this once rich and important institution have been sequestered by the Government, and it is now no longer the home of a religious community, it still offers to visitors objects of unbounded interest, in its ecclesiastical buildings, its gorgeous decorations, and its magnificent monuments. There are three tombs here of superb beauty. Those of Don Juan II, and of Isabel his wife, with the kneeling effigy of their son, the Infante Alonzo (1470). The ornament upon them is of an exquisite character, being executed in the most perfect and refined style of Renaissance art. These tombs are but single attractions of the Cartuja. The whole place abounds in antiquarian interest. Monuments, marble walls, stained glass, eccentric pavements, decaying fountains in pretty enclosed gardens, which are now all over-run with weeds, make the place peculiarly attractive, and create an interest in its history—a history which the desolate and deserted halls betoken is fast closing.

From the Cartuja de Miraflores we are conveyed to another convent of still greater interest and importance, that of Las Huelgas. We retrace our steps for a considerable distance, and, when nearing the city again, leave the Cartuja highway, making a circuit round the outskirts or suburbs of Burgos. Beggars and poverty characterize every road, and each block of buildings, in these wretched hamlets. Picturesque groups of country people saunter along, or lie stretched at ease in shady spots about the dusty roads. Their bright coloured dresses, and their accompanying mules, donkeys, and oxen, giving to the changeful scenes the charm of a panorama.

Though poverty reigns around, Las Huelgas is reputed to be immensely wealthy. Within its walls is a nunnery, the inmates of which are all members of noble families. The

election to this convent is considered to be a most honourable appointment, and large dowries which are brought with the noble ladies, are deemed an equivalent for the honour of association. In former days a princess presided over, indeed ruled with absolute sway, this little community. The extent of her authority may be estimated by the fact that she had power of decreeing death.

The convent chronicles set forth a brilliant array of names of kings, princes, and nobles who have received at Las Huelgas the honour of knighthood, a ceremony which was performed here with most imposing ceremonies. Among others ~~this~~ dignified was our King Edward I.

The entrance into the church is through a beautifully carved but decaying doorway. Within all is beautiful. There are fine marbles, paintings, and rich decorations. On one side we peer through an iron gate, which opens to our view the private chapel of the nuns. Of course, no communication is allowed, therefore a distant view only of the sanctum is permitted under the restriction mentioned. So strict is the rule forbidding any intercourse of the nuns with the world, that parcels of linen, &c., are conveyed by means of a circular revolving box built into the wall.

The nuns are at their devotions, and we stay during the time they sing a sweet hymn. We notice that nearly the whole of them are aged ladies, and the subdued, almost melancholy scene within serves as material for reflection for the next few hours.

The tombs are not so great or so imposing as might be supposed from the many illustrious men who have found here their last resting-place. Numbers of kings, queens, and royal personages lie buried here; but the shadow of the past lingers here, as it does elsewhere in Burgos, rather in the treasured memories of history than in existing monumental records.



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Palace of the Escorial.

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the V.A. could not afford to pay for the "Soviet" edition. The extension to the Soviet Union was a concession made for the sake of the pages are the only copy of the book to be kept in the Soviet Union. The book would be sold for a price of 10 rubles, and the proceeds would be used for the purchase of the book for the Soviet Union. The book would be sold for a price of 10 rubles, and the proceeds would be used for the purchase of the book for the Soviet Union. The book would be sold for a price of 10 rubles, and the proceeds would be used for the purchase of the book for the Soviet Union.

Spain is a country full of attractions. It has interesting objects of national worth, visitors; it presents scenes of nature, manners, and dress that are most quaint and interesting; its national productions, its climate, its grand institutions, its traditions, are all so many points of attraction to the large and growing class of people, who, seeking information in the simplest of all ways, pick up a few goods and chattels, and then commendable enterprise travel in search of it. Our young men for leaving Burgos for Madrid are, of necessity,



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## LETTER II.

*The Palace of the Escorial.*

**R**AILWAY communication between the large and ancient cities of Spain, embracing, as it does, a system extending to the extremes of the kingdom, must soon prove of inestimable benefit to the country. At present, the advantages are undoubtedly prospective, and the authorities have much to learn in turning to account this certain means of spreading wealth and intelligence throughout the Peninsula. Among things to be done is to insure safe, cheap, and comfortable travelling over the new lines of railway, in order to attract foreign visitors and invite a rapid intercommunication with the rest of Europe. Travelling is a pleasure now so much indulged in by all classes of society, particularly by English-speaking people, that, were these desired requisites secured, there would be no lack of visitors from other countries, particularly from England and America—nations which in themselves are ready to supply all the world with travellers, tourists, and mercantile adventurers.

Spain is a country full of attractions; it has innumerable objects of antiquity worth visiting; it presents scenes of customs, manners, and dress that are most quaint and interesting; its natural productions, its climate, its proud inhabitants, its traditions, are all so many points of attraction to that large and growing class of people, who, seeking information in the pleasantest of all ways, pack up a few goods and chattels, and with commendable enterprise travel in search of it. Our arrangements for leaving Burgos for Madrid are, of necessity,



Palace of the Esorial.

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refinement, and learning within its walls. It is perched like an eagle's nest among the mountain crags of one of those wild sierras for which the Peninsula is so remarkable. The morose and stern King Philip II, when in an agony of mind for the issue of the battle of St. Quentin, vowed to a venerated saint—the martyred St. Lawrence—that should he gain the victory he would erect a monastery to his pious memory. The battle, which has since become famous in history, resulted in the Spanish army being victorious, and the King repeated his vow in gratitude for the special blessing vouchsafed to him. Forgetting, however, for a time to carry out the undertaking, some years elapsed before his uneasy conscience caused him to set about the work in earnest. He called to his aid the greatest architect of the day—one Juan Bautista—and to him propounded his plan, which was to be carried out on the most costly and magnificent scale. The building was to include, in addition to the appointments of a great and important monastery, a palatial residence where he might himself reside, whilst governing the destinies of his vast empire, which not only comprised great possessions in Europe, but also the whole of the new world of America, then but recently discovered. Besides these features, the palace was to possess a noble mausoleum, of such regal pretensions and to be so jealously guarded, that within its hallowed precincts none save the monarchs of Spain and their consorts should find a resting-place for their earthly remains.

Bautista commenced the great work under the immediate control and direction of the King, who conceived the extraordinary idea that he should be specially honouring the memory of the martyred saint by having the palace constructed in the form of a gridiron, the good St. Laurence having, according to tradition, been broiled upon one of those culinary articles. Tradition also says that the martyr behaved with such heroic fortitude upon the occasion, that when he had been broiled to excess upon one side, he requested his tormentors to turn him, as that side was well done. Be that as it

may, the Church perpetuates his memory by appropriating one day in its calendar to his special honour. The battle of St. Quentin had been fought upon the anniversary of the saint's death; hence the desire of the King to have the building peculiarly suggestive of his singular martyrdom.

During the earlier days of the scheme, the architect Bautista died, and was succeeded in the work by his pupil, the celebrated Herrera, whose genius soon raised him to greater fame than his master Bautista had attained.

But for the present, exalted architectural creations were not needed. The King had decreed that the plan of the building should be after the fashion or pattern of a gridiron, and, without further delays, the great palace was commenced in accordance with the idea. Long corridors, galleries, or cloisters form the bars, which are again intersected by other buildings; whilst the palatial portion of the edifice, in which the royal apartments are situated, is intended to correspond with a handle. Four stern-looking towers at the four corners, are supposed to complete the plan, in representing the legs of a reversed gridiron.

The locality selected is dreary in the extreme. Behind are abrupt and desolate mountains; whilst the country for miles before it, is but an uninhabited, uncultivated wilderness. It lies about twenty-five miles to the north-west of Madrid, and its gloomy appearance conveys to the world the mood and sentiments of the man who conceived such a dismal abode, and selected such a situation for its erection. The vastness of the palace may be better realised when considering some of the arrangements and details. For instance, there are sixteen patios or court-yards; within the interior are eighty stair-cases, and throughout the building there are eleven thousand windows, all of which are in character with the dread look of the heavy stone walls and formidable prison-like towers, being protected or barricaded with iron gratings. The cost of the whole is said to have been upwards of ten millions sterling. After spending this vast sum upon the palace, King Philip

permanently took up his residence here, and spent the latter part of his life—half king, half monk—within its walls. Here he collected around him the greatest men of Spain—it might almost be said of all Europe. The King boasted that he ruled the two worlds from his secluded palace of the Escorial. After his death, successive sovereigns resided here, and an educated and powerful community of monks added to the celebrity of the palace; their rich revenues enabling them to increase the beauty of its decorations, and to collect from all parts the most costly and rare works of art.

The Escorial has suffered much from the ravages of war and other national calamities, and the vast pile has only been kept in repair at great cost. In modern times, it has been preserved rather as a great national monument than as a princely residence, the monastic portion being used as a college for youths preparing to enter the priesthood, whilst the other portion forms a treasury for many great works of art belonging to the nation. Among the remarkable treasures preserved here is a magnificent collection of rare books and manuscripts. The library at one time is said to have contained 30,000 printed books, and 4,300 manuscript volumes. About ten thousand of these are said to have been stolen, but still the library contains a large and choice collection. Among other rare works is a collection of 3,000 Arabic MSS., captured by the Spanish navy from a Moorish vessel; also, a celebrated copy of the *Koran*, and a Revelation of St. John, which belonged to the Emperor Conrad. Over the entrance into the library, which is a noble room, there is suspended an excommunication by the Pope of all who should steal books—a fiat which seems to have been but little heeded, according to the history of this collection. A curious feature in the arrangement of the books on the shelves is their having all the edges turned to the spectator, instead of the backs, probably because the room seldom contains readers, though the costly tables of porphyry and marble offer them ample facilities.

The Escorial has always been famous for its collection of

relics, and of course the bones of St. Lawrence were placed here. His precious remains were among the earliest arrivals; and such a good beginning was most perseveringly followed up by the infatuated King, who collected dead bodies, bones, and such like remains with ardent assiduity. One of the most precious relics in the collection was a bar from the identical gridiron upon which the honoured martyr had been broiled. Such a valued relic could not fail to be highly prized; and to show the estimation in which it was held, the bar was preserved by being placed in the hands of a costly silver figure of San Lorenzo, which weighed some hundredweights. The pillagers among the invading French army, who subsequently spoiled the Escorial, considerably carried off the mere silver dross, leaving to the pious monks the sacred iron bar, which still adorns the collection. King Philip himself collected between seven and eight thousand of these curious relics, and the collection was further enlarged by later contributions. The anatomical display is curious and instructive. There are withered corpses, dried-up limbs, fingers, heads, toes, bones, and shrivelled-up babies, the latter being relics of the terrible massacre of King Herod. Of course all are duly labelled and authenticated, as such valuable *souvenirs* usually are. One of the most interesting parts of the building is the Pantheon or Royal Tomb. Here are the remains of most of Spain's great sovereigns. The tomb has recesses for twenty-six sarcophagi, and seventeen of these niches are already occupied, while nine still remain empty. One is still pointed out as the last resting-place of Queen Isabella II, and is immediately beneath the remains of her father, Ferdinand VII. When Marie Louise, mother of Charles IV, visited this palace, her tomb was pointed out to her. Taking in her hand a pair of scissors, she scratched her name upon the marble slab. She eventually died in Rome, and was brought here to be buried.

In the sacristy is preserved a wonderful wafer, in connection with which a story is told of certain heretics having defied the sanctity of the Church. In a scuffle which occurred upon



the occasion, the sacred wafer was trodden under-foot. Here-upon a miracle ensued. Blood was seen issuing from the wafer, which was taken to be a surprising token of God's anger. No heretics are allowed to see this sacred treasure. Twice a year it is exposed to the gaze of true and devout Catholics, at the time of specially-appointed services. At other times it is hidden from view by having a curtain drawn over it. Upon this screen is painted a beautiful picture representing the apotheosis of the wafer, as it is said to have actually occurred in the sacristy, the figures in the picture being portraits.

The Church contains many of those beautifully-illuminated choral books, for which Spain is so celebrated. They are of parchment, and are of enormous size. In Philip II's time there were 216; now but 140 exist. In this chapel is also a small marble figure of CHRIST, of wonderful beauty, executed by that celebrated artist, Benvenuto Cellini.

The dark chamber or cell in which the great Philip passed the latter days of his life, is entered by a small wicket-door, beneath the high altar. Here he lived, and here he died. The mental anguish of those lingering days must have been as great as his foul condition was horrible and disgusting. Imagine that closing scene of life. The memories of years of cruelties and persecutions crowd upon his mind, as he feels his approaching end. Seeking in austere bodily penances, a relief from the tortures of his mind, he shuts himself up alone in his cell, and for fifty-three days he lingers without being approached, or his room being entered. At length his last hour draws near. He grasps a crucifix, one esteemed holy in his mind through the great Charles V having died with it in his hand. With this precious symbol, he struggles to move, and, by desperate efforts, crawls to the wicket, from whence he gets a view of the altar, and in this position he died (15th Sept., 1598).

There are in various parts of the palace many fine pictures by great masters, such as Murillo, Ribera, Titian, and

Tintoretto, which would be more interesting and worthy of study if they could be better seen; but with all the multitude of windows which this great building has, the light is nowhere sufficient to permit of a fair examination of the beautiful decorations or the valuable pictures. There are innumerable other objects worthy of inspection, such as fine and costly tapestries, elaborate carvings, chaste ornaments of porphyry, &c.

Luxurious care of infantine royalty is evidenced in one room, where is preserved a mahogany table, softly padded, and covered with silk, which is used for laying newly-born royal babies upon when being dressed.

Much more might be said about this wonderful palace. Every part of it has some interesting story belonging to it, and every age has left upon it the eventful marks of its history. Stern, vast, and dismal—it is a palace without beauty. Its cold grey stone walls are like the unpolished sides of a casket which contains priceless gems. There are few larger buildings in the world, and none exceed it in the interest of its historical associations and in the richness of its collection of artistic and literary treasures.



## LETTER III.



## A Bull-fight.

**I**T is still early morning when we see in the distance, spires and tops of great buildings, which tell of our near approach to the city of Madrid.

Our ride from Burgos has been a tedious one, and it is a great relief to change from the railway carriage into a Madrid omnibus, although this unenviable vehicle tosses and tumbles us about to such an extent, as to call forth a remark from a fellow-traveller—which may be intended as a sort of qualified rebuke to our extorted exclamations of disgust—to the effect, that we ought to be thankful that having been in Spain a whole week, we have not yet been overturned. However, we arrive safely at that most comfortable hotel, the Grand Hotel de Paris, in the famous Puerta del Sol, where we have the luxury of a wash and a comfortable breakfast.

We arrive in Madrid at the time of the great annual fair, a week also especially set apart as a period of religious ceremonies and festivals. This is, therefore, the very best time of the whole year to visit Madrid.

Breakfast over, we hastily gather scraps of information as to the chief points of attraction during the popular holiday, inflicting a running fire of questions upon waiters, porters, loungers, and visitors. One absorbing idea prevails in the minds of all. Taurus reigns supreme. To-day is the “opening day” of the season at the world-famed Plaza de Toros, a day ushering in time-honoured sports of the amphitheatre and well-beloved pastimes of the arena.

If the cruelties of the arena are sickening to sensitive temperaments, scenes arousing intense excitement have fascinations for a world of others.

The bloody fray, the hair-breadth dangers, the cry of despair, and the shadow of death, are the dainty fruits offered to the devouring appetites of the multitudes who gather at the feast. King Bull is the monarch of the day, and so we bow our heads, and prepare with all due diligence and obedience to attend his court.

All Madrid is astir. The scorching sun of Spain is not to be trifled with, yet the streets are crowded with a gay and busy throng of people. The clanging of the bells has ceased, denoting that the Holy procession has passed through the favoured streets, which are strewn with evergreens, flowers, and "Hallelujahs." The sunburnt population, just risen from their knees, are now eagerly talking over the great event of the day. Madrid, is, indeed, in holiday attire; picturesque, rich, and beautiful are the dresses that fill the thoroughfares. All is gay, cheerful, and brilliant, for to-day is one of Spain's national holidays, a day upon which the people are to be regaled with a grand "Fiesta de Toros." We are bewildered at the strange scene before us; at first we instinctively seek a shady spot, and pause to see the many attractive things about us. We are asking all kinds of questions, and hastily gather our information in scraps to be assorted hereafter. That eager and excited throng are collected round the door of the house where seats in the great amphitheatre are to be secured. Active men are threading through the crowd, offering, with loud voices, tickets advertised to possess all kinds of advantages. There rapidly strides a man in gorgeous array, one of the actors of the exciting scenes of the afternoon. We shall learn, by-and-bye, what part he has to take in the popular show, for each and all wear distinctive dresses upon the occasion. Gaily-dressed horses, covered with ball fringe and tassels, with jingling bells, are attached to the omnibuses and other vehicles which are conveying passengers to the

Plaza de Toros. Noble Spaniards, seated upon their famous Andalusian steeds, bear themselves proudly in the great highway, and handsome ladies, in costly equipages, smile gracefully over their fans, and take their place in the moving stream. You will ask, what are the people like in the busy crowd—the common people, the people who will form the great mass of spectators of the exciting scenes of the evening? All are in high spirits, all full of vivacity; young, old, middle-aged, every one has but one topic to talk about, one thing to think of—the bull-fight. Pretty girls, wearing the graceful mantillas, are coquetting over their inseparable fans, with smart-looking men, who work away at a never-ending stock of cigarettes, swinging their canes and cracking jokes with their fair companions, and with any one else who is worth a passing thought. The costumes of all are perfectly charming. Visitors from all parts of Spain are gathered together here. Valencian, Catalonian, Andalusian, and Spaniards from remote districts are mixed up together. If you want a picture for a panorama, here you have the most ample materials. If you want to study curious phases of human nature, this is certainly a favoured opportunity. Do you wish to realise those once-famous gladiatorial scenes in the Coliseum and amphitheatres of the Romans, there is a chance to-day for you to do it to perfection.

Heeding all or as many of these things as the rapid change of scene, and the excitement of the time, will permit, we take our tickets for the “fight,” and mount a passing omnibus, *en route* for the show.

Great holidays have in the main a strange resemblance to each other; the human mind seems constituted to throw off restraint much in the same way at such times. A Derby-day, a Roman Corpus-Christi Festival, a Napoleon Fête, a Bull-fight, are national times for recreation, and the nation upon such occasions takes as deep a draught out of the cup of pleasure as time, money, and weather will permit. The bull-fight to-day is the excuse for the holiday, and we will be

charitable enough, to begin with, to look favourably upon these holiday folks, and treat them as irresponsible participators in the barbarous pastime that attracts them.

A delightful drive to the suburbs of Madrid brings us to the Plaza. Here, as you may suppose, we find concentrated all we have seen before. Thousands of people crowd around the ugly and uninviting amphitheatre. The numerous entrances are besieged with ticket-holders. Spreading over the extended space around the building are a motley crowd of idlers, itinerant venders of trifles, orange sellers, vagabonds, and beggars. Forcing our way through the crowd, and hastily purchasing some paper fans at one penny each, we gain the entrance; and, as our thoughts will wander, we fancy ourselves walking along the galleries of the Coliseum or the ancient Roman Arena at Verona, so similar is the construction. Freed from the crush of the crowd, we seek the number of the box, corresponding with the number marked upon our tickets. Having readily found it, an attendant unlocks and opens the door, which reveals to our gaze the extraordinary scene within. In an instant we have the whole before us. Thousands upon thousands of people displaying the most brilliant colours in their picturesque dresses, all shouting, laughing, and struggling for seats "in the shade."

I must divert your attention for a moment from the people, and describe the place itself. The great building is an open or unroofed amphitheatre, in which the imperious sun dictates the scale of prices, and the value of the seats. A late hour of the day is fixed for the spectacle, in order to avoid the terrific heat of the cloudless sun. The seats of honour are to the westward, and, as the sun declines, seats in the shade are prospectively valuable. The royal box is of course in the shade; right and left are those of noble patrons; immediately opposite is the cage in which for the present the bull is confined. On the other two sides are openings, after the fashion of a circus, through which the horses enter. For an hour or more before the "sport" begins, we find ample amusement in

watching the vast concourse of people. An excellent band is playing stirring tunes, and we are enjoying the little incidents of the scene, which we are now able to do with ease and comfort—indeed, I may safely affirm that this hour is by far the most enjoyable and interesting of the whole day. The arena is open for the present to the public, who are also permitted to inspect the “cattle,” and arrangements behind the scenes. Occasionally a stray official appears, and anxiously is every movement watched by the great assembly, as the time approaches for the commencement of the proceedings. At length every seat in this vast building is occupied; twelve or thirteen thousand people are seated, and it is one of the most picturesque and impressive sights imaginable, to look upon this great mass waving countless numbers of fans (chiefly paper), and to note the remarkable picture as a whole.

At length some kind of signal is given, and the arena gradually begins to clear. Anxious exhortations are at last made to stragglers to come out. Last of all are the orange sellers, who have been doing a thriving trade, dexterously throwing the fruit from the arena into right quarters in the tiers of boxes, and catching the halfpence in return. These seasonable merchants at the very last moment leap the barrier, and the ceremony commences.

First the side barriers are thrown open, and there enters a procession of men clothed in most gorgeous and rich dresses. At first we are dazzled with the brilliancy of the scene, and are not learned enough in bull-fights to distinguish the separate characters. By-and-bye we are informed that the two fine-looking fellows on horseback are the picadores, and among the other gorgeously-attired members of the procession are to be noted the chulos, the matadores or espadas, &c., all of whom wear distinctive dresses. Finally, bringing up the rear, are four mules abreast, which are termed the “mule-team.” They are covered with rich finery, and are harnessed together to be used later in the day for dragging out the bodies of the bulls and horses that have been slain. The procession, consist-

ing of from two to three dozens of men, advances to the royal box, and then parades the ring. All this is done with no small display of conceit and pride. This performance finished, the mule-team, the espadas, and a few others retire, the remainder spreading themselves over the arena.

The two picadores, with lance in rest, sit firmly in their saddles, and prepare themselves for the encounter. Some little ceremony is yet to be gone through, in which the president throws the key of the bull-cage into the cap of an officer, to signify that permission is given to commence.

At length the door of the den is opened, and out rushes a large black bull, fierce with wild excitement. The sudden glare of light checks him for an instant—an instant only. Wild with rage, he rushes across the arena, with the speed and agility of a deer; his glaring eyes soon catch sight of one of the chulos, active young fellows who take an important part in the proceedings by attracting the bull with their gay cloaks, and diverting his attack at critical moments. The man is too cautious at this stage of the proceeding to approach too near, and with wonderful agility he has vaulted over the barriers. In a moment the bull espies a second, and, with a deadly rush, follows him right to the edge of the enclosure, and the man appears actually lifted over by the bull's horns. Now the bull sees the mounted picador. With a slight pause, as if to collect himself for the attack, he makes a frightful charge; and, oh, horrible! the lance of the picador is worthless against such an attack—the horns of the bull enter the bowels of the horse, and the animal and its rider are hurled into the air as if they were mere toys. In our excitement—I think I may say agony of mind—we covered our eyes with our hands for a moment to hide from us the terrible scene. An instant later and we see the chulos braving the bull with their dazzling cloaks, which has the desired effect; the attention of the animal is momentarily diverted, and the fallen picador is dragged, bruised but uninjured, from his perilous position. In the meantime the bull wheels round and espies the second



mounted picador, and instantly charges him. This time the picador fixes the steel point of his lance into the neck of the bull, which for a second saves the position; but, quick as thought, the bull has pierced the horse with his horns—indeed, he has literally torn it asunder, for the blood pours out upon the ground, and the horse, with a short struggle, falls dead. Meanwhile other horses are brought in, each in turn to be sacrificed in the same manner. The cruelty of the “sport” appears tenfold greater when you know that the poor horses are blindfolded, and have no possible means of escape or defence. The picador frequently gets seriously injured, sometimes killed, for his is a dangerous part to play. He wears iron guards on his legs, and is generally speaking thoroughly expert and well trained to the business.

No words can describe the sickening feeling which these scenes of barbarous cruelty produce. Some of our party who, like ourselves, are looking upon such a scene for the first time, groan aloud in their terrible excitement. Indeed, what expressions can one use when witnessing such a spectacle! Horses trailing their own entrails round the ring; the bull, maddened with pain, snorting, and covered with blood; the people shouting and making strange noises, and the band lustily playing popular tunes.

After some six or seven horses are killed, the president causes a signal to be sounded upon a bugle for the cessation of the first act, as it may be called.

The second part consists of feats of dexterity on the part of the chulos. An adroit man advances with two darts in his hands, or, as they are termed, *banderillas*, having the handles ornamented with bright coloured papers, and at the end steel points barbed. The man advances coolly, and as the bull charges he thrusts the two shafts into its neck, one in either side, and in the smartest way springs on one side, avoiding the attack. This feat is extremely clever, and the agility of the man appears greatly to lessen the risk, but it appears marvellous how he escapes. The skill of the performer in

this feat is shown in the ability he displays in well pairing the two darts—that is, in placing them in corresponding positions on each side of the neck. The barbed darts enrage the bull fearfully, and he regains his former ferocity, which exhaustion, consequent upon his exertion, had for a time lessened. Goaded with anguish to another attack he advances, and another chulos places a second pair of *banderillas*, and in like manner another a third pair; then we hear again the president's signal, and we look for the *espada*, who we are informed is selected to despatch the bull with his sword.

Presently the *espada* enters and advances, with his scarlet cloth over his arm, towards the president; he takes off his hat and throws it upon the ground before the royal box, an act expressing his intention to perform his task bravely. These *espadas* are clever men, and well trained; they are the most important performers in this national pastime, and are greatly petted by the patrons of the "sport" and idolised by the mob. The man straightway approaches the bull, flinging his scarlet cloth in his view, in turn teasing him and defying him; he draws him on, and readily avoids his attacks. At length he approaches, sword in hand, and at the moment when the bull, makes a desperate effort to toss him, he thrusts the sword deep into his neck. An expert *espada* should kill the bull with the first blow, but in this case the *matador* has to strike three times; at the last thrust the sword entering a vital part, the bull rolls heavily to the ground. The man composedly draws the sword from the wound, wipes the blood from it upon his scarlet cloth, and bows to the audience. Then we hear the jingling of the bells of the mule-team entering to drag out, one by one, the dead horses, and finally the bull, which is done amidst the cheers of the spectators inside, and the shouts of the mob outside.

Attendants then enter, who rake over the bloody marks of the fray. A few minutes' interval succeeds, during which period the band plays cheerfully, the vast assembly refresh themselves from abundant stores of juicy oranges, and the

members of the arena busily engage themselves in preparing for the next course.

Presently the spectacle proceeds. When all is ready, the signal is again given to open the door of the cage, and instantly a second bull rushes in more wildly than the first. Then follows a repetition of the same exciting scenes already witnessed. We hear the same confused cries; we see the same daring exploits; and again the same horrors are perpetrated.

After a fight is over, the carcasses of the slain bulls are dragged across the plaza outside the arena, through the crowds who have assembled, and whose estimate of the character of a bull is formed by the number of dead horses preceding it. If the number be large, great cries of "bravo, toro!" ring around the plaza; on the contrary, so despicable do the spectators deem a cowardly bull, that it is not considered worthy of the sword of the matador, but is ignominiously slain with a dagger, after the fashion of killing cattle for the markets. And when the dead body is drawn outside the plaza by the mule-team, crowds of boys, and even men, follow it, to beat it with sticks as an expression of contempt for its cowardice. The glory of the bravest bull is ended by its carcase being at once cut into pieces by butchers, and distributed at a low price, or given away to all comers. So quickly is this done, that the flesh of one bull is all cut up and distributed before the body of another is dragged from the arena.

The sun is sunk low in the heavens before the games are concluded. Five magnificent bulls and forty-two horses have been sacrificed for the amusement of the good people of Madrid, who are content that the Fiesta de Toros has been a merry one, and that on the whole they have spent a glorious holiday.

Upon our return to the hotel, we hear abundant gossip about bull-fights in general, and the one we have witnessed in particular. Frequently the King is present, surrounded by the *élite* of Madrid society. It is thought that Amadeus has not a strong predilection for such sports, though he conforms to the

usages of the Spanish Court, and accepts the position of patron in deference to the wishes of the populace. His immediate predecessor, Queen Isabella, was not averse to enter into the pleasures of the national pastime; nor indeed have any of the Spanish monarchs evinced any such disinclination. History informs us that the nobility of Spain, from the King downwards, equally with the Spanish people, have from time immemorial engaged with ardent desire, and enthusiastic energy, in the popular bull-fight.

We learn that the King has not been present to-day, though he occasionally occupies the royal box.

At the present time, the great patron of the sport is a rich man, ranking high in the roll of Spanish nobility. The fair lady his wife has to-day occupied the place of honour, and has conferred substantial gifts upon the "brave" matadores for the part they have taken in the contest.

An incident of the fight, which we had noticed at the time, but not quite understood, was explained to us. After the matador had killed the bull, a number of hats were thrown into the arena by the audience. Such it appears is the way of expressing admiration, the matador acknowledging the compliment by returning them to the owners. Another, and probably to the matador a more acceptable expression of approbation, was a shower of coins thrown by admiring friends for his especial use and benefit. We are told that the chief matador lives in luxury; that, although his occupation is a dangerous one, yet his pay is handsome, for not only does he reap gratuities from the audience, and the official fee for the day, but his noble patrons are extremely liberal towards him. Not unfrequently, too, when he has, with extra skill, killed the bull, the audience demand that the carcase shall be presented to him for his absolute use and disposal. Warm supporters of the sport assure us that we should soon get accustomed to the horrors of the dying horses, that our feelings are mere sentiment, and that it is a glorious sport and pastime. As to the horses, they say they are not worth consideration, as they are

already useless, are old or worn out, and therefore to be thought of in respect to their market value only.

So much does this bull-fighting mania influence the people, that the ribbons, ornaments, &c., worn by the great actors of the arena, become the fashion, and many articles of dress are regulated by the same influence. Even the correct way of wearing the *capa* is decided by the gentlemen of the ring.

In short, bull-fighting is the one great "idea" of Spain. People of mature age flock eagerly to witness the fearful scenes of the amphitheatre; and children of tender years amuse themselves in their play by performing in mimicry the same fascinating scenes of the arena.



LETTER IV.



"Hallelujahs."

**I**N the capital of the second greatest Roman Catholic country in the world, most wonderful to relate, there is no cathedral. Madrid was not known in the venerable ages when those mighty monuments were erected which give us such an insight into the wealth and influence of the Roman Catholic Church in the Middle Ages. The city rose to importance under favour of Charles V, about 1540; and subsequent sovereigns approving his selection, the more ancient and time-honoured capitals of Castile, Aragon, Leon, and Granada were forsaken, and Madrid became the seat of Government and the capital of Spain. The churches are not beautiful. A style of architecture is in strong force here, which authorities upon such matters term Churrigueresque. It would be presumptuous on my part to try to describe what "Churrigueresque" is, or what the term means. Poets who write elegies in country churchyards, and other persons of accurate observation, have seen tombstones with ornamental decorations upon them which must have puzzled them to decide to what period of art they belong. If I may not be held responsible for the term, I should suggest that these would be aptly styled Churrigueresque.

If you will recall to mind the gilt frames of modern looking glasses, which are called by the trade "pier" glasses, you will know the kind of ornament with which the high altar and other parts of the churches are profusely decorated. The large churches have much of this tinsel ornament in

their interior decorations, which is elaborate in its character, and has been undoubtedly costly to produce, but at the same time is gaudy and paltry in appearance, invariable characteristics of altar offerings and other church ornaments throughout the country.

The annual fair week in Madrid is also one during which the Roman Catholic Church holds high festival. Special masses, continuous services, and priestly ordinances associated with most brilliant and imposing ceremonies, mark each day.

One of the first sights we witnessed, on the day of our arrival, was a gorgeous ecclesiastical procession, which paraded the principal streets of the city. It was a fine and imposing spectacle, for the company embraced the whole of the church officials of Madrid; bishops, priests, monks, choristers, and others, arrayed in the magnificent robes of their several orders, the rich and costly robes of the priesthood being of the most diversified colours—green, purple, white, &c., beautifully embroidered with gold thread. The sombre hues of the gowns of monks and friars were enlivened by the fancy harlequin costumes of subordinate officers or attendants. The pure white linen robes of the choristers assisting in the general assembly to harmonize so many bright colours. The band which accompanied the procession gave us notice of its approach, and we selected a suitable place to view it as it passed. Directly afterwards we saw the advancing banners and other imposing processional ornaments.

The most conspicuous and important personage in the procession was a Bishop, who, seated in an arm chair, was carried upon a platform, borne upon the shoulders of a number of stalwart men. Above him was a canopy suspended from poles, carried by other attendants who walked at the side.

As the bishop proceeded the crowds of people knelt down, and remained in that posture until he had passed. We instinctively drew ourselves into a recess to avoid giving unnecessary offence in not complying with this ceremony of the Romish Church. Following this group were persons

bearing a suspended velvet cloth, similar to the canopy of the bishop, but carried lower. Upon this cloth, the occupants of the many windows in the route of the procession cast flowers and evergreens, particularly yew and cypress branches. So many flowers and evergreens were thrown from the windows that not only was the cloth profusely laden, but the streets were literally strewed from one end to the other. I should add that all the priests and others forming the procession carried great candles, varying from three to six feet in length, all of which were burning.

During the time the procession remained in the streets the whole of the church bells of the city were kept ringing. So many bells being rung at one time produced, as may be imagined, the most deafening sounds. The bells here are hung so as to revolve over the bar, which enables the ringers to give them a rapid motion, and produce a clanging such as I have never heard equalled.

A similar custom prevails here as in Rome and other great Catholic cities when a religious procession is passing; crimson cloths are suspended from the windows, many of them being of velvet or other rich material, extra grand ones having gold fringe attached. These decorations give an exceedingly gay appearance to the streets, and, unlike flags, do not intercept the view. Every window was filled with sight-seers, chiefly ladies and children, whose fashionable dresses added to the beauty of the scene.

At the Carnival at Rome it is the custom to throw from the windows and balconies of the houses in the Corso plentiful showers of carraway comfits among the crowds below, and many amusing descriptions have been given from time to time of this good-humoured pelting, which has become as important a part of the Carnival as any other of the interesting events of that celebrated week. The sight we witnessed reminded us of this Carnival scene. A practice prevails here somewhat similar in character, but probably more congenial to the feelings of the vast crowd that throng the streets. The



occupants of the windows overlooking the multitudes of people below, scatter in all directions small pieces of paper about two inches square, upon which are wood engravings executed in a very primitive style of art. The printers of Madrid must find this an ample source of employment for weeks before the festival, for every occupant of the hundreds of windows in the line of route, distributed handful after handful of these little pictures. They are called here "Hallelujahs." The sight was most curious, the general effect being precisely that of a dense snowstorm. This shower continued during the whole time the procession was passing, and afterwards so long as the crowd remained. As may be imagined, the efforts of the people below to obtain possession of as many "Hallelujahs" as possible produced a general scramble. Boys and men, girls and women, alike, all snatched at them in their fall, or with desperate struggles collected them from the ground.

After the procession had passed we endeavoured to obtain some of these "Hallelujahs." We joined in the scramble, and after securing a good number in this way, and others in the way of purchase for a few coppers from the street arabs, we came off with our pockets well stored, having procured several thousands. The first spare moment we had, we examined them, and found they consisted of an interesting, and unquestionably curious, range of subjects. The study of them would give a small history of Spanish life and thought—the illustrations being most varied in subject and diversified in character. To show the extent of the custom, out of the thousands of pictures we have in our possession, we scarcely find two alike.

I have selected a number of these petty illustrations for more careful examination, which I have now before me. I find them to consist of a variety of subjects, which for the moment I have divided and classified. The first lot represent religious matters, such as scenes illustrating stories from Bible history, one is a picture of Rebecca at the well, others depict incidents in the lives of the Apostles. Next in

order, are a series of portraits of saints, most of whom are known only to those acquainted with the calendar of the Spanish Church. Kindred pictures are those relating to the lives of monks, nuns, and priests. Then follow domestic scenes of Spanish life, children at play, household cares and duties, illness, death, and funerals.

The next class are those illustrating events in the history of Spain. Favourite subjects being romantic stories in the lives of the Cid, Pedro the Cruel, Isabella and Ferdinand. The Peninsular war is also a fruitful source to draw from. Fiction contributes largely. The adventures of Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and Gil Blas appear to be most popular, though children's tales, like Paul and Virginia, and nursery stories have a fair share of attention.

The next lot are costumes of various countries. English dress is represented by a lady who is adorned with a large bonnet and wide skirts, fashionable a quarter of a century ago.

In another class the pastimes and amusements of the people are depicted. Of course bull-fighting subjects are conspicuous in this division, all the changeful scenes of the arena, not omitting possible accidents, are illustrated, in addition to which, there are a number of portraits of eminent bull-fighters.

The celebrated dances of Spain, such as the Bolero, Fandango, and other spirited national dances, are pictured; these views show also the usual admiring company, and the indispensable accompanying performers upon guitar and castanet.

Love scenes are numerous and varied. These occasionally verge into absurdity or doubtful propriety. One other class I will mention, what may be termed the grotesque or humorous. These should be described in detail to give them correct value and interest. Of course I can only summarize here. Some are caricatures upon society; and several curious ones are suppositious scenes, where the human form divine changes place with the lower animals. Fishes are angling for men. Bull, the butcher, is surveying his shop, where hangs, head-

downwards, fine specimens of humanity ready "dressed" for sale. A lion takes his cubs to see the wild beast show, where lively specimens of the human family are caged, and are being exhibited. Many others are equally humorous and absurd.

Attached to all these illustrations are short inscriptions, quotations from Spanish literature, or doggrel rhymes.

I have thought it worth while to refer in this lengthy manner to these curious and interesting "Hallelujahs," as I see something in them to admire and think about. Contemptible as they may be, as literary or artistic productions, I find much that is worth attention; they are a kind of key which opens to our view many scenes of Spanish life, and gives us an insight into popular literature, popular amusements, and popular thought.



## LETTER V.



### "Foundlings."

**F**EAVING for a time the pomp and show of the busy and fashionable life of Madrid, we seek a quiet and retired spot in a remote part of the city, to have a peep at an institution which is enveloped in mystery, has a world of romance within its walls, and whose inmates claim our greatest pity and loving sympathy. We have secured an intelligent guide, and have instructed him to apply for permission for us to see over the Foundling Hospital. Having obtained the necessary papers securing introduction and admission, we proceed towards the suburbs of the city, in search of the old conventual building appropriated to this purpose. We find a dingy-looking house, in a more dingy-looking street, and as we pause to examine the little revolving cradle, which daily and nightly conveys the tender child away from a mother's care and a mother's love, we have a slight struggle to divest our minds of a feeling of repugnance which this little wheel of fortune gives to us, and of aversion to the frowning walls, which seem so sternly to forbid the re-uniting of those dearest of all ties, seemingly so rudely parted by a kind and well-meaning Government. As a rule, admission into the institution is strictly forbidden; but our earnest request to be allowed to inspect it has had the desired effect of procuring us a privileged order of admission.

To commence a very interesting story, the little revolving box or cradle, which we have seen outside, conveys two thousand babies a year into the charge of this great institution.

I wonder how many of the great sight-seeing visitors to Madrid, gathered from all parts of the world, have seen this wonderful little machine. The reception is very simple; a bell is rung from the outside, and the cradle is turned, so that the open side shall be presented to receive the precious gifts. Another moment, and the little one, which is but a few hours old, is transported into the care of strangers. The box revolves, and the other side now closes up the opening. No inquiries are made; no questions are asked. The infant is thus received, and its new life commences. The friends of the child may have, and probably have, given it a name, and upon a paper have also stated some trifling particulars by which the child may at a future time be identified and claimed by its relatives. The particulars are entered into the books of the institution by a priest, who officiates as clerk; the child is then numbered, and a small leaden medal, having a corresponding number upon it, fastened to a ribbon, is hung round its neck. During the time it remains in the institution, until grown to man's estate, it is referred to and known by this number. No. 569 (for 1872) is just arrived—a wee thing that looks most pitiful in its forsaken condition.

The whole place is in charge of Sisters of Mercy, who receive the children directly after the entries in the books have been made. Having received their medals, they are then conveyed to nurses to be dressed and placed for baptism. At twelve o'clock each day a priest performs this office for the children received during the previous twenty-four hours. To provide for their nourishment and care, numbers of young women, who are able to suckle the children, arrive daily, said to be chiefly from the country, and the infants are drafted out, and are for a time taken away, upon a certain scale of payment to the nurses. The children thus taken remain in charge of these country nurses, until boys are seven years or girls ten years old. It frequently happens that an affection springs up between a child and its foster parents, and it would be a trouble to them to be parted. In such cases, the Government

raise no objection to children remaining; but at the expiration of the term of years stipulated by the Government, payment ceases. Usually children are returned to the hospital. Boys are then transferred to a separate training and educational institution, where they learn (besides ordinary scholastic studies) the arts of various trades, or are prepared for the army. Girls are kept here, to be trained and educated under the immediate supervision of the Sisters of Mercy.

Having inspected the children recently received, we are next shown into a large room adjoining the infants' ward, where are congregated a number of women and children, who are in attendance, the women to receive their weekly allowance, and the children to be inspected, a process which is required to be gone through periodically. There is nothing remarkable in the appearance of these women; they are chiefly of middle age, and poverty appears to be the motive power which has induced them to take charge of the deserted infants. It would be difficult to ascertain, under the circumstances seen here, how much of the demonstrative affection which is being displayed is genuine. I fear the chances of a happy childhood are small indeed, and that health and life are not valued much higher than the weekly payment. It does not at all surprise us to hear that the rate of mortality is very high among the children so drafted out. Some few of the women are here for the first time making application for children to nurse; our attention being called to them, we cannot help wondering whether any inference may be drawn from the fact of wet nurses being readily found just at a time the infants were requiring them. It certainly seems a curious coincidence.

On entering the next room we see a number of young girls who, having been away the allotted term, have recently returned. They are robust in health (though several are suffering from sore eyes, a complaint which appears prevalent throughout the institution, indeed, throughout the whole city of Madrid); and appear grossly ignorant. We are informed that no attention is paid to their education during


their nursing days, none is expected, and, generally speaking, none is given. Passing on through other rooms, we see girls of all ages, and of different degrees of intelligence, occupied in a variety of labour, study, or recreation. In studying the countenances of these girls, none appear to us to be of brilliant intellect, though the lady superior informs us that a number of them have attained very fair educational attainments. In addition to their schooling, they are instructed in needlework of a superior character, and in making articles for sale, such as lace, gloves, &c.

Altogether there are upwards of three hundred girls now in the house, amongst whom, of course, the household work is divided. The domestic arrangements appear to be very satisfactory, and systematically carried out, the food plentiful and good, and the whole establishment remarkably clean (for Spain). We ask whether girls are allowed to leave the house, and if any are permitted to go about the city without supervision. In reply we are told that a great deal of liberty is given to the older ones; they can take situations, and return again if they need protection or a home. At meals acquaintances are admitted to see them, and frequently the girls get sweethearts in this way. Young men frequently come here to seek wives; if respectable they are afterwards permitted to visit the girls at suitable times. Many are married from the institution in this way, and so disposed of. The authorities present to them upon their marriage a small dowry, but after that they cease to receive the benefit of asylum in the hospital. Boys, when they leave at the age of twenty, also receive a small donation in money to start them in life.

Foundling hospitals have received little favour in England, and they scarcely accord with our English notions, but there are many good things to be said about them. Certainly they are very interesting, and not only has our visit here been a pleasurable one, but we have received much curious and interesting information.

## LETTER VI.

*The Fine Arts in Madrid.*

HE "Museo del Prado" in Madrid contains the great national collection of paintings, in which are to be found not only works of the great masters of the art, but it is especially famous for preserving those peculiar treasures which any nation may, and ought to, be proud of—great works of art—the production of native talent. Spaniards are immeasurably proud of this collection. They say and believe it to be the finest collection of paintings in the world. The recollection of the wealth of art-treasures at Florence, in Rome, at the Louvre, and in England, makes us hesitate to agree with them upon this point. However, it is undoubtedly one of the greatest collections in the world, and worthy of the highest admiration and the most prolonged study. It would not amuse or interest you to specify the names of all the great masters whose works adorn the walls, nor should I be able to enlist your attention by making out a long list of the pictures, and the subjects of them, worth special mention. One great weakness of travellers, particularly of our English-speaking cousins from beyond the Atlantic, when paying necessarily short visits, which may appropriately be called flying visits, to the notable collections of works of art throughout Europe, is that of giving a hasty glance at every picture that has a hand-book reputation. However large a collection may be, guide-books dictate the whole must be seen, consequently these indefatigable tourists walk before them—it can hardly be said that they look at



them—with one desire only, which is to boast on their return home that they have seen such and such pictures which are esteemed among the world-famed treasures of art.

If you will follow in thought our rather erratic steps, I will try to convey to you an idea of the very few pictures time permits us to see. We commence with a delightful picture painted by Raphael, one which has an interesting history belonging to it. Once upon a time it adorned the collection of an English monarch—the unfortunate King Charles the First; but as the life of a king is uncertain, so also are the destinies of property. In those troublous times, the idea of collecting works of art as national property, had not many supporters, so that when the tide of fortune deprived the monarch of his head and his kingdom together, his executors and administrators decreed that the whole of his magnificent collection of works of art should be sold to the highest bidders. This picture was deservedly deemed one of rare value, and King Philip IV of Spain sent a commission to purchase it with others. The fierce Reformers and Puritans of those days, if they lacked a due appreciation of the fine arts, were careful to extract from those who indulged in such vanities an ample sum of hard cash in exchange for the works of art which they had to dispose of. King Philip paid two thousand pounds for this picture—an enormous price for those times.

The King, delighted with his purchase, is said to have exclaimed upon its arrival, "This is indeed the pearl of my collection." It has always since then been designated "*La Perla*," a term which no one will object to its retaining. The subject is a happy scene in which the Virgin has the infant JESUS on her knee, with St. John leaning against her. The charm of the work is in the exquisite beauty of the Virgin, and in the playful actions and in the countenances of the children, whilst the colour and grouping is unrivalled by other works of Raphael, or by those of other old masters, who have bequeathed to future generations many exquisite pictures of the same subject.

Next we pause before one of the most celebrated pictures of the collection, painted by one of Spain's own sons. The very name of Murillo is mentioned with pride by every Spaniard, and strangers from foreign lands must visit the home of the painter to understand his greatness. There are many pictures of world-wide fame hanging here, the results of industrious labour of this celebrated artist, but none approach in beauty the well known "Conception of the Virgin."

Murillo painted many pictures of this subject. Some of great reputation hang in the Seville gallery; another is at Cadiz; a celebrated one is in the Louvre collection at Paris, for which the French Government gave the large sum of £24,500; but in none is the Virgin delineated with such delicate and youthful beauty as in this. To portray innocence and pureness of mind has been the effort of the great painter. No one can judge how excellent has been his work but those who have seen the picture.

A curious piece of information is given to us, upon our remarking that Murillo had great partiality for clothing the Virgin in blue robes. It is stated that the Inquisition, in its powerful control over the lives and actions of every Spaniard, decreed that a certain code of rules should be observed in relation to orthodox traditions and historical data; one of the peculiar edicts being that the Virgin should have blue drapery. Whether this statement is correct or not, Spanish painters have usually adopted the colour, and the prevalence of custom gives to such paintings a peculiarity which may be estimated as a national characteristic. As in other Conceptions of Murillo, the figure of the Virgin is standing upon, or, rather, is surmounting a crescent, an allegorical emblem which has been introduced into pictures of the same subject by other artists. Thus, in the next picture we examine, a Conception painted by Ribera, which, though inferior to Murillo's, is very beautiful, and precisely the same design—the Virgin is in blue robes surmounting a crescent, and surrounded with cherubs. Referring again for a moment to

Murillo's pictures, I am inclined to think that the arrangement of the groups of cherubs are more pleasing in the Paris picture, and that the lovely little faces are more numerous, but in each the cherubs are most charmingly painted. The figure of the Virgin is incomparably finer in the Madrid one. It may, perhaps, convey a wrong impression to speak of "the Madrid picture," as there are "two Conceptions" by Murillo hanging side by side in this gallery. The second one is an exquisite painting; with face upturned and hands crossed, the attitude of the Virgin but slightly differing from the *chef d'œuvre* hanging beside it.

In the next exquisite picture we stop to look at, are two beautifully-drawn children; one stooping to drink water out of a shell which is being held by the second one. In the misty clouds above are beautiful heads of three cherubs. The picture is known as "Murillo's Children with the Shell." The children represent the infant Jesus and St. John. The drawing, composition, and colouring in this picture are superb. Another fine work by the same master, designated "The Conversion of St. Paul," represents the influential persecutor of Christians just thrown from his horse. CHRIST appears in a glory of clouds, to remonstrate with his future devoted disciple, while the attendants around are in various attitudes of consternation, producing a most striking scene, rendered so much more effective from the clever arrangements of light and shadows. There are several pictures of the Holy Family, by different masters, all of which are very beautiful. The first we look at is called "Raphael's Children with the Legend," in which the infant St. John is unrolling a strip of parchment, with an inscription upon it. The infant Jesus, sitting upon his mother's knee, leans forward to grasp it. St. Joseph rests with arms folded upon the ruins of a classical pillar, while the Virgin, leaning against him, gazes at the same time upon the children. The whole group is admirably composed, and illustrates a pleasant scene of family happiness. Another picture of this subject is

"Raphael's Holy Family of the Rose," in which a fallen rose lies at the foot of the infant CHRIST, who is being tenderly nursed by his mother. St. John is seen handing to the infant Jesus a similar inscribed roll to the one referred to in the last picture. The figures in this picture are larger than those in the last one, the effect of which is not quite so pleasing. In the whole collection there are ten pictures painted by Raphael, the high estimation of which may be gathered from the fact that some years ago Lord Melbourne's Government offered eighty thousand pounds for four of the finest of them, an offer which was refused. André del Sarto painted a beautiful picture of the Holy Family, which is in this gallery, it is a full-length infant CHRIST being embraced by his mother—a very lovely composition.

The strong masculine feeling of the Spanish nation has always favoured the works of Velazquez before those of Murillo, and in this collection nearly all his great paintings are to be found. As a rule they have a two-fold interest for Spaniards. Not only are they great masterpieces of art, but they illustrate many historical scenes, and contain many portraits of famous personages, besides including a host of minute trifles connected with dress, manners, &c., which are exceedingly valuable as records of the history of the time. Equestrian portraits of Philip IV and Queen Isabel his wife, and a child (Don Baltasar), display most wonderful skill in the art. King Philip himself has a number of portraits here, taken at various periods of his life, all by the same artist, the whole of which are splendid specimens of portrait painting. One remarkable painting, by Velazquez, is the "Surrender of Breda," a picture which admirably portrays the characteristics of soldiers of various nationalities engaged in the siege. Velazquez, or rather his master, Philip IV, delighted in transferring to canvas the figures of several dwarfs who were retained about the court, these strange deformities being introduced into pictures in which portraits of the royal family were painted.

Perhaps the most interesting to us of the series of Velazquez's portraits is that of the Infanta Maria, the attractive magnet which drew our King Charles to the Court of Spain. Many interesting details are still preserved in various Spanish historical documents of Charles's visit here. It is said that Velazquez commenced a portrait of him, which was never finished.

Returning again to Murillo's pictures, we are delighted with the next we stop to look at. The representation of the child St. John in the wilderness fondling a lamb; it is well known and deserves its wide reputation. Another imposing picture by Murillo is "The Appearance of the Virgin to St. Bernard." This, too, is a magnificent work. A circular group of angels surrounds the figure of the Virgin, who holds the infant Jesus in her arms; at her feet kneels St. Bernard in the dress of a monk. The grouping of the cherub angels in this picture is a bit of the most successful of all Murillo's work.

I must not omit one other of the great master's pictures which delights us—"The Annunciation"—an angel addresses the Virgin, who is kneeling, and has an open book before her; a dove with extended wings hovers above, from which spread rays of glory, a multitude of angels filling the heavens around it. This ranks among the finest of Murillo's productions. There are so many pictures by this great master in the collection (forty-six in all) that to glance at the whole would take up all our time. We prefer enjoying leisurely the few I have mentioned rather than spoil our visit by trying to see more.

Among paintings by Spanish masters is a remarkable one by an artist named Rizi. It does not particularly claim attention as a special work of art, though it may fairly claim some notice on this score. The artist may probably never be mentioned among the great painters of the world; but he has produced a picture which will always be regarded with intense interest, not only by future generations of Spaniards, but by the whole world. It is one of those great historical

pictures which convey volumes of information regarding the history of the time. Among the numerous paintings of this class which are prized in the national collections of Europe, there is scarcely one that conveys so many interesting and valuable historical incidents as this. It relates to that great institution of the Church, the Inquisition, which attained greater power in Spain than in any other Roman Catholic country. At one time it was considered the glory of the country, and to be in any way connected with its government was held to be the highest honour for church or lay citizens. Kings, bishops, nobles, and honourable citizens united to form its great councils. To be in favour with this powerful institution was to reap every kind of worldly advantage, and to receive the most comforting promises of future existence. To be under the ban of its displeasure was death, indeed worse than death, for before that happy fate released its victims, the most excruciating cruelties were inflicted by this fearful tribunal, persecutions which frequently extended to whole families, who were held accountable for the actions of a single member. Tortures of body, and curses of soul, were the fate of a victim, in order not only to punish in this world, but to destroy all hope of the life hereafter, thus sending an offender out of the world in the greatest horrors the mind of man is capable of realising. Happily the world at the present time knows no such terrible tribunals, and it would not only be wrong, but absurd, to hold enlightened Roman Catholics of our time responsible for the wickedness committed in the name of the Church in the past. It would be equally rational to hold all true Christians, whether Protestant or Catholic, responsible for all the wicked deeds perpetrated under the banner of Christianity. Spain is low in the scale of nations. She struggles in the depths of ignorance. The priests, the religion, the whole thought of Spain, want freeing from ignorance and superstition, which unfortunately hang like chains about her, and prevent her taking her rightful position amongst the nations of the world. What

influence the Inquisition has left upon the people of Spain of the present day, it would be difficult to ascertain. That its shadow still spreads over the country no one can doubt. It is still spoken of with awe; and Spaniards tell of many national miseries, caused by the vast accumulation of estates, as religious endowments, through its power and influence.

The subject of the picture before us is an "Auto-da-fé," celebrated upon the Place Mayor in Madrid. It is a large picture containing many thousands of figures, and has detail sufficient to create interest for a whole day's study. Of course I cannot here refer to any book or record containing any account of this particular "Auto-da-fé;" therefore you must be content with the poor description I am able to give from the inspection of the picture itself.

That this is a very important *auto-da-fé* is evident from the vastness of the Council assembled and the size of the area fenced in. The view embraces two sides of the Place Mayor, showing three rows of windows, twenty-three in each row, on the side opposite the spectator. The other side, which is rather in shade, appears nearly as extensive. At the extreme right and left of the square are great tiers of seats, upon which appear to be seated the honoured members of the Council. Bishops, priests, and noblemen are easily distinguished by their dress. In the centre is railed off the Court, in which a prisoner is being tried. He stands in a kind of pulpit; has a tall conical hat on, and is dressed in a peculiar robe or gown, and has his arms bound. A number of lawyers seated at a table are writing, and two advocates prominently occupy two other pulpits like that of the prisoner. One side of the Court is filled with soldiers bearing pikes, and the other with priests. In one corner is a group being energetically addressed by a bishop. So far there is nothing in the picture more than an ordinary drawing of a Court of Justice, but the other parts of the area are of far greater interest. On the right of the picture is a tier of seats occupied by noblemen and eminent citizens; interspersed in this assembly are a number of prisoners, wearing the tall caps

and distinctive San Benito dress, awaiting trial; probably there are a hundred of them. At the present moment I cannot determine whether this portion of the assembly are friends of the accused, or whether they are present by virtue of some office to take part in the proceedings. The prisoners stand in rows amongst them, and are engaged in conversation with them. On the other side of the picture the seats are occupied chiefly by ecclesiastics; in the immediate front of whom is an altar, a space being enclosed by lines of huge candlesticks, having burning candles in them.

In the balcony of the building, in the centre of the picture, are seated the King and Queen, surrounded by courtiers and a number of ladies dressed in nun's costume. Every window of the large building is crowded, chiefly with ladies, with some few children. The ladies, like the cavaliers, are dressed in the extreme of fashion—(dresses of the period of the time of our King Charles II of England). In the front of the picture are groups diversely engaged. Some of these are interesting. In the midst of several are figures of prisoners who are being earnestly appealed to by bishops or priests, who seem to be urging them to accept the Catholic faith, holding up the cross to assist them in their exhortations. In one instance the appeals of the priests appear to have been successful, for a prisoner is kneeling penitently before the altar surrounded by priests. The bottom of the picture shows the extent of the enclosure. Steps to enter the area are at the extreme right and left. In the street below are congregated soldiers and gentlemen gorgeously dressed, some on foot bearing arms, others on horseback. A banner is flying, and they are evidently the appointed force into whose hands the condemned are to be handed over for execution. In a convenient spot on the picture is an inscription, dedicating it to Charles the Second, King of Spain and of the New World, A.D. 1650. Such a picture is evidently intended to be a record of the glory and power of the Inquisition. No horrors are shown here; the fate of the victims and the cruel punish-




ment of death by fire can only be conjectured by inference from our general knowledge of an *Auto-da-fé*.

In continuing our walk through the gallery we find it contains many paintings by Rubens, and we stay to look at an exceedingly fine one, the "Rape of Proserpine," displaying a brilliant and exciting scene, the stern and muscular figures of the men being a fine contrast to the delicate and powerless form of Proserpine; a lovely coloured but very fleshy Cupid runs on before, and lights the way with a burning torch of Hymen. The "Three Graces," by the same painter, is considered a very grand work. I suppose there may be difference of opinion as to the merits of a picture, even if it has a great reputation. To me the figures look lumpy and coarse. Undoubtedly they are wonderfully coloured; but real beauty should be more delicately drawn than these figures are. Perhaps I may be prejudiced, as I dislike Rubens' pictures in the Louvre collection for the same reason. The next picture we see by the same artist—"Perseus delivering Andromeda"—is far superior in this respect, and is really a charming picture. Time does not allow us to see much more. We give a hasty glance at two or three celebrated ones by Titian—"Salome with the Head of John the Baptist" is a splendid picture, and, moreover, is said to be a portrait of Titian's daughter. We pause for a moment to look at the "Holy Shepherdess," by Tobar, and to give a last glance at one by our first favourite, a painful-looking "Magdalen," by Murillo, and then we are forced to bring our visit to an end—we go away with that unsatisfactory feeling of giving up an unfinished task. We cannot spare even a look for the sculpture, or for the cases in which are deposited many rare works of art-metal work, by Benvenuto Cellini; specimens of ancient glass, rare crystal work, &c. The collection is, indeed, a magnificent one. Besides the pictures of Murillo and Raphael, there are 64 by Velazquez, 58 by Ribera, 43 by Titian, 53 by Teniers, and a great number of others by equally famous masters.

## LETTER VII.

*Life in Madrid.*

 HIS morning we have had an excellent opportunity of seeing the King and Queen, with their children, surrounded by many of the chief officers of State. The Royal Palace in Madrid is a noble building, standing upon an eminence in the outskirts of the city. Behind it stretches a magnificent expanse of country, views of which are commanded from the palace windows. Just below lies the almost dry bed of the river Manzanares, and in the extreme distance are ranges of snow-capped mountains. The palace, seen from the city, is truly royal in appearance; its dimensions are upon the most extensive scale; and the glistening white marble of which it is built gives to it an imposing appearance, which will favourably compare it with any of the great palaces of Europe. Upon inquiry we learnt that visitors are excluded during the time the King is in residence. We naturally felt greatly disappointed on receiving this information, for as visits to Madrid are not likely to be, with us, frequent events of the future, we could see little chance of ever inspecting the interior. We attached more importance to the circumstance from having a strong desire to see the celebrated state chamber or hall, reputed to be one of the finest rooms in the world, in which the King receives embassies from foreign countries; in it are treasured many magnificent bronzes recovered from the ruins of Pompeii, rare works of art which came into the possession of Spain through the relationship existing between the late royal dynasty with the Neapolitan branch of the Bourbons.

Our disappointment has urged us to make personal application to the "Mayor Domo," General "Somebody," who, we are informed, alone can give permission to enter. To him we make up our minds to apply for an audience. We courageously face the soldiers on guard, and, in turn, lacqueys, ushers, clerks, and numerous other officers of the household. Ultimately we find the General's chambers, but only then to learn that the gallant officer cannot be seen. An unfailing remedy occurs to us at this point. The application of a judicious acknowledgment of the secretary's trouble in seeking the governor, causes inquiry to be promptly made respecting his movements, ending most satisfactorily in the secretary himself producing the key of the door admitting to the royal apartments, and at the same time an authority for us to enter. From the complaisance with which this is done, we have reasonable doubts whether the illustrious governor has really been troubled by any application whatever on our behalf. However, to our great satisfaction, we gain admission to the whole of the State apartments, and their exceeding beauty and richness of decorations, together with the costly display of rare ornaments and furniture, amply gratify our curiosity and desire. The chief saloon, or Hall of Ambassadors, is by far the richest and grandest room in the palace; indeed, I cannot help thinking it is the most magnificent chamber in Europe. The ceiling is richly painted, illustrating scenes of Spanish life. Suspended from it are chandeliers of rock crystal, and upon the walls of the room are colossal looking-glasses, set in costly marbles. The throne is the perfection of grandeur, it is placed on a dais, and surrounded with rich ornaments dazzling with gold. Bronze statues of Pompeii are interspersed throughout the chamber with great Sevres vases, tables and ornaments of malachite from Russia, and delicate statuary. It is in this hall that Kings of Spain receive in state, and after death royalty lies here to be duly honoured, according to public form and ancient usage. In surveying all this magnificence, one cannot help recalling to

mind the anecdote of King Henry IV of France receiving a Spanish Ambassador. His Excellency upon his arrival repaired to the palace, dressed in velvet and gold, with large frilled collar and puffed breeches, having all the pompous bearing that fitted the representative of his proud and ancient country. Upon entering the audience-chamber he found his Majesty the King upon his hands and knees "playing at horses" with his children, one of whom, astride his back, was being assisted by the smaller ones in driving the "old hoss" along. His Majesty greeted the Ambassador in a friendly way, and then finished his play with the children. This is rather a strange contrast to the imposing ceremonies of the Spanish Court as displayed in this hall.

We step out on the balcony which overlooks the country of Castile, and admire the fine prospect; the rugged landscape with wild-looking woods, backed up by the snow-clad mountains of the Guadarrama, making truly a grand picture; but the very wildness of the prospect seems to take away many of the attractions of the palace, for however grand we feel the scenery to be, it does not accord with ideal surroundings of a kingly residence. Indeed, the site of the city of Madrid itself has no attractions; the country around is a wild, uncultivated desert, and the winds from the icy mountains of the Guadarrama are exceedingly treacherous. The variations of temperature are so great as to make it a most undesirable place of residence; it is too far inland to be convenient for communication with the rest of Europe, and there are no corresponding advantages, excepting the fanciful one of the capital being situated in the heart of the kingdom.

The Palace has many historical associations connected with it. In turn, Bonaparte and the "Iron Duke" have occupied, and issued important despatches from, its rooms. The numerous and interesting portraits we see about bring to mind many famous scenes in history. Spaniards must view with curious interest the Bourbon pictures. Queen Isabella II and her son, King Louis Philippe and his Queen, with

many others, recall the vicissitudes of that ill-fated family. One small chamber I ought not to pass over without notice; it is remarkable from being entirely decorated with porcelain. The walls and the whole of the ornament are of this material. It is curious, but rather overdone. It is of rich design and rare workmanship, much of it being in the style of work known as "Capo di Monte." Leaving the suite of state apartments, we enter the corridor leading to the grand staircase. At this moment we are made aware of an impending ceremony. We see from one of the windows of the corridor, overlooking the staircase, a file of soldiers proceed to occupy a position upon the flight of steps. Our conductor eagerly instructs us to remain quiet, and retire a little, as the King is approaching. A moment afterwards the door of the private apartments opens, and his Majesty, accompanied by the Queen and children, attended by a brilliant group of officers, descend the staircase to the Royal carriage, which the Queen and children enter. Immediately the carriage drives away, and the King and suite re-ascend the steps, passing close to us. The King is rather slight in person; we think him a handsome young man, and possessing in every way the bearing of a gentleman. The Queen is a fine woman, and looks rather older than the King. His Majesty returns to his apartments, the soldiers march off, and we proceed on our way down the staircase. The Royal carriage is driven as usual through the chief thoroughfares of the city to the Prado, where it is customary for all classes of Madrid society to gather in the evening. The King, as well as the Queen, frequently visit this popular resort. We are informed that a few evenings before the Royal carriage had been in the Prado, but being without an escort we had not noticed the scarlet liveries, the only sign of Royalty. The people of Madrid are not carried away by any strong feeling of enthusiasm upon these occasions, very little demonstration is made, indeed to an observer the approaching bull-fight has far more interest to the Spaniards than the presence of the King.

One of the most enjoyable pleasures of Madrid is a walk on the Prado. Evening is the best time to see this attractive rendezvous, for the great heat of the mid-day sun drives idlers into the shady precincts of the gardens of the Buen Retiro. As the sun moves towards the west, and its rays become less powerful, frequenters of the Prado begin to fill its numerous walks and avenues. Its great extent provides accommodation for all classes. A fine carriage-drive, where are collected, most magnificent and costly equipages of Spanish nobility is in the centre; a parallel roadway is appropriated to equestrians, where beautiful horses and ponies are displayed by proud owners. On each side of these spacious thoroughfares are walks and retreats for pedestrians and loungers of all grades and character. At the fashionable hour the Prado is crowded—throngs of people seek fresh air and agreeable society here. The heated and densely-populated streets of the city are comparatively deserted for this attractive promenade. Pleasant fountains ornament its walks, and trees and bushy shrubs throw grateful shadows in the labyrinth of winding paths, where numerous chairs and seats afford accommodation for pleasant indolence.

Having the desire, equally with the inhabitants of Madrid, to enjoy the delicious breezes of a cool evening, after a terribly hot day, we saunter along the Prado, where we criticise the finely-bred horses, and admire the bearing of the riders. We admire also the stately carriages, and find ample subject for gossip in the varied countenances and dresses of the occupants. The half-clipped mules are decidedly curious, and, being of good breed, have a smart look about them, which quite fits them for use in the carriages of the wealthy. We select a shady seat, and greatly enjoy the panorama before us. Troops of children are merrily playing, as others do in the famous Champs Elysées at Paris; in like fashion also do attendant nurses engage in the customary gossip, eyeing the passers-by, and occasionally with mischievous smiles engaging the attention of young fellows, who are ever inclined to take advantage of

favourable opportunities. The children are pretty, and more fair in countenance than the adult population. Skipping and round games are popular, and the enjoyment of these little ones is quite refreshing. If we are not smokers we are not the less bothered by the little ragged urchins engaged in the mercantile pursuit of selling fusees. It must be an extensive trade, for every man and boy are smoking cigarettes. No doubt they must think we belong to a species of rare animal, not being equally devoted to the soothing influence of the pure Havanna weed. We have also to run the gauntlet of the smiling offers, the entreaties, even the persistent trading of the flower girls, who continually thread their way through the crowds of people in search of customers. The busy scene not only reminds us of the vivacity of the Parisians when in their beloved Champs Elysées, but here are all the engaging attractions of our Rotten Row. At the same time the variety of costumes, the presence of the flower girls, and general incidents arising out of the concourse of people, carry one's thoughts back to the Piazza St. Mark at Venice, and then, through the soothing influence of the gurgling fountains, which increases our indolence and strongly inclines us to sleep, our wandering thoughts bring back dreamy scenes of peasantry in the Campagna of Rome gathering round their ancient fountains, to catch the limpid stream in their picturesque earthen pitchers, and while away the passing moment with the gossip of their country.

At length darkness drives us from the Prado, and we saunter along the wide Calle de Alcalá towards the centre of the city. The shops and cafés are brilliantly lighted up, and we have an opportunity of seeing another phase of Madrid life. Pausing for a moment at the door of a lottery agency, we see poor and wretched-looking creatures looking wistfully at the last-issued list of prizes. The numbers drawn are posted outside as a tempting bait for others to join in the national gambling. We mark the people who enter for the purpose of making investments. Men,

women, and children seem eager to assist this cursed institution. Workpeople, tradespeople, and even mendicants, join in the crowd of applicants, and the propensity for gambling is apparent in all. Visible excitement is manifest in their countenances, and unfortunately misery and poverty are also prevailing characteristics.

The streets are now filled with people who have been engaged in the manufactories all day, amongst whom are intelligent citizens eagerly discussing politics, and smart-looking girls from the workshops of the city, dressed in all kinds of Spanish finery, promenading the thoroughfares and flirting with the dandies of the pavement.

Bye-and-bye, we turn into the large *café* in the Puerta del Sol, and, amidst the very Babel of sounds, call for coffee, which here is really a delicious beverage. I may mention, in passing, that waiters and servants are summoned in a manner which reminds one of the "Arabian Nights" and other Eastern stories, where all sorts of wonderful spirits and genii are summoned by the clapping of hands. Probably this custom has been bequeathed to the modern Spaniards by the ancient Moors. The scene around us is lively and varied. Whole families—father, mother and children—are gathered round many of the tables drinking very harmless beverages—lemon juice, spiced milk, and prepared "Aguas"—all iced, and most refreshing for summer weather. Most of the tables have eagerly-talking politicians seated round them, who, we are told, meet nightly at the same time and place, as they might do at a private club. At other tables are girls with their sweethearts, and here and there are girls of questionable reputation. All the men are smoking cigarettes, which they make as they talk, some few of the girls following their example. The room is large, and probably three or four hundred people are seated here, all talking, smoking, and enjoying themselves in a way so much in harmony with the Spanish character. The site upon which this great *café* stands is a notable spot, and has memorable



events associated with it. A church once stood here, where one of those bloody scenes of history has for ever darkened the character of its perpetrator. Here the famous French General Murat massacred a number of the chief citizens of Madrid, to show his power, and as a caution to other Spaniards who might feel disposed to defend their country and their homes. The place has also been notorious for other scenes of cruel bloodshed, which it is impossible to refer to in detail here. Enough to say, that the great central place of the city, the Puerta del Sol (so called from the gate that once stood here having been the extreme end of the city, and named from its facing the rising sun), has always been a centre of political life, and the rendezvous of great party gatherings.

Later in the evening we leave the *café* to make a short visit to the Opera, where we are told we shall see a favourable sample of Spanish life and manners; but in this we find disappointment. Really, we see little that displays strictly Spanish nationality. The ladies are handsomely and richly dressed, but it is in the extreme of Paris fashions. The gentlemen might have been well-dressed Englishmen. Two things only impress us, one of which is the absurd length of the intervals between the acts (a full half-hour), which we are told is the general custom of the country, so arranged to allow gentlemen time to retire for the purpose of smoking a cigarette, or to stroll about the theatre to converse with their lady friends, an arrangement apparently equally agreeable to the ladies, who find this opportunity for displaying their attractions more favourable than during the time of the performance. The other is the remarkable dexterity with which the Spanish ladies use their fans. So adroit are their movements that, like the peculiar shrug of a Frenchman, the action conveys a variety of expressions, forming no unimportant accompaniment to the conversation. Returning through the streets late at night, we have again that uncomfortable suspicion which we felt on the first evening we spent in Spain. We feel a strange distrust of Spaniards as

they approach, pass, or follow us, enveloped as they are in their *capas* or cloaks. In England we occasionally see representations of brigands or robbers dressed in these *capas*, the ample folds of which seem contrived for the purpose of disguise or for the concealment of weapons. The *capa* is a national costume, and is worn by every Spaniard. The upper classes have them made usually of black cloth, lined with costly furs or silk; the middle and lower classes wear proportionately less costly materials. The more expensive the cloak the greater extent of cloth is used in the making; the circumference at the bottom of those of superior make measures about seven yards. The wearer, by a peculiar swing of the arm, cleverly flings the *capa* over the opposite shoulder in such a manner as to have a double covering into the middle of the back, thus his arms are totally enveloped, and at the same time his face is half-buried in its folds—to complete the suspicious garb, the true Spaniard draws down his slouching hat over his eyes. It may be added, our uncomfortable suspicions are not altogether groundless, for the dress is indeed a cloak for mischief. Bad characters have an opportunity of hiding designs, which they fully avail themselves of, and we are frequently cautioned to avoid people who do not uncloak when addressing you—an act of courtesy well understood by the Spaniards themselves. We have several opportunities during the evening of discussing with intelligent Spaniards many interesting political and social questions, which add much to the interest of our visit. Scraps of information thus obtained are worth noticing.

We are interested to hear expressions of opinion regarding the King. Generally the royal family are spoken of in terms of respect, and evidently the new dynasty has the general support of the people of Castile. The only expression which seemed to qualify this satisfactory feeling towards King Amadeus and his family is summed up in the often-repeated words: "We like the King, and his policy is good, but he is not a Spaniard."

The late General Prim is spoken of with the greatest admiration, and his unfortunate end deeply deplored by everyone. We visited the scene of his assassination, which is in a narrow street through which the General had to pass from the Cortes or House of Parliament into the wide thoroughfare of the Calle de Alcala. His enemies had posted themselves within the recesses of doorways, and at the corners of the street, so that when the carriage drove by, a signal being given, a general shower of pistol shots was fired into it, Prim receiving a fatal wound, died directly after. The fierceness of the attack is even now apparent, for the walls of the street are covered with shot marks; at least forty shots must have been fired, as there are fully that number of marks left on the walls. The exact position where the assassins stood to fire can also be traced, for the walls being covered with plaster the direction of each shot is readily discernible.



## LETTER VIII.

*Cordova.*

**A**T one time the extensive kingdom of Spain was divided into several monarchies, each of more or less power and influence, and each maintaining a distinct nationality. The two Castiles, Leon, Murcia, Aragon, and Navarre, had, by the intermarriage of Royal families or by conquest, absorbed the minor principalities and provinces in the North and East. At the same time the Moors held sway in the southern part of the Peninsula, which was sub-divided into the four separate kingdoms of Seville, Cordova, Jaen, and Granada. Thus, at that time, Spain was the seat of a considerable number of nationalities. History records the gradual amalgamation of them: how Ferdinand and Isabella by their marriage united the two great kingdoms of Castile and Aragon, how by their joint strength they drove the Moors out of Spain, and finally how all the other provinces became consolidated into one great kingdom. Notwithstanding that all these separate nations are now embraced under one Government, they retain many of those marked characteristics which were once distinctive features of separate races of people. Thus the traditions, customs, dress, and even language of the several provinces, have been retained with remarkable tenacity. Nature has assisted in preserving these provincial peculiarities by an arbitrary division of the country by great chains of mountains, in themselves substantial barriers of demarkation, preventing the possibility of their ever becoming undefinably one nation in thought, feeling, or action. The great rivers of the Douro,

the Tagus, the Guadiana, and the Guadalquivir water rich valleys, and fill the districts through which they flow with wealth and population; at the same time the great mountain chains of the Guadarrama, the Sierra Morena, and the Sierra Nevada sternly keep these rich districts apart. Not only are these high and wide mountain ranges natural boundaries of country, but their great altitude, like huge walls, keeps the cold winds of the north, and the balmy breezes of the south, within prescribed areas.

Although in Madrid and the surrounding province of Castile the clear atmosphere and powerful sun make the heat unbearable during the middle of the day, yet the cold and searching winds of the evening and night give to strangers an unfavourable impression in respect to the climate of Spain. It is not until the Sierra Morena is left behind that the delightful climate of the country is realised. The sunny land of Andalusia restores the reputation of Spain in this respect, which the bracing but subtle winds of Castile has endangered. Historians and geographical writers have spoken of these great divisions of the Peninsula as "The Spains," an expressive and singularly appropriate term.

It is important to bear in mind all these things, for in visiting the separate parts of the kingdom the changes are so great, and there are so many new and varied features, that to describe our journey after leaving Castile for Andalusia is like commencing a new story. We leave the proud Castilians, having noted many of their peculiarities; and, having enjoyed their society, carry away with us many reminiscences of their curious and interesting institutions, and proceed on our journey towards the favoured land of Andalusia (the ancient Tarshish of the Bible), with increased interest in Spain and Spaniards.

Again we experience the discomfort of travelling on Spanish railways. There is no choice but to leave Madrid for Cordova late at night, and again to travel in carriages with every seat occupied. Having in our recollections previous

nights spent on the railway we cannot feel much pleasure in the contemplation of our ride. The limited accommodation, incessant smoking, and keen draughts from open windows are not conducive to amiability of feeling; in addition to which there are other reasons for damping enthusiasm for travelling in this unsettled land. We are considerably impressed with the polite attention of the Government in dispatching an escort of a dozen soldiers with the train to protect the passengers from pillage should it be attacked by brigands. This is not an unnecessary precaution, for already we have received intelligence that a few days before a train was thrown off the line and plundered at a spot which we are to pass during the night. We hear the latest official particulars before starting, together with sundry improved versions of the story, one of which is to the effect that there are half a million of Carlists occupying the defiles of the Sierra Morena, through which we have to pass. In the gray light of dawn we discover the black outlines of the yet distant Sierra; and soon after arrive at the scene of the recent robbery. We pass the small town of Manzanares, built upon the banks of a river of the same name which flows onwards to Madrid through a fertile country. In the rich valley, which is well cultivated, being covered with corn and vineyards, is grown the celebrated Spanish wine, Val-de-Penas—a name taken from the next town we arrive at. We can hardly believe it possible that this well-cultivated country, in itself a strange contrast to the wild plains north of Madrid, can be favourable to brigandage; yet here, in the very midst of a rich agricultural valley, robbers have made a daring attack upon a railway train, and have successfully carried off the spoil to their hiding-places in the recesses of the Sierra Morena. If it had occurred in the wild regions of the Basque Provinces it would not have been so surprising, but one certainly looks for effectual government protection when travelling through one of the best cultivated districts of the country, and which is moreover within a few hours' ride of the capital.

The particulars of the robbery are interesting, as they give an idea of the unsettled state of the country. A band of brigands, organised in the mountains, proceed to a level crossing of the railway, where are stationed some railway guards. Threats of violence compel these servants of the railway company to assist in stopping the train. Rails are taken up, and "stop" signals given to the approaching driver, who has only just time to slacken speed before the train is thrown off the rails. A desperate fight ensues; the brigands fire upon the guards, the passengers being ordered to keep their seats. Unfortunately, one incautious young man, disregarding these instructions, is instantly shot, and though not killed on the spot, dies the following day. One guard receives a bullet in the shoulder, and another is shot through the eye. At length, having overcome all resistance, the robbers take possession of certain cash boxes belonging to the railway company, which are being conveyed from different stations along the line to the central office. No doubt these funds have been the object of the conspiracy and attack, for beyond the injury to the young man already referred to, neither the person nor the property of any of the passengers has been interfered with. It is almost unnecessary to add the brigands have escaped with the spoil, and, so far, are securely hidden in the Sierra Morena. Unfortunately, in this badly-governed country, there is not the least probability of the miscreants being discovered and brought to justice.

The railway winds circuitously through the valleys of the Sierra. The higher altitudes passed, we perceptibly feel a change in the atmosphere, and bracing winds give place to warm breezes. This stage of our journey is a long one, for we are to be imprisoned in the close railway carriage until late in the day. The overpowering heat of the noonday sun is most fatiguing, and we soon become tired and weary. Gradually we leave the snow-tipped mountains, and by many unmistakable signs feel that we are in sunny Andalusia. We

break the journey once towards noon to have a morning meal; half an hour is allowed, and ample variety of refreshment is provided. The food is good, and the wine (the rich red Val-de-Penas) is a marked improvement on the acid French wines. We continue our ride through more extensive plantations of olive trees, the railway banks are covered with wild flowers, the bright colours of which are an agreeable contrast to the monotony of the dull-looking olives. It would be impossible to plant flowers thicker on the ground, or to provide a more showy assortment; many of them, though growing in such wild profusion here, are choice garden flowers in England.

A sunburnt population are lazily surveying the luxuriant gifts of nature, which seem to provide for their few wants, without demanding any great exertions from them in exchange. Large lips and rich black hair, with brown skins, appear to give them strong claims of kindred with the banished Moors. Careless, indolent, light-hearted, and merry, they pass over the serious concerns of life, and live only for the enjoyment of the passing hour.

The mid-day sun is too hot to toil under, therefore they seek repose. Every Spaniard luxuriates in his *siesta* in the afternoon, while the delicious breezes of the evening are too attractive not to be indulged in; the merry sound of the castanet is all powerful, and the evening is spent in the enjoyment of the dance, or in listening to the tinkling of the guitar accompanying the merry song, at the same time revelling in the time-honoured cigarette. The bountiful gifts of nature, dispensed with such a willing hand, ought to make a nation rich, educated, and refined; but on the contrary, squalor, poverty, and misery are fast friends of the easy-going Andalusians.

Late in the afternoon our long ride comes to an end; we see the towers of Cordova, and, after undergoing the usual penance in fighting our ground inch by inch with porters, touters, omnibus drivers, and such like characters, we seat ourselves on the top of an omnibus, and almost forget our



long ride in the pleasure of feeling that it is ended. The first thing which impresses us being the fact of our having arrived in the country of oranges. Long rows of these trees line the principal thoroughfares and promenades. As we drive along, the delicious odour of the blossom reminds us of many past scenes, by that mysterious influence which the sense of smell has in reminding one of past events. Those who have never enjoyed the fragrance of orange blossom as it falls like snow flakes in the groves of southern countries, cannot estimate the full pleasure and delight created by it. Turning into a narrow street out of the extensive promenade, we are conveyed to the hotel through a perfect labyrinth of narrow streets, over frightful stone pavements, which threaten to pitch us against the houses on one side, or to dash us against those on the other. We could not well be overturned, for we might touch the houses on either side with outstretched hands as we pass.

At last we are safely deposited at the Fonda Suiza—a delightful building, cool, airy, clean, pretty, and comfortable. In the centre of an open courtyard, paved with slabs of marble, and surrounded by a colonnade into which the chief apartments of the hotel open, is a fountain, which gives the place a pleasant and cool appearance. On entering, we see some ancient pillars and ornaments which add to the interest of the place; several huge placards announce bull-fights at Seville, and upon the walls are maps marking spots in the neighbourhood where recent battles have been fought; but not the least attractive is the waiting dinner, for which our extended patience has well prepared us. This important proceeding over, we saunter out in the cooler atmosphere of the evening through the narrow streets of the city, and with curious eyes peer through the gates of open ironwork into the square courtyards of the houses, or, as they are more correctly called, the “patios.” Into these open spaces, the different apartments of the houses open. These “patios” are filled with fragrant flowers, palms, orange trees, myrtles,

and other shrubs—generally, too, the larger ones have cooling fountains sprinkling water over the marble pavements; though the private residences in these narrow streets have a most uninviting appearance on the outside, they all possess this most delightful arrangement.

We reserve special objects for visiting on the morrow. We are satisfied that our wandering steps have led us towards the celebrated cathedral, the ancient mosque of the Moors. Turning under an archway, out of a narrow and uninviting street, we have suddenly opened to our view the picturesque patio of the cathedral. On entering it we pause with delight. It is as if a glorious Eastern picture were presented to our view. The square is thickly planted with orange trees, the dense foliage of which forms a delightful shade for the promenade below. Upon the trees hang large clusters of the golden fruit; at the same time the ground is white with fallen blossom. In the foreground is an ancient fountain, round which are grouped a number of picturesquely-costumed girls, with the most approved shape pitchers. Seated on the ground, or lying at full length in all directions, are the indolent frequenters of the place. Clothed in rags, yet quaint and in perfect accord with the panoramic picture before us, they curiously survey us as we pass, without exhibiting any other sign or acknowledgment of our presence. In the background are the low and heavy outside walls of the mosque-cathedral, and to complete the square, are walls and towers which in their decaying beauty and delightful surroundings, are a suitable frame for such a charming picture. It is the first time since we have been in Spain that we have seen a thoroughly Moorish prospect. Towers, horse-shoe archways, and Saracenic ornament carry our thoughts back to a time when this ancient city was the seat of government of the enlightened Moors, and the grand old temple before us one of the noblest Mahommedan mosques in the world. Be it remembered that Cordova was once the capital of a great kingdom, and was for centuries governed by a race of

powerful Sultans; it had once a million of inhabitants, it possessed 300 mosques, 900 baths, and 300 inns. Moreover, ancient history tells us that Cæsar, when warring against Pompey, put to death twenty-eight thousand of the inhabitants of Cordova; and at times its reputed wealth, refinement, and luxuries, have the ring of romance or fiction. When Cordova was taken from the Moors by Ferdinand and Isabella, the mosques were turned into Christian temples, and the great Mezquita, we are now gazing at, was converted into a Catholic Cathedral.

The scene before us has a curious effect upon our senses; we almost fancy ourselves transported back into history itself, and feel that a fitting accompaniment to it would be for a troop of ancient lords of chivalry, or body of crusaders, to file through the doors of the Cathedral before us.

Before we return to our hotel we wander among the orange trees, and glance with covetous eyes at the fruit above. The loungers appear to care little about it. Some boys supply our wants by throwing sticks into the branches, which brings down the fruit. We seat ourselves beside the fountain, and whilst dreaming over scenes conjured up by the view, we at the same time enjoy the novel luxury of eating delicious oranges fresh gathered from the trees.

Of course our first visit in the morning is to the Cathedral—whilst I write I wonder whether any description of this marvellous building could convey an idea of its singularity and beauty to people who have not seen it. There are great cathedrals everywhere throughout Christendom, mostly magnificent piles of carved stonework, raised at enormous cost and dedicated to the service of CHRIST. We are accustomed to think about them as following one general idea, differing only in beauty of arrangement and ornamental details. But in the Cathedral of Cordova we see something unlike all other European churches. Although it is now, and has been for some centuries, appropriated to the services of the Catholic Church, it retains all the characteristics of its original

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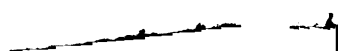
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design, and the purposes it was intended for. It is as a mosque that we admire it, and while we are examining its exquisite ornament in which one reads mysterious records of the past, we are amazed at the greatness of those wonderful Moors, and our one great wish is to be able to realize how this great Mezquita looked in its pristine glory.

I have before mentioned that the building is low, and encased in thick outside walls of heavy stonework, which gives to the exterior a dreary and forbidding look. Upon entering, the remarkable features of the building are at once seen. In every direction are rows of marble pillars, arranged in geometrical order, forming long aisles diverging from any stand-point. Moorish arches are turned from the tops of these pillars, which modern taste has decreed should be painted red, with white lines. In olden times the roof must have been rather higher than at present, and no doubt exquisitely ornamented in the style of Moorish art. The forest of columns consist now of 1,096 pillars, all of precious marbles, such as porphyry, jasper, verd-antique, &c., &c. Before the performance of Christian services prompted the erection of a choir in the very centre of the Mezquita, there were no less than 1,200 of these marble columns. It is remarkable that these pillars are not only of many kinds of marble, but they have been brought from many far-off countries; some have been presented by friendly nations, others have been purchased, and some are spoils carried from distant lands. The columns are of different diameters, and are even of various heights, many being partly buried in the pavement in order to utilize them. Occasionally one can detect the remains of a Grecian capital retained to assist the height, and which betrays the fact of its having been brought from the farther shores of the Mediterranean. It is scarcely in accordance with our feelings to examine closely the Coro, or choir, which, although having peculiar claims to be admired, is incongruous with the Moorish work and one feels impatient with the memories of those Christian reformers who so eagerly

sacrificed so much beauty, and we mentally feel thankful that their pious exertions did not extend to the entire demolition of the ancient mosque, as was the fate of the one at Toledo. The purification of the Mahomedan temple extended sufficiently far to obliterate nearly the whole of the exquisite ornament which there is evidence of once having decorated the interior. One favoured spot still retains lingering richness of the original design. In the ancient mosques was a place in which was placed the Koran, near to the sacred seat of the Caliph. This part has remained almost uninjured. Here is yet to be seen some beautiful roof decoration, known as stalactite ornament, which still retains a profuse covering of gold, with most harmonious colouring. The walls are covered with rich lacework ornament, into which is introduced precious inscriptions in the Cuphic character, having reference to the majesty and greatness of God. These texts are picked out in the delicate coloured ornament. In the performance of the rites of the Moslem religion the Caliph stood here to say the public prayer, having his face turned towards Mecca, immediately before him being the sacred chamber to which pilgrims resorted, to devotionally walk round it seven times in accordance with the prescribed ordinances of their faith. The well-worn pavement testifies to the faithful performance of this service by many devoted followers of the Prophet. The roof of the sacred room is one beautiful piece of ornament, formed out of a single piece of marble, exquisitely fashioned into lovely patterns. This room is encased with some choice ornament of Byzantine character, work of the highest merit, said to have been presented to the Moors by an ancient Sultan of Constantinople. What a fairy place this Mezquita must have been, when all these beautiful decorations were in their freshness, and the whole interior decorated in the same elaborate manner, the splendour increased by the aid of many thousands of lamps suspended from the roof, always burning. It must have presented an appearance of Eastern magnificence, equal to the fabled

palaces of Aladdin. The Mezquita of Cordova was held in great estimation by the Moors of Spain, and a pilgrimage to it was deemed only second in importance to visiting Mecca itself. It was built between the years 786 and 793, though the ground upon which it stands was even then historical, for upon this very spot existed previous to the dominion of the Moors a temple erected by the Goths, dedicated to Janus. Some of the materials of this earlier temple form part of the present building.

It is a most pleasing sight to view the city from the top of the ancient bell-tower of the Mezquita. This tower is a Moorish erection and stands apart from the Cathedral, in fact it forms a portion of the further boundary of the patio or square in which are the orange trees and picturesque fountain I have already referred to.

From the top we have a fine view embracing not only the whole of the city but the suburbs and country beyond. Cordova has all the characteristics of a Spanish city. The houses are all whitewashed, including the residences of the richer inhabitants, the roofs of which are used for domestic purposes; we see people at work upon them, principally women engaged in washing, the brisk breeze in this elevated situation assisting materially in drying the linen, which decorates the tops of a large proportion of the houses throughout the city. There is no fear of smoke blackening the newly-washed clothes, for Cordova may be said to be without chimneys, here and there may be seen a side flue or stove pipe; but, in fact, as there are no coal fires, no chimneys are necessary. Cooking is done over charcoal stoves, and charcoal pans are used in severe winter weather to heat the chambers. The windows of the houses are small, and, as we look down upon the city, we can see few that are not closed by Venetian shutters. The great heat has driven the inhabitants into the cooler atmosphere within the houses, so that but few persons are to be seen in the streets. The city looks deserted, and as seen from here presents no attractions whatever. If it were not for pretty green spots



dotted here and there, formed by the patios of the houses, and green lines of orange trees bordering the public promenades, the general appearance would be positively oppressive. There are, nevertheless, pretty bits of scenery to be picked out; for instance, just outside the city flows the famous Guadalquivir, and spanning it is an ancient bridge, which bears an honoured age of more than a thousand years; above and below it, amid stream, are decaying remains of ancient Moorish flour mills, the picturesque character of which is for the moment increased by the appearance of a train of mules laden with corn, which we see traversing the gangway connecting the mills with the shore. Below us we have the pretty cathedral patio, in which are the towering date palms, with fruit hanging from the branches, rising through the dense foliage of the orange trees. Of course the two specialties of every Spanish town are here—the bull-ring and the convents, the latter, as usual, surrounded by very high walls. Immediately below us is a convent enclosed by immense walls, which from our elevated position we partially overlook. The buildings occupy some acres of ground, and its massive walls have a circumference of nearly half a mile. The city is not large, having only about 43,000 inhabitants, but within its walls there have been till very recently no less than thirty-five convents, besides thirteen parish churches. Since the recent confiscation of conventual endowments, many of these buildings have been allowed to fall into decay, and but few are now used as complete establishments. These buildings, tumbling to pieces in their neglected condition, gloomy and forbidding in appearance, have an ominous and oppressive look. The same shadow of decay hangs over Cordova as over every city in Spain.



LETTER IX.



"The Sierra Morena."

**D**URING our stay at Cordova, a proposition is made for us to visit a celebrated Hermitage, situated at a few miles distance. To accomplish this, a troop of Spanish donkeys are engaged, with guides, &c., to conduct us thither. The distance is not only considerable, but the roads to be traversed are rough and steep, the spot chosen by the recluses being upon the summit of a high hill, in the neighbouring mountains of the Sierra Morena, access to it being by a winding road through olive plantations, and along wild, shrubby paths. I have been wishing to make an excursion into the country for the purpose of gathering wild flowers, and this opportunity appearing to be a favourable one, I decline the aid of a four-footed companion, and determine to walk, intending to keep up with the general company—an arrangement which has been the accidental cause of an interesting adventure. Immediately after breakfast, upon a delightful sunny morning, about a dozen fine Spanish donkeys, accompanied by a whole host of ragged urchins, beggars, and other idlers, the invariable associates of every street in every town in Spain, arrive at the door of the Fonda. A preliminary review of the motley gathering acts upon us as a strong deterrent to the whole scheme. So far as comfort and pleasure are concerned, a glance convinces us that it would be a very hazardous experiment to proceed through the streets of the city escorted by such an undesirable party as are preparing for the occasion. We hold a hasty council, and decide upon

sending the donkeys to the outskirts of the city, and, by a skilful dispersion of our forces, manage to escape the threatened ovation. On our way through the city, we pass through the public gardens of Cordova, and greatly enjoy the wide promenades, the acres of flowering plants, shrubs, and choicé trees. In the midst of these pleasure grounds are large cisterns of water, with sparkling fountains, which cool the air, and add greatly to the beauty of the place. In speaking of the lovely flowers which grow here in such profusion, and so luxuriantly, I do not intend to convey the idea that the gardens are kept in a very high state of cultivation. The climate is favourable to a perfect wildness of growth, and the blossom of plants and trees is full, and in the greatest profusion; but there is a general slovenliness about the place which, rightly or wrongly, we account for, because it is in Spain. We meet the donkeys at the appointed place, and as my companions mount I join one of the guides, and for a short distance keep in advance, but gradually, however, as the travellers get accustomed to the saddle, they make better progress, and it becomes hard work to keep up with them. The Spanish donkey is much larger than the English animal, and keeps in a trot for long distances; they are capable of bearing heavy burdens, and the poorer classes avail themselves largely of their assistance. In and around Cordova almost every family appears to have either a mule or a donkey. Carrying agricultural produce from the country to supply the city apparently finds employment for large numbers of the inhabitants. The animals must be hardy, and capable of living upon scanty fare, judging from the obvious poverty of their owners.

Leaving the city behind us, we pick our way along the dry bed of a stream, on the banks of which grow huge cactus plants, aloes, with leaves measuring five or six feet in length, and patches of many kinds of those choice wild flowers which I am intent upon gathering. For three miles or so I keep up with, or, at least, in sight of, our party; but when entering

upon a winding path, through a wood of olive and locust-bean trees, my companions still gaining ground, are soon out of sight. Left alone with my Andalusian guide, to whom, by the way, my very few words of Spanish are as unintelligible as his glib tongue is to myself, I begin to consider the urgency of using greater exertion to enable me to keep up with my friends, as the neighbourhood we are passing through is wild, and may be unsafe for strangers. At this particular moment my guide makes a proposition to ascend a hill to the right, which I understand to be a suggestion for taking a nearer pathway through the deep shrub to join the party higher up the mountain. Not so, however, for the parting look of my friends is destined to be a final one for some hours to come. My guide is exceedingly attentive, and gathers for me flowers and bunches of sweet-scented herbs. He is thoroughly an Andalusian, light-hearted and merry. He sings bits of songs, and amuses me with all kinds of comical expressions. He is carelessly dressed in the short jacket, invariably worn by the lower class of Spaniards, and has a crimson sash round his waist, in which he carries the two articles so necessary to his daily happiness, namely, his clasp knife and his tobacco pouch; and upon his head he wears a well-worn deep-brimmed Spanish hat. Some slovenly trousers hang upon his legs, and his feet are thrust into sandals made of Esparto grass. Such is the picturesque costume of my Andalusian friend, and which is moreover the prevailing dress of the country. For half an hour we toil up hill, and I begin to get uneasy at seeing no prospect of again joining the party. I cannot but feel that I have been imprudent in leaving my friends, but I reconcile myself to the accident, as it is now too late to remedy it. I arrive at the conclusion that if my guide is treacherous, and I have been led into danger, it will be folly to offer any resistance, and deem it better to walk on in apparent unconcern. I am still gathering flowers, and, in fact, enjoying greatly the delightful ramble. Presently my guide hears some one moving

in a distant part of the wood; he stops for a moment, and taking a small whistle from his pocket, gives a long, shrill challenge or call. I wait anxiously for the result; a moment later, we hear a distant reply. In a short time we are joined by an old man and youth, mounted upon donkeys, whom my guide salutes in a friendly way, and we proceed together. My lack of knowledge of the language again keeps me silent, though I feel it necessary to be upon good terms with our new companions. We exchange courteous salutes, and the old man, by rapid questioning, soon obtains all the information about me that my guide is possessed of. Still ascending the hill, we shortly emerge from the wood, and have at once a magnificent view of the surrounding country.

The rich, fertile valley of the Guadalquivir lies before us, covered with oliveyards and vineyards, groves of oranges, and large breadths of corn. Immediately below is the city of Cordova, with its staring whitewash and decaying greatness. The summit of the hill above is covered with terraces of orange trees, flower gardens, grottos, and fountains. As we leave the wood, we approach the villa of some wealthy merchant. A gentleman, evidently the proprietor of the estate, noticing us advancing, comes out to meet us, and politely makes inquiries as to the object of our visit. All communication, as far as he and I are concerned, is limited to pleasant smiles. I regret that I am unable to explain my position, or to apologise for entering his house, to which he leads the way. I am then introduced to the lady of the house, and, but for the friendly manner of my entertainer, the position is sufficiently embarrassing for me to mentally abuse my guide for his impudence and stupidity. Happily, matters presently are set right, for a son is introduced, and immediately discovering that we have a common ground in speaking the French language, we exchange explanations, and the most courteous invitations are pressed upon me to partake of their hospitality and remain there during the day. Such an

arrangement is agreeable to me, as I soon learn it would be now hopeless to think of joining my friends, who have gone in a different direction. My guide, in the eagerness of devoted service, had brought me up the hill to see the grottos in the gardens of this villa; no doubt his perceptive mind had calculated that less exertion was required in inspecting these than in proceeding to the Hermitage. Happy soul, he has now retired with his companion into the regions of the kitchen, where he will, no doubt, earn a welcome by his songs and his gossip. The day passes pleasantly enough. I find I have been favoured with an excellent opportunity of seeing something of the domestic life of the middle classes, and the general character of their household arrangements. I am shown over the house and leisurely examine the furniture, the pictures, ornaments, and trifling nick-nacks. Everything is in accordance with most refined tastes and habits, such indeed as we might expect to see in the houses of our richer middle classes in England. One exceptional feature, of course, appears remarkable, namely, the appendage of a private chapel to the house. I must confess the interior ornamentation of it does not excite great admiration on my part. The altar and its decorations partake of the fashionable finery which characterise the appointments of the noble cathedrals and parish churches.

Of course the gardens are the chief attraction. The orange, lemon, and citron trees loaded with ripe fruit, are planted in clumps along the hill-side, having winding walks and flower beds among them. These charming gardens extend for more than half a mile, and offer the most delightful retreat from the powerful rays of the summer's sun. The terraces around and in front of the house appear a mass of bright flowers, the exceeding beauty of which could only be matched in a climate equally genial. It would be impossible to convey any idea of how pretty all this looks by contrast with the sombre shades of the surrounding olive woods.

After resting awhile I am conducted to the grottos, fountains, caves, &c., the special features of the place, to reach which we have to traverse the length of the orange groves. On our way we gather samples of the fruit, and my opinion is challenged as to the merits of different varieties, the delicious fruit thus offered appears more luscious than usual, and I can hardly tell which to approve of most, the pippinless oranges, the sweet lemons, or the great citrons. After visiting the recesses, passages, and caverns, which are interesting and pretty; being hung with stalactites, and "ornamented" with strange figures of monks, &c., we return to the gardens, and seating ourselves by the side of a cascade, which has been formed by diverting a mountain stream, my host informs me that he is an extensive wine grower of the district, and communicates to me many interesting matters relating thereto. Towards evening I begin to feel anxiety as to my return to Cordova, when, upon venturing a remark upon the subject, I receive the information that scouts have been sent out to try to fall in with my friends, with instructions to conduct them here on their way home. A little later, and their voices are heard in the woods below, and presently no small amusement is created by their discovering me in such comfortable quarters. It will be sufficient further to say that they are courteously conducted through the gardens, and when we leave, shortly afterwards, we are loaded with presents of fruit and flowers. Travelling homewards my enthusiasm is not so great for walking, and I gladly accept an offer to ride, though the wretched saddle and uneasy jog-trot of the donkey, I find, is nothing greatly to rejoice at. On our way I learn from my friends the particulars of their visit to the Hermitage, the inspection of which much interested them, though they have evidently come away with a feeling of deep commiseration for the infatuated men whom they have visited. Existing in abject poverty, their lives are a perpetual penance; even their sleep is a self-inflicted punishment, for, reclining on the floor of their cells, they rest their heads upon


large blocks of wood, which serve them for pillows. Whilst listening to these dreary details, we hear the lively strains of a violin, and a sharp turn in the road discloses to our view a merry pic-nic party, enjoying themselves much as we might do in England. The young folks are dancing, whilst the more aged members of the party discourse upon the contents of some stone bottles, for which they appear to have a most affectionate regard. So infectious is the sound of the lively music, that a temporary halt is called in our ranks, in order that certain members, who in the exuberance of youth believe firmly in terpsichorean enjoyment, might for a few short moments join the tempting revels—a hindrance which helps to prolong our already extended excursion, and it is a late hour in the evening before we reach our hotel.





## LETTER X.

*The Palace of the Alhambra.*

HO has not in childhood believed in the delights of fairyland? Is there any one who has in youth revelled in the fascination of the Arabian Nights' stories, and has not in fancy visited those realms of wonder and mystery, with a yearning desire to visit in reality the country where such things could be? Would it be possible to find a student of history who has not felt his blood tingle with emotion when reading the stories of deadly strife between Moor and chivalrous Christian knight? and in thought followed the Moor to his palaces, adorned with beauty and endowed with wealth and earthly luxuries—homes brightened with beautiful women, where music resounds through exquisitely decorated halls, and fountains cool beautiful courts—while in their dread dungeons pine Christian captives, bowed to the earth with heavy chains, to linger on for years until they become monsters, or to die in foulest misery. Who can remember such stories and not have a desire to visit the scenes of such barbaric splendour?

One mysterious ruin still stands, like a beacon, throwing light upon these past earthly glories—that palace of palaces, the glorious Alhambra.

To those who have read of its fairy-like beauty and its eventful history there is a mysterious charm which will carry them through toil and danger, in order to wander through its deserted and romantic halls.

Our inspection of the Moorish remains in the city of

Cordova has indeed delighted us, and has whetted our appetite for the good things to come, and in our eagerness to proceed we become in part forgetful of the many interesting scenes of Spanish life around us.

Once launched upon the journey, we seem to have entered at once into a region of romance, every town and village, each range of mountain, every lake, stream, rocky defile, castle, and ruined tower bears a name which fills the imagination with glowing pictures of romance and war; indeed every mile of ground has a train of strange and eventful histories belonging to it. Knowing that we are approaching the most beautiful, romantic, and mysterious ruins of Spain, perhaps of the whole world, we cannot separate the scenes of to-day from the associations of the past. How can I, then, correctly describe our journey? I should in fancy pass from scene to scene in history to convey to you the real feelings we have. In telling you about the wild and rugged mountains we see around us I cannot but picture them as belonging to the change-ful and stirring events that have made them famous centuries ago. The very herds of cattle, the lowing of which travels to us from the fertile valleys, seem but waiting for the foraging bands of warlike Moors or chivalrous Castilians to carry them away. The green pastures of sunny Andalusia are favoured lands for breeding the warlike bulls of the arena, as if the spirits of the fierce Moslems had revisited in another shape this debateable ground, so famous for struggles with their hated enemies. So wild are these valued herds, that no one, not even the shepherds, can approach them without risk to life or limb; and so famous are the pastures, that from remote ages Andalusian bulls have been famous. Even Hercules is said to have been lured into Spain by hearing the lowing of Andalusian bulls.

We leave Cordova early in the day and travel by railway to Bobadilla, crossing at the commencement of the journey the famous Guadalquivir—the river of Spanish song and poetry—the muddy waters of which scarcely entitle it, in our

estimation, to the glowing admiration bestowed upon it by Spaniards. The direction we take is the same as that so often taken by the proud armies of Ferdinand and Isabella, when leaving Cordova for the conquest of Granada. No doubt we lose much of the interest attaching to the route through travelling by railway, though this modern destroyer of romance, this wonderful power of the present century, has great strides yet to make before it becomes the useful civilizer to Spain which it has been to other countries. Nothing moves fast here; the deep-rooted habits and prejudices of the people are effectual checks to any extraordinary rapidity of progress. Consequently, though we mentally abuse the whole Spanish railway system, we do not feel greatly surprised at having spent between three and four hours in travelling over less than fifty miles of country. Had we travelled the whole distance between Cordova and Granada on mules, or even by diligence, no doubt we should have found many spots claiming special notice in connection with past events; at the same time we may haply have found, to our cost, that we were in the midst of those wandering tribes of gipsies who infest this district, and who combine the habit of the lawless bandit with that of the defiant smuggler. Hordes of robbers always have and do still secrete themselves in this mountainous district, suddenly attacking unprotected travellers, and lying in wait for tempting booty.

Unpretending records mark spots in lonely districts where scenes of murder and robbery have but recently been enacted. A cross conveys the story that here fell a wayfarer by the hands of brigands. Such is the poetry attaching to country travelling through Granada.

It is not, therefore, surprising that in these unsettled times we prefer to proceed by railway, and to surround ourselves by a strong guard. Our escort is now increased to about twenty soldiers, so that, although we travel in the more unromantic manner, we have a tolerable feeling of security, which, after all, is preferable to accepting the alluring but dangerous plan

of travelling Don Quixote fashion through these romantic and charming mountain passes. At Bobadilla we leave the main line of railway which goes on to Malaga. The line between Bobadilla and Granada is not yet completed, and we can only proceed by it as far as Salinas, a small town built in the neighbourhood of an extensive salt lake; the marshy lands which surround it having also the same saline character. We notice in passing many flowers and plants peculiar to soils impregnated with salt—for instance, children are offering for sale wild asparagus gathered from the marshes. We have had an opportunity of tasting the vegetable grown thus in its natural state; it has a strong flavour and is remarkably tough, qualities by no means tempting. It is of a dark green colour, and is but about a quarter of an inch thick. Upon arriving at Salinas we exchange the comfortable railway carriage for the wretched and limited compartment of a diligence. Three of these cumbersome vehicles, to each of which are attached nine mules, are waiting at the station to convey passengers for Granada. Some time is occupied in packing the luggage and passengers. It requires no little patience and management to stow away everybody and everything. Four of us are thrust into a little box, in which we struggle to fit our legs into an endurable position; once fixed we have no chance of changing, and long before our ride is finished the cramped position becomes exceedingly painful. There are several compartments in the diligence, into each of which the greatest possible number of passengers are crammed.

On the roof is the baggage, which towers up to a wonderful height, and it is marvellous how the concern is kept right side up. It is nearly dark before we hear the crack of the muleteer's whip, the signal to start. The muleteer rides upon the first mule; the others in the team being held in hand by a driver seated upon the box. By lashing and shouting he soon gets the mules into a gallop, and their united strength is sufficient to drag the ungainly conveyance, by sheer force, over the frightful roads. The condition of our unhappy selves will be

better imagined than described, first we are banged against the sides, then against each other, we are jerked backwards and forwards, up and down, and we struggle with each other, grasp at the straps (which, with suspicious consideration, are provided for the purpose), and hold on to the windows and door in the most desperate manner. In making these mountainous roads pieces of rock are used, some as large as a man's head, over which we are dragged violently by the powerful team of mules.

We are now travelling in the dark, we cannot, therefore, tell much about the character of the country. Occasionally we feel ourselves ascending long and steep mountain roads, and now and then we hear the tinkling bells of mules attached to conveyances proceeding in an opposite direction. The whole distance is guarded by soldiers, whose sturdy forms we can just perceive pacing the highway at short distances apart, and always two together. I shall not soon forget our gallop through the narrow streets of the famous city of Loja. The streets are too narrow, and the houses too near together, to allow of the diligence being actually overturned; but as the mules dash round the sharp corners of the streets, it is marvellous how the dexterous manipulation of the muleteer saves the machine from ruin.

After being cooped up for some hours in this wretched manner we at length, with considerable satisfaction, bring this part of our journey to an end, though we still have a few miles to proceed by another line of railway to reach Granada, which we do some little time after midnight. Tired and weary we are conveyed by an omnibus through the dark and narrow streets of the city without being able to distinguish anything. Evidently we are ascending a hill, and the length of time taken in crossing the city tells us that Granada is still a large place. By-and-by we perceive we are passing out of the city by another gate, for we can just see above us the dark outline of an old Moorish archway, and then the road winds beneath the shade of tall trees. Water is flowing on each side

of us, for we hear, in the calm atmosphere of this pleasant plantation, its trickling sound mingling with the ever-welcome notes of numbers of nightingales. After ascending a considerable hill we see the bright lights of the Washington Irving Hotel, where we pull up, and are courteously received. We now know that we have been ascending the famous Alhambra Hill, and must be in close proximity to the palace, for we have previously heard that this comfortable hotel is pleasantly situated, near to the palace, and in the midst of an extensive plantation of English elm trees, which half a century ago were presented to the Spanish Government by the great Duke of Wellington to be planted upon the Alhambra Hill; our resting place is therefore under the very shadow of the Alhambra towers. Although we arrive so late guests are expected, and a meal is already prepared, which our uneasy journey hardly fits us for. We feel our greatest luxury would be a sound and refreshing sleep, which we seek without delay.

I awake in the morning to find the sun's rays streaming across my chamber. I rise and open the window the better to enjoy the delightful atmosphere. The window overlooks a luxuriant garden, filled with bright flowers, behind which rises out of a clump of trees a single tower of the Alhambra. Its crumbling red stone is not much to look at, but it instantly brings to mind a host of associations. I had lingered at this window before retiring to sleep, drawn hither by the mellow notes of a nightingale which had chosen to sing its pretty song from the branches of a tree in the garden below. Now, in the bright morning sunlight, I still linger here, gazing upon the charming scene before me. The bright sun, the balmy atmosphere, the friendly elms, and the well-known flowers, as well as the mysterious palace above, are all powerful magnets of thought, in which pictures of home are intermingled with strange scenes of romance.

Breakfast over, we prepare for our first visit to the Alhambra. We make up a party, and engage a guide to conduct us through the palace, who explains to us the plan of the

buildings; not that he adds much to our enjoyment, for the stereotyped phrases of a man who makes a regular business of showing the palace strangely jars with the associations belonging to it. I decline to be hurried through the building as if it were a wax-work exhibition, and soon leave the company to themselves and the machine-tongued guide, preferring to saunter leisurely through the marble halls, and realise the character of the palace. Thus I lose the benefit of the minute information to be gathered from the local "encyclopædia," though my enjoyment has been none the less. The names of the various courts and chambers are familiar to me, though I am for the present ignorant of their relative position. This difficulty I soon overcome by the aid of some ground plans purchased in the building.

In order that I may not be too rambling in my description, you must imagine us ascending a pathway leading from the hotel, beneath the shade of the famous elms, to the chief entrance of the palace grounds. We have but a short distance to go before arriving in sight of a fine Moorish entrance-tower or gate, called the Gate of Justice. It bears unmistakeable evidence of its venerable age. The original beautiful horse-shoe arch, erected in the year 1308, still remains, though much of the diaper ornament—the special decoration of all Moorish buildings—has been injured or destroyed. Christian civilization has left marks here, as well as upon other Moorish monuments. Part of the ornament has been removed in order to insert a figure of the Virgin Mary. War, vandalism, and minor casualties have assisted the hand of time in defacing the beauty of this ancient tower. The Moors called it the "Gate of Justice," for, in their time, the Moorish King held a court here, and dispensed summary justice to all applicants. This Eastern mode of judicial procedure, has received favour from remote ages (as recorded in Biblical history), even to modern times, for in the present day petty courts are held in the gateways of the cities of Valencia to dispose of cases of dispute arising out of the peculiar rights and privileges of irrigation.

One of the remarkable specialities in Moorish ornament is the avoidance, upon religious principles, of the image or form of any living thing. This rule, of course, somewhat limits their resources of decoration and ornamentation. Geometrical design is the chief characteristic of all their work. It is needless to remark upon the wonderful perfection the Moorish artists attained. Much of the Alhambra ornament is familiar to every one; and whether in mosques, palaces, or on city gateways, the same general features are noticeable, the work differing only in the beauty of the detailed tracery. Not the least interesting peculiarity of Moorish art is the beautiful idea of introducing into the ornament passages from the Koran, short poems, and sentences full of rich imagery. The characters or letters of these inscriptions are so inserted as always to form part of the elaborate design. Frequently, when short sentences are used, they are repeated again and again in the ornament, and not rarely is the sentence so contrived as to read both backwards and forwards alike. There is in the archway we are now inspecting a long inscription relating to its foundation, and concluding with this appropriate sentence: "May the ALMIGHTY make this gate a protecting bulwark, and write down its erection among the imperishable actions of the just." It should be understood that the gateway is not a mere arch, but the passage through it is of considerable length in a winding direction, contrived so that should an enemy force an entrance he might be more effectually opposed. Having passed this arch we perceive that the enclosure is an extensive one. There are large and imposing ruins in front, old towers and thick walls branch off on each side forming boundaries, and in the centre are other massive buildings, in which we are informed are the exquisite apartments once occupied by the Moorish monarchs.

The exterior of these buildings like that of all Moorish edifices, is heavy and forbidding in appearance; every part is of massive red stone masonry, and looks as though the ancient



infidels desired to create a feeling of awe as well as to preserve secrecy as to their riches and luxurious life—in short, to present a stern appearance outwardly, whilst every kind of sensual pleasure was indulged within. The most striking object within the enclosure is the ruin of the unfinished palace of Charles V. It should be remembered that the King, naturally impressed with the beauty of the situation and the salubrious climate of Granada, conceived or approved of the idea of erecting another palace upon the site of the more ancient one. Acting upon the idea he caused designs to be prepared for a large and costly building, a portion of the older palace being destroyed to make room for it. The builders had scarcely made any important progress in the work, the first story not being completed, when a severe earthquake shook the whole Alhambra hill, and was the immediate cause of the project being abandoned. Happily it was so, for no doubt had it been proceeded with other portions of the beautiful Moorish palace would have disappeared, to find room for a palace that would never bear comparison in design, ornamentation, or interest with the former one. There is sufficient of this embryo palace to show the plan and style of the design, and no one who sees it can regret the accident that put a stop to the work. This portion of the enclosure is not worthy of much attention, for it cannot claim any historical or architectural interest.

We now enter the Moorish palace, and fully realise the truth of all the praise bestowed upon it. It is indeed a beautiful place. The truthful arrangement of colours in the exquisite ornament, all blending so charmingly together, is most effective, the rich carved woodwork, the gold tracery, the inlaid pearl work, the delicately-fashioned marble pillars, the beauty and symmetry of the Moorish arches and conical roofs, with dazzling stalactite ornament, are all most chaste and perfect, separately and in combination. In the remembrance of its many beauties how readily shall we agree with an appropriate inscription upon one of the walls, which runs

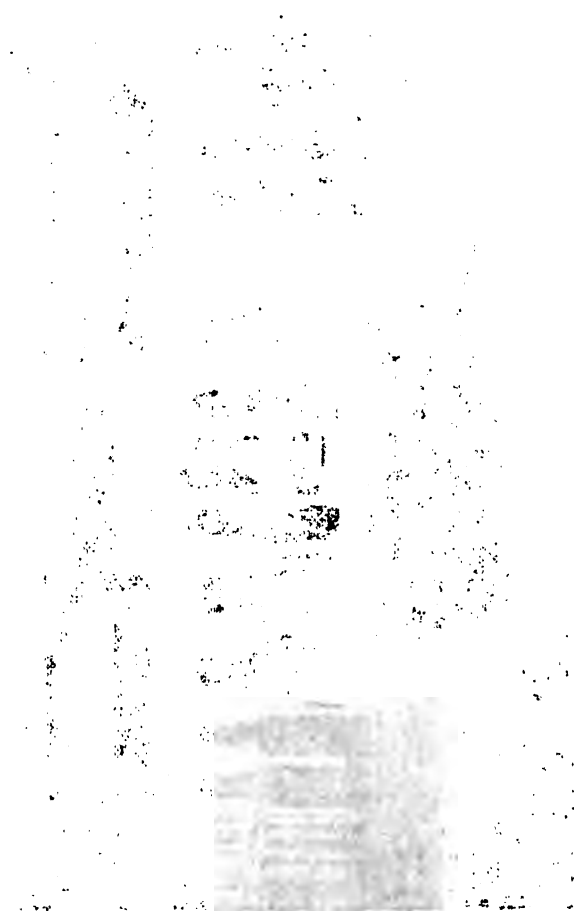
thus: "Look attentively at my elegance; thou wilt reap the benefit of a commentary on decoration."

To enter these gorgeous apartments we pass through a small doorway and proceed along a short passage, and arrive at the entrance to the well-known and deservedly celebrated Patio of the Fishpond, sometimes called the Myrtle Court or Patio of Prayer. One glance through the open door satisfies us that our expectations have not been raised too high. It is perhaps smaller than I had thought of finding it, but the splendour of the ornament, the chasteness of the design, and the almost fragile-looking delicacy of the slender columns are more beautiful than my utmost expectation had led me to expect. The great destroyer of beauty in Spain, the execrable whitewash, which has spoiled so many fine monuments, has had a struggle, even in these honoured halls, to obliterate the handiwork of the original artists. Thanks to a modern Government, the most jealous care is now taken of the ruins, and the intruding whitewash is being everywhere carefully removed, beneath which the still fresh colours and bright gold which adorn the precious ornament, are gradually being restored to their original perfection. This court or patio, once the Patio of the Bath, is now appropriately named the Court of the Fishpond; for in the centre is the historical pond, in which still sport a number of gold and silver fishes. As we stand to watch them they rise to the surface, in the expectation of receiving stray crumbs of bread, their bright appearance according well with the fairy-like place around them. The pond is oblong in shape, the proportions agreeing with the shape of the patio; it is bounded on the two sides by rows of myrtle bushes, and at each end are cooling fountains. Around the patio is an arcade supported by a number of elegant marble columns, the capitals of which, as well as roofs, walls, and other parts, are covered with the same Saracenic interlaced ornament. There are several splendid doorways leading from the patio into important halls or chambers, which we shall presently inspect; before doing so we pass through a



Court of Lions, Palace of the Alhambra.





nature, the figures are "conventionalised" in a most effective manner, producing such uncouth four-footed figures, that it is some time before one can be convinced that they are lions. It is only upon due consideration that they cannot possibly be anything else that we agree they look as much like lions as any other beast. In addition to the jet of water, sprinkling into the tazza above, each of the twelve lions has a spout or stream of water issuing from its mouth. If these strange figures could speak, and tell the stories of scenes they have been the silent witnesses of, they would indeed have some curious matters to relate. This court was the scene of the quarrel between the courtiers of the old Moorish King Muley Aben Hassan and the Ambassadors of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Castile, upon the occasion of the visit of the latter to the Moorish capital to claim an old payment of tribute money. Muley Aben Hassan refusing to acknowledge his obligation to pay this tax, brought down upon his head that storm of war which, once kindled, did not die out until the whole race of Moors was driven from the soil of Spain.

The lions have seen atrocious deeds of cruelty perpetrated by this King Muley Aben Hassan. The King had a wife of surpassing beauty named La Zoraya, or "the light of the dawn," who was brought to the palace originally as a Christian slave, and to whose unhappy and eventful life these marble stones bear witness. The deadly hatred of a rival in the affections of the King caused her to conspire against the freedom and life of the Sultana Ayxa and her son Boabdil, a passion fruitful of the most disastrous results to the Moorish dominion in Spain. In this court the massacre of the noble family of the Abencerrages took place, by the cruel Muley Aben Hassan, a perfidious deed arising out of jealousy of his wife, the beautiful Zoraya. Tradition says thirty-five nobles of the Abencerrages were executed here by order of the King, because one of the family was supposed to be in love with the Queen—it not being quite clear which was the guilty man, all were doomed to die. A noble hall to the right is still styled the Sala de

Abencerrages, the marble pavement still displaying stains of the life-blood of those murdered nobles.

Over the marble pavements of this court anxiously paced the unfortunate King Boabdil, the last of a long and glorious line of Moorish sovereigns who ruled in Spain, during those troubled days, before he quitted the historical home of his ancestors, driven by the wave of Christian conquest to seek an asylum amongst the barbarous tribes of Northern Africa, to whom the Moors of Spain were related by ties of consanguinity.

At the ends of the patio are elegant pavilions, which project into the court, and are supported by clusters of the usual slight marble pillars. The roofs of these pavilions are covered with coloured and ornamental tiles. This court is also of an oblong shape, around which is a magnificent corridor, supported by no less than one hundred and twenty-eight pillars of pure white marble. The elegance of the arches, which rise from single shafts or clusters of pillars, and the gorgeous decoration, give a fairy-like beauty to the place truly enchanting. In this court, as in every other portion of the building, inscriptions of the most elevated thought and character are interlaced with the ornament. The most frequently occurring sentences are these: \* "There is no conqueror but God," and "God is our refuge in every trouble." The inscription round the basin is full of fine thought and beautiful language. It represents the character of others occurring throughout the palace, and runs as follows:—"Blessed be He who gave the Iman Mohamed a mansion, which in beauty exceeds all other mansions; and if not so, here is a garden containing wonders of art, the like of which God forbids should elsewhere be found. Seest thou not how the water from above flows on the surface, notwithstanding the current underneath strives to oppose its progress; like a lover whose eyelids are pregnant with tears, and who suppresses

\* For translations of the various inscriptions occurring throughout the palace see *Murray's Hand Book*.

them for fear of an informer? for truly what else is this fountain but a beneficent cloud pouring out its abundant supplies over the lions underneath, like the hands of the Khalif, when he rises in the morning to distribute plentiful rewards among his soldiers, the lions of war. Oh! thou who beholdest these lions crouching, fear not, life is wanting to enable them to show their fury." The court is enclosed by a series of superb chambers. Opposite to the hall referred to in connection with the unfortunate Abencerrages is a suite of brilliant rooms, formerly appropriated to the use of the Sultanas and the family of the King. The first chamber, to which entrance is gained through a magnificent doorway, is called "The Hall of the Two Sisters," a name given to it from two large slabs of rare marble inserted in the pavement. It is in this room the celebrated inscription occurs—"Look attentively at my elegance and reap the benefit of a commentary on decoration. Here are columns ornamented with every perfection, and the beauty of which has become proverbial—columns which, when struck by the rays of the rising sun, one might fancy, notwithstanding their colossal dimensions, to be so many blocks of pearls; indeed, we never saw a palace more lofty than this in its exterior, or having more extensive apartments." Other exquisite arches disclose to view a suite of chambers, at the end of which is a window overlooking the shaded patio of oranges, the delightfully green and refreshing foliage of which completes the perfection of the scene. The last room of this suite is known as the boudoir of the Princess Linderaja (or Handsome Rachael), a Moorish Princess who became a Christian upon the expulsion of the Moors. This room is the richest gem of the palace. This is what one of the inscriptions says about it: "Praise be to God! Delicately have the fingers of the artist embroidered my robes after setting the jewels of my diadem. People compare me to the throne of a bride; yet I surpass it in this, that I can secure the felicity of those who possess me."

Above these halls was the Harem of the Sultanas, delight-



fully situated, overlooking the orange garden on one side, and from the other, through a lattice window, which jealously and effectually kept inquisitive eyes from looking upon the beauty carefully treasured within, a view is commanded of the Court of Lions, and the opposite hall of the Abencerrages.

At the east end of the court is the Hall of Justice, where imagination conjures up another eventful scene. Here, when the Christians finally subdued the Moors, and took possession of the Alhambra together with the city of Granada—the last stronghold of the conquered people—the King and Queen (Ferdinand and Isabella) had high mass performed in their presence, the whole Christian Court returning reverential thanks to God for driving the Infidel rule out of Spain. We pass now through a series of rooms, the beauties of which would take a long time to refer to in detail. In them were baths, fitted up with every kind of luxurious arrangement; proceeding we pass through a whispering gallery, and then into a suite of rooms where Moorish decoration has been effaced to make room for incongruous ornament suited to the taste of Charles V, who occupied these apartments in 1526. There is a curious arrangement in the corner of one of the chambers. Through a marble slab, perforated with holes, perfumes were wafted from a room below, during the time the Queen was dressing.

We next visit the great Comares Tower, where the Sultana Ayxa and her son Boabdil were confined, through the conspiring influence of her rival, Zoraya. The windows of these state prisons overlook the valley of the river Darro, and from one of them Ayxa let down her son in a basket, thus enabling him to escape the threatened vengeance of Zoraya. We now enter the largest room of the palace, the Hall of Ambassadors. In the ante-chamber are two recesses in the walls where the ancient Moslems deposited their slippers before entering the hall. The hall is a glorious chamber, and a fitting place for powerful sovereigns to receive representatives of other potentates. The ornament is filled with

poetical inscriptions, which, though worthy of quotation, are too long for insertion here. In the remaining portion of the palace is an ancient mosque, altered into a Catholic chapel, in the decoration of which foreign ornament has been introduced by Charles V, totally spoiling the ancient Moorish work, which before that time was of the high excellence, which distinguished Moorish work in the decoration of the sacredly-esteemed mosques. A small patio adjoins the chapel, around which are other rooms, all of more or less interest and beauty. In this part of the palace decay has been more rapid, and whitewash more lavishly bestowed. Happily the restoration of the palace is in the hands of competent artists, under the direction of a Government which appreciates the work in hand. The greatest care is taken in removing the whitewash—it is a slow process—but in those parts (one small room in particular) where the restoration is complete, too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the ability and intelligence of those engaged in the work.

We now leave the buildings and cross the enclosure towards the ruins of the ancient prisons, which were blown up with gunpowder by the French at the commencement of the present century, when they abandoned the palace and fortifications. We ascend the great watch-tower (the Torre de la Vela), from the top of which we have a view of the Vega of Granada and the Sierras which surround it. There are few districts of equal extent in Europe having so many and such interesting associations attaching to them. Every hill, each valley, river, and hamlet, has romantic stories belonging to it. Below lies the city of Granada, whitewashed and smokeless; behind rise the snowy chain of mountains, the Sierra Nevada, from which flow the two rivers which supply alike the fountains of the Alhambra and the cisterns of the city—the famous Darro and Xenil. On the adjoining hill is the Palace of the Generalife, once attached to the Alhambra, now connected with it by bridges spanning the intervening valley; formerly it was used as a summer residence, which its

delightful situation, in the midst of shady trees and lovely gardens, fits it for. Looking over the Vega, the view embraces many places made famous in the conquest of Granada. The Gorge of Loja, and the snowy Alpujarras, with the Sierra of Alhama, form a boundary to the rich and fertile Vega. In the landscape can be seen Moclin, Illora, and other places hotly contested by the desperate Moors. The neighbouring town of Santa Fé was built as it were by magic, by the armies of Ferdinand and Isabella, when laying siege to Granada, to create a shelter against the tempestuous weather of winter; these and many other spots seen from this tower have deeply interesting associations. Upon the top of this tower is hung a bell, which is continuously struck during the night by a warder to denote the hour to the inhabitants of the Vega below, an arrangement which announces to them the prescribed hours permitting irrigation of their lands.

The palace is entirely closed against the inhabitants of Granada, who formerly did considerable damage when allowed free access to it. One day in the year (the 2nd of January) is made an exception to this rule, when the palace is crowded with the people of Granada. A specialty of the occasion is the ringing of this watch-bell by the maidens of the city. All who ring it are to have husbands during the year, and those who ring it loudest are to have the best. It may easily be imagined that the noise is incessant during the whole day, and there is no lack of energy on the part of the ringers.

One cannot go away from the Alhambra without feeling grateful to that fascinating writer, Washington Irving, for his collection of historical facts, and romantic tales, which have created such a wide-spread interest in the place. His spirit still haunts the palace; and to travellers the magic wand of his story-telling power gives as deep an interest in the Alhambra as the more prosy, if more valuable, records of the learned Spanish historians.

## LETTER XI.

*The Gipsies of Granada.*

GRANADA is the poorest of all the poor cities of Spain.

In a country where pauperism is the most thriving national institution, begging, thieving, smuggling, and worse crimes are certain to flourish. Spain, as a nation, has been grievously diseased through ignorance, priestly intolerance, unhealthy superstition, lack of energy, and want of good government. All the troubles and fated misery which are the unfortunate inheritance of the lower classes of Spain are concentrated in tenfold force upon the pitiable inhabitants of the city of Granada. Who can behold such poverty, such squalid misery, such suffering, such uncared-for trouble, without feeling devoutly thankful that this is not the universal destiny of the human race. It cannot be wondered at that the finer sensibilities of the heart are blunted, and that all the degrading propensities of humanity should be developed, when fostered under such demoralising influences. How natural it is that a race of people, shut up as it were within a charmed area, should treasure the remembrance of a former greatness, and with almost excusable ardour magnify the legendary wealth and power of the ancient Moors until the wonderful stories of their achievements and mysterious history are lost in the regions of fable. What wonder is there that such untutored people should believe in enchantments hanging about the hills and valleys around them, and be tempted to neglect the weary duties of an anxious life to search for the hidden treasure, which tradition

says was concealed to a fabulous extent by the conquered Moors before they finally quitted Granada. This pining after the shadow of the past, with the want of a healthy activity of mind and body, has naturally a baneful effect upon the place and the people. But there is something more strange to be seen in Granada than mere poverty or the effects of mythical Moorish lore. There is a specialty here, strange and curiously attractive, but at the same time repulsive in its conditions. There exists in Granada a colony of people whose wretchedness, poverty, and misery, far exceed the lamentable condition of the lowest of Spaniards. These people are the Gitanos or gipsies. In England these wandering tribes are being driven from their resting-places by the influence of an improved system of land culture, which has brought under cultivation the wild and barren heaths, formerly their home; they are no longer feared, hated, and despised as they were a century ago; but in Spain things are very different. In a country where vast tracts of land lie waste and deserted, and where mountainous regions abound, almost inaccessible to any one excepting the most needy or daring of outlaws, there is a fitness peculiarly adapted to the habits of people who may be said to be at perpetual warfare with all mankind. No district in Spain has offered greater attractions to the gipsies than the wild and secluded hills and valleys of Granada; consequently, hither they have flocked from all parts of Europe. So numerous and so lawless have these bands been at times, that special codes of law have been framed to curb their action, and attempts have been made to drive them out of the country, and even to exterminate them; but all such enactments and efforts have been fruitless against their boldness and ingenuity. The annals of this province are filled with frightful records of robbery and bloodshed, and the whole region is a perpetual anxiety to the Government.

The pleasant climate of Andalusia has been favourable to the idle habits of the gipsies, whilst the mountainous

country and solitary highways have been well suited to their fearful deeds of violence, at the same time they find in the recesses of the hills a convenient asylum when hunted by the soldiery. Hence it is that the country is dangerous for travellers. Smuggling is almost openly carried on along the adjacent shores of the Mediterranean. The colony in Granada is a large one, and from the idle habits of its members, from their propensity for thieving, and from their hungry poverty, they hang over the city like a cursed plague. Lower in the scale than the poorest true-bred Spaniard, the habits of these miserable people are proportionately more depraved. They live the year round in deep caves dug out of the rocks around Granada. Thousands of these wretched beings live in dark holes or galleries burrowed into the side of a lofty hill overlooking the city. The resident population are chiefly women and children, who are left at home whilst the men are scouring the country in pursuit of the good things of this world with which chance may favour their making acquaintance. In addition to the cave colony, a large number of the tribe reside in poor houses in and about the city. There are about five thousand gipsies in Granada; and it is not difficult to surmise what the character of the other inhabitants of Granada is, leavened, as the whole must be, by associating with such a class of people. Who is there possessing wealth; who, having regard to personal comfort, enjoyment, or safety; who, with families of tender children, would willingly reside in such a place, and face the dangers of a residential life among such uncivilized people? Wonderful, indeed, would it be to find the place otherwise than as it is. Before arriving in Granada we had heard that we should be able to see and hear many remarkable matters in connection with these strange people, if we were at all interested in such a phase of human life. As we certainly possess the qualification, the next arrangement to be made, after having revelled in the delights of the Alhambra, is to organize a visit to the gipsies'

quarters, to see for ourselves something of the life they lead, and to get an idea of their physical condition and appearance.

Early in the morning we make up a party, and, after engaging the omnibus, proceed, under the direction of a trusty guide, to the rock dwellings. We have to pass through many narrow and steep streets of the city, in doing which we get glimpses of the sullen countenances of the inhabitants. As our conversation is framed upon our prospective adventure, we congratulate ourselves in being a somewhat formidable body in case of any unpleasant incidents arising. Shortly afterwards we arrive at the foot of the hill, which, though to outside appearance is a wild, uncultivated mountain rock, is teeming with human life within. The only indication of the extensive scooped-out galleries, being openings or doorways dotted all over the face of the mountain. We dismount, for the purpose of a nearer inspection, and ascend the hill; the guide urgently enjoins us to keep well together, and to allow no one to touch us—the latter injunction being suggestive of unpleasant consequences in the possibility of carrying away with us *souvenirs* of animated nature. We follow the guide for a short distance along a narrow path, from which we can perceive tier after tier of caves, entrance to which is gained from winding pathways, resembling sheep walks. The news of our arrival soon spreads, and rapidly there are gathered together groups of swarthy-looking people, who, like magic, have literally sprung up out of the ground. There are old women, with true witch-like countenances, whose haggard features betoken a reckless and troubled existence; decrepit old men, whose cramped limbs tell of the exposed life of their youth; young women, with scanty clothing, scarcely covering them decently—some with young children, whom they carry quite naked, poised astraddle across the hips—others gesticulating and clamouring for money; boys and girls, with a few rags upon them, are lying about the rocks, or stand staring at us like little

savages. All of them, the women especially, stare at us with a leering impudence, and keep up an incessant demand for money. Our guide advises us not to give anything, or we shall immediately have the whole colony besiege us, the consequences of which might be serious. From cautions we have received, and from palpable evidences before us, we dare not proceed very far into the encampment; we, therefore, propose to inspect the interior of one of the dwellings, and the guide conducts us to one, somewhat more convenient of access than most of them.

We find the interior consists of three caves, or rooms, opening into each other; in the largest is a rickety table, some chairs, and a variety of cooking utensils. A framed picture of the Virgin Mary hangs against the rocky side, and upon the floor in the centre are the remains of a wood fire, over which still hangs the pot. Several beds are in different parts of the room, which, for the time being, are rolled up, but when in use are opened and laid upon shelves fashioned out of the rock. These beds are dirty mattresses filled with rushes or herbage, having filthy coverlets to them. Peering into the darkness of one of the smaller rooms, we can see a pig and a goat; in the other cave are sticks for burning, and indescribable lumber. The old hag who is showing us the place points out everything with eager glee, and can hardly wait until we have cursorily inspected these domestic arrangements before she demands her expected fee. Probably she fears the claims of co-partnership, for the cave is evidently the residence of a numerous company. A considerable crowd has in the meantime collected round the entrance to the dwelling, which compels us to bring our visit to a conclusion, as our guide impresses upon us the importance of avoiding any kind of demonstration which might suddenly bring us to an interview with the whole resident population. We therefore step out into the road, and leisurely survey the crowd, taking notes of their general appearance and physiognomy, the most remarkable characteristics being a small head with receding forehead



and high cheek-bones, with countenances browned to quite a Mulatto hue—features common to the savage tribes of the African interior, rather than to any European race. It is scarcely necessary to remark upon their dirty and offensive appearance, the foul state in which they live is sufficient evidence of itself to account for their abject filthiness. If any confirmation were needed, it might readily be found in watching attentively the people around us, most of whom are improving the idle hour by twisting themselves into a variety of attitudes for the purpose of scratching themselves. This, together with the disgusting appearance of their lank, black, and matted hair, is quite sufficient, in fact, to make us believe all their reputed foulness. The history of the gipsies is a mysterious one. They speak a language of their own, and are governed by their own laws. They elect a chief or captain over each colony or community, and their love of, and staunch allegiance to, their own race is the first law in their code of honour. Deceit, treachery, and hatred towards the "Gentiles" is not only deep but lasting. They have a host of oral traditions, which they cherish and respect. Revenge is their idea of happiness, and outlawry is their fortune. The prisons of Spain are filled with them, and the executioner is the familiar exponent of the majesty of the law.

Where the gipsies originally came from no one knows. The general belief is that they are descended from the Egyptians, as their name implies; some say, however, that they were driven from Asia by that great scourge of humanity, Timour the Tartar; others believe them to be the lost tribes of the children of Israel doomed to wander through the earth homeless. Some affirm that they came from Roumania, as they are still called "Rommany" among themselves. This theory is supported by the evidence of large numbers haunting the wild regions adjacent to the country of Roumania. At the present time, undoubtedly, the greatest number of the gipsy tribe is to be found in the forests of Hungary and upon the steppes of Russia. Strange, however, it is that the gipsies

are a marked race of people wherever they are to be found. They speak an universal language, modified only by provincial influence. They practise a general fraternity, and in every country they have the same wandering predatory existence. They entered Spain four hundred years ago, and from the adaptability of the country to their tastes and pursuits, they have clung tenaciously to their adopted home. Horse dealing is the favourite trade of gipsies, probably because it offers the greatest scope for rascality. Smuggling and the anvil are the chief occupations of the tribes of Granada. The Government allow them to settle here rent free; but there is a law, which is watched with jealous care, limiting the number who may be in residence in the gipsy quarters to five thousand. Should they exceed this number when the roll is called, they have to migrate; the result of which is they overrun the country, and every town has its gipsy quarter, which invariably bears an evil reputation. The men are liable to be called upon for military service, the consequence of which is that all the men having youth and health prefer leaving their homes and leading a wandering life rather than endure the restraints of military discipline. In the summer time the food of these poor people is chiefly the fruit of the cactus and prickly pear, grown plentifully and without trouble around their miserable dwellings, and upon the slopes of the neighbouring mountains.

It can hardly be said that they have any true religious knowledge though they are powerfully influenced by feelings of superstition founded upon the mysteries of religious faith. The crucifix and pictures of the Virgin are the most striking objects in every dwelling; and in their conversation, whilst using freely the most profane oaths, they attach singular importance to the name of the Virgin Mary. They scrupulously attend confession, and we see numbers of them silently kneeling in the churches before the altars. In the remote mountain districts priests frequently join the company of bands of brigands, or take residence in a con-

venient place adjacent to favourite places of seclusion. All have a superstitious horror of dying without the consoling priestly offices of the Roman Catholic Church, and no doubt it must be a convenient luxury to such desperate characters to have a priest at hand to relieve their burdened consciences at convenient moments. It is said that the women are trained to a high sense of their duties to their husbands. Chastity is held in great repute amongst the whole gipsy tribe. This is the more singular, as their habits of life must be provocative of licentious habits; and, moreover, their standard of morality in every other respect is the lowest possible. It is said, however, that they are strictly honourable in dealing with their own people, and that they use every effort to repay obligations amongst themselves. They are lavish in their entertainments, particularly upon the occasion of wedding festivities, oftentimes involving themselves in life-long obligations. Gipsy women have always been famous as fortune-tellers, and in Granada, where the very atmosphere is filled with the infection of wonder, romance, and superstition, it may readily be supposed that this customary pursuit finds favour. The "Buena ventura" is everywhere in favour, and the old cronies themselves verily believe in the efficacy of the potions and philters they prescribe. Love and revenge are the cardinal weaknesses to which they administer, and when it is remembered that they have, as a race, studied the secret power of deadly poisons, they may well believe in their own prognostications. Among the peculiar customs which they have tenaciously preserved is their love for their national dances, which they perform to the sound of the guitar, accompanied by the lively click of the castanet.

The history of these Eastern dances may be traced to remote ages. The Egyptians, Israelites, Romans, and other ancient nations had their dancing girls, who, as far as history has recorded, danced in the same manner as the girls of Spain do at the present day in their national Fandango and other kindred dances. Tradition says these gipsy dances are the

same as those performed ages ago. No doubt there is a similarity in character and style between the Andalusian dances and those of the Nautch girls of India and the dances in other Eastern countries.

We are of course desirous of seeing this specialty of the gipsies, in which modern dances of Europe, both refined and voluptuous, are said to have their origin. We therefore despatch the guide with a message to the gipsy chief, asking permission for an interview, further requesting him, if possible, to provide an entertainment for us in the evening to enable us to witness their dances. We receive a polite assent to our request, and an hour is fixed for us to repair to a house in a remote suburb of the city. As the adventure is attended with some danger, precautions have to be taken to insure safety, and although we look forward with considerable interest and curiosity to visiting the celebrated gipsy chief of Granada, we are not without some slight misgivings as to the prudence of the enterprise, particularly as the whole arrangements are left in the hands of the guide, who is, of course, a stranger to us.

The omnibus is again in requisition, and late in the evening our enterprising party leave the hotel for the gipsy rendezvous. In passing through the narrow streets we have still further proofs of the discomforts of the city. In the first place we miss that welcome sign of civilization—gas-lighted thoroughfares. Not that this is a feature peculiar to Granada; other provincial cities of Spain we have seen are entirely without this convenient system of lighting, which always makes a town look cheerful, and must materially aid its commercial prosperity. One need only visit such a city to realise what the comforts and advantages resulting from the daily use of this beneficial invention are to us in our thriving towns in England. In these unlighted cities, business and pleasure are alike suspended after dark, and dangers surround the path of the unprotected pedestrian who lingers in the streets, or whom business calls out late. Some aged mules

are dragging us over the rough roads, and up one of the steep hills of the city, when suddenly the driver pulls up—he has mistaken his instructions, and we are on the wrong road. It is impossible to turn an omnibus in the streets of Granada; we have, therefore, to proceed some distance before an open space is reached, to enable us to turn round. We descend the hill but in a few minutes are again suddenly stopped, this time because we are confronted with another vehicle, and there is no room to pass. As the right of possession seems to be granted to our opponent, we have to dismount whilst the poor mules back the unwieldy omnibus up the hill into the open space again. It takes a long time and much cruel beating of the mules before this is accomplished. In the meantime a crowd has gathered around us, and as most of these loungers are wrapped in the folds of their customary black cloaks, and have their faces hidden, as usual, by large slouching hats, we feel thankful to remount and get away from such suspicious-looking company. We lose much time here, so that when we arrive at the appointed place we learn there have been some misgivings as to our keeping the appointment, and have run some risk of missing the entertainment, which proves to be a most interesting one. We are received at the door of a large house by a porter, who conducts us upstairs to the first floor, and ushers us into a large room, lighted by paraffin lamps which hang upon nails against the walls. At the end is a gipsy chief, who advances to meet us as we enter. He is certainly a remarkable man—tall, strong in limb, and of intellectual countenance. As is customary with his people, he has been selected to fill his honourable but responsible position from his possessing bodily strength combined with a shrewd intellect.

On one side of the room are seated a number of girls, having true gipsy features. They have glossy jet black hair and eyes to match, with complexions dark even for Andalusians, showing that in Spain, as elsewhere, the gipsies are darker in

complexion than the inhabitants they live amongst. They are dressed in muslin, decorated with gaudy ribbons and paltry finery. In different parts of the room are young men dressed in gipsy costume. One side of the room is reserved for our party, and, after a formal introduction to the captain, and a general shaking hands with the other members of the company, a little ceremony evidently received by the gipsies with general approval, pleasant relations are at once established, and we take possession of the seats provided for us. The chief then returns to his chair at the top of the room, and taking up a guitar, commences playing upon it. The tune selected is not at all a melodious one, but is evidently in the measured time of one of their dances. After a short time four of the girls start up, and with lively gesture, castanets in hand, begin to dance.

I am inclined to think the theory and spirit of the dance is far above the actual grace or beauty of the performance. They all have a peculiar motion of the hips, which they evidently consider graceful and charming, but which to our untutored tastes is by no means a fascinating action. The antiquity of the dances lends to them a charm which they could not possibly otherwise possess, simply performed as they are before us upon this occasion. The poetical sentiment of the Fandango and Bolero is of the most attractive character, and with the spirit infused into them by the lively Spanish people, have most powerful influence over the actors and audience alike. These dances are performed by young men and girls, who portray in action all the varied and changeful emotions of love. One moment there are the sly glances and actions of the coquette, in an instant the lover meets with a rebuff; in short, one sees in their animated dancing all the eager advances, the coyness, and the raptures of love-making, and no doubt, when performed with elegance and perfection, must be a most fascinating performance. It is said that the excess of indulgence by the Spaniards in these very dances has been the insidious means of destroying the healthy character of the nation, fos-

tering, as it has done, an excessive love of pleasure to the neglect of more noble and elevating occupations. The exertions of Government and the influence of the Church have at different times been used to suppress these ever-popular enjoyments; but all efforts have been futile. A story is related that, upon one occasion, certain dignitaries of the Church, seated in council, were about to pronounce sentence against such a performance, when, an appeal being made denying any immoral tendencies arising therefrom, an exhibition of the performance was allowed in court to test the opinion of the judges in a practical way. Such was the powerful fascination of the dance, that no further argument was needed. The bar, the court, the judges themselves joined in the infectious pleasure, and if conviction was needed, inclination readily dictated an unanimous verdict in favour of the defendants. The Fandango and Bolero, from their universal adoption by all Spaniards, particularly by the light-hearted Andalusian, have become the national dances of Spain, however much they may claim to be originally of gipsy origin. There is one dance, however, which is peculiar to the wandering people, and can only be seen in gipsy company. This dance is called by themselves the Romalis; it is similar in character to the Fandango and Bolero, the spirit of the actions and steps being passages of love; and although no indelicacy is intended, it has more voluptuous action than the others. Through all the dances we witness there is no impropriety or indelicacy, unless, indeed, the ecstatic actions of rapturous love might be construed into such. During the dancing of the Bolero the girls accompany their lively actions by a somewhat monotonous song, of the words of which we are unable to learn the import; they are evidently suited to the dance, as emphasis and special action are combined. After the termination of one of the dances the performers carry round a handkerchief, which they hold by the four corners, into which we are asked to contribute gratuities, being especial perquisites of the dancers. The *finale* of the Fandango is perhaps the most curious feature

of the evening. At the conclusion of the dance, according to custom, the girls appeal to every one in the room for approval or forgiveness for having taken part in the dance. They approach and place their hands upon the shoulders, and we are told that the correct thing to do is to return this salute in the same manner. The girls go the round of the company, commencing with the chief and his friends. When it comes to our turn, it causes no little amusement amongst our party to go through this half-embracing performance.

During the evening we witness many different dances—some by girls alone, others in couples or fours, and some by the whole company. Several are accompanied by songs, and all by the spirit-stirring click of the castanet. In the intervals between the dances the captain plays many pieces upon the guitar in the most masterly manner. Although a blacksmith by trade he is an excellent musician; and so skilled in performing upon the guitar, that he has a reputation of being the first player in Spain, and has been offered large sums of money to visit other parts of Europe to perform in public. Apparently, however, he esteems his position too highly to leave it, for we hear incidentally that last year he was elected by the inhabitants of Granada to the office of mayor, which he declined to accept although a handsome stipend is attached to the office. The spirit of the ancient Moors seems to linger even here. Among the dances we recognize the character of country dances in England, and the intricate steps of the Morris dance (for which we are indebted to the Moors) is readily recognized in some of them. One dance looks like a genuine Scotch reel, and the curious might see much in all of them to be interested in, ungraceful though they unquestionably are. In short, we are much delighted with the evening's entertainment, and shall long remember the adventure.

The natural propensities of the gipsy character are not lulled even on this occasion. Of course we have paid liberally for the entertainment, but the girls are not unmindful that



persevering application might not be fruitless, for besides solicitations during the dances, they quit the room after the finish of the last, in order to make a final appeal at the door below, before we step into the waiting omnibus.



## LETTER XII.



## Spanish Funerals.



ON the following day, as we are on our way through the city to visit an old convent situated outside Granada, we are startled at suddenly meeting a funeral, a sight which we have not met with before since we have been in the country. There is something strange and shocking about it, and it at once attracts our attention, and causes us to make inquiries into the rites and ceremonies performed here in connection with the dead, and about the laws or customs of interment. Upon the shoulders of four men is borne a large tray or bier, upon which lies the body of a young man, without any coffin, dressed in white linen, and covered with flowers. As the men move, the action betrays the limpness of the body, showing that the young man has been dead but a few hours. Behind walks a procession of twelve or eighteen youths carrying long lighted candles. The whole *cortège* proceeds jauntily along at a quick pace, and if the body were not visible no one could believe that there is anything solemn or unusual going on. We are informed that all funeral rites have already been performed in the house by the priest, and that there will be no service at the grave. The Spanish law says that interment must take place within twenty-four hours, so that each evening, at the appointed hour for burials at the cemetery, all who have died during the day are brought to the cemetery to be buried. As may be imagined, curious accidents have arisen in carrying out this

law. It has not unfrequently happened that the people have been carried to the grave before they were really dead. A remarkable instance of this was brought under our notice. One day, at the hotel, a woman was at the door begging (not an uncommon thing this), when the landlord called our especial attention to her case. Some years ago, during the ravages of the cholera, she was carried to the cemetery, along with fifteen dead bodies, to be buried; and it was only at the last moment it was discovered she was alive. She afterwards recovered, and one result of her accident was her benefiting above her fellows in beggary to the extent of a small collection, made for her among her English sympathising audience. Having had our curiosity aroused we repaired the following day to the cemetery, or "Campo Santo," to inspect the arrangements of, and possibly to witness, some interments. The single place of burial for Granada lies in the mountains above the city. Passing over the Alhambra Hill, the road skirts the delightful gardens of the Generalife Palace, and then rises between two hills, leading to an extensive walled-in enclosure, containing the ashes and bones of many generations of the inhabitants of Granada. Extensive though the enclosure is, it is very limited for such a large city; and bears unmistakeable evidence of its having been in use from remote times. The soil is but powdered ashes of former generations,—old bones plentifully strew the ground.

There is a great deal of beautiful sentiment in England about the dead, and particularly in the various careful arrangements which we make immediately after our dear friends have bid us adieu for ever in this world; and we express our respect for the memory of the departed spirit by taking care of the mortal remains, and in the avoidance of any unseemly exposure of decay which might shock the more sensitive parts of our nature. Though feelings of sentiment about the dead body can be of no avail to the departed spirit, and the mere question whether the body is best burned, buried, or otherwise disposed of, is

of no moment whatever, yet there is a natural horror against desecration of the dead which is repulsive to the human mind, and I can think of no fact which bears stronger evidence of the lack of civilization and true religion in Spain than the neglected condition of the cemetery of Granada.

Upon entering the enclosure we are first impressed by seeing an extensive erection on each side of the central path. Each building consists of three sides; if the pathway did not intersect, the two buildings would form a square enclosure, the masonry rises about twenty feet in height, inside and outside of which are tombs for receiving single bodies. They look like retorts in gas works. Five rows of these recesses are built in the wall on each side, providing altogether about two thousand tombs. These are rented by the year, and when friends are tired of paying, or are behind in the rent, the bodies are at once removed to make place for new tenants. The mouth of each is sealed up by a marble slab, upon which is the inscription. Passing from here into the region of the graves, we meet with a sight which makes us shudder with horror. Several graves are scooped out for expectant arrivals. No notice is given for the preparation of graves, as time would not permit of such an arrangement. About ten are prepared each day; those we see are not more than two feet deep, and the ground in every direction is literally covered with skulls and bones. Upon one grave, over which the soil has been but just raked, probably an interment of the day before, I count nine skulls visible among the heap of bone-burdened soil. Of course it is not surprising the earth should be so filled with bones, for the limited area necessitates oft-repeated interments in the same ground. The foul odours arising from this end of the cemetery are most sickening, and we begin to fear unpleasant consequences through our visit; we therefore tie up our mouths and nostrils so as to purify a little the atmosphere we breathe.

Advancing still further, we come to a horrible sight: in

one corner is a large pit in which is piled a heap of dead bodies, some tumbling to pieces with decay; others, only half decomposed, are held together by the clothes in which they had died and had been buried in. Such a sight is too horrible to describe in detail. In the heap are probably fifty to a hundred bodies, and when dried sufficiently they are to be burnt. The ashes of a former heap still remain upon the ground in another spot in the same locality. The bodies put for burning, we are informed, are the former tenants of the tombs I have already described. As we wander amongst these ghastly scenes, who can wonder at our feeling a strong wish to be back safe again in England, and being impressed with a dread fear of dying in a country where there is such desecration of the dead.

A very expressive incident occurs, showing the indifference the officials of the cemetery display in connection with their work. We watch two of them conversing together; one of them holds in his hand the withered body of a child, evidently the subject of their talk. Perhaps their conversation changes, for still they talk, and the man dangles carelessly the body by the leg without seeming to remember what he has in his hand. The sight of this burial-ground is too disgusting to stay longer, so that I do not personally witness an interment; however, my companions stay, and afterwards report that the bodies are merely laid in the ground one after another as they arrive, the soil being quickly scraped over them. In conversation afterwards with our guide (who, by the way, positively refused to go with us to such a horrible place), he naively remarks that no coffins are used, for if they were they would be immediately stolen for the sake of the wood, which is a scarce article in Granada, and the possession of it the greatest luxury of the poor. Italy and some other countries lack decency in funeral rites and in the methods of interment, but I doubt whether it would be possible to find in all Europe as foul a spot as the cemetery of Granada. Our guide no doubt well said—"You must visit it in wet weather, when

the ground breaks in upon the mass of corruption below, to fully realise the whole horrors of this shocking place." And all this is within sight of the beautiful palace of the Alhambra, and we listen to the silvery sound of its evening bell whilst we gaze upon these perishing vestiges of humanity.



## LETTER XIII.



## Granada.

**W**HEN Spain was in the meridian of its greatness and power—when the majesty of its Government and the proud chivalry of its people raised it as a nation above other nations—the affairs of State were directed by the wise and good Queen Isabella of Castile, whose perceptive mind had drawn around her statesmen and generals of great intellect and power. Her marriage with Ferdinand of Aragon at once enlarged the empire and associated a brave and discreet prince in her councils, when their united power, the valour of their armies, and the wisdom of their Government so greatly increased the wealth and influence of the nation as to make Spain the most powerful country in Europe. The Queen was distinguished for nobleness of mind and tenderness of heart—qualities always estimable, but in times when war raged, and all kinds of revengeful cruelties were practised, they were of the greatest import, in softening not only the troubles of her own subjects, but particularly of those who, through the despotic power of conquest, had their lives or future destinies placed at her disposal. Granada, more than any other portion of the Spanish dominions, is associated with the names of Ferdinand and Isabella, in the histories of the brilliant exploits of their powerful armies, when driving the Moors out of Spain. After Granada had become an integral part of the kingdom the Queen designated it “the brightest gem in her diadem,” and in true nobleness of spirit sought to counteract the powerful influence of the

infidel, but refined and intelligent, Moors, by earnestly endeavouring to spread Christianity among the conquered inhabitants, and seeking to obtain their affection and respect, by residing among them. When she died she was buried, according to her own desire, in the heart of the conquered country. A narrow vault in the Cathedral of Granada contains the earthly remains of Isabella and of her husband King Ferdinand. It is a place of special veneration to Spaniards, who still idolise the memory of the great Queen and her powerful consort; and of course to strangers it is a place of interest, so many historical associations being connected with the names of these celebrated sovereigns.

In our round of sight-seeing in the city of Granada, one of the chief objects of interest we visit is the venerable Cathedral; within the ancient walls of which is the beautiful tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella. This sumptuous monument, placed within a railed area, is a gorgeous piece of carving and is a work of art, both in beauty and costliness, befitting the Royal personages to whose memory it has been erected. The examination of this beautiful monument is very interesting, but far more impressive is the simple scene in the vault below. A low doorway leads to the top of a short flight of steps, upon descending which we find ourselves in a small arched room or vault. The dim light of the burning taper we carry discloses to our view five plain stone coffins. Fashioned out of gray marble, having all the rough exterior of stone just hewn from the rock, they are bound with iron bands, and within two of them are treasured the honoured remains of Spain's greatest sovereigns. Initial letters distinguish those of Ferdinand and Isabella, the others are tombs of near relatives. The simplicity of this vault is very impressive, and recalls most vividly the important and busy scenes of the chivalrous times in which this King and Queen performed so important a part. How naturally the mind reverts to scenes of pageantry, within the camp of the invading host, which spreads over the rich vega, when laying siege to this stubborn Moorish



capital. Rapidly strange and varied events pass mentally before us. We vividly recal to mind the brilliant camp where flying pennons of valorous Christian knights are studded among the white tents of the besieging army. In the distance can be seen approaching a company richly apparelled, and in their midst the beloved Queen Isabella, on her way to visit her royal husband, intending by her presence to cheer the spirits of a weary army nearly succumbing to the hardships of an anxious campaign. She is seated upon a white palfrey, and beside her rides that shrewd and powerful minister, Cardinal Mendoza; a host of devoted knights, with dazzling shields and helmets, accompany her, to protect her royal person from the dangers of the troubled country. As she approaches the camp her husband comes to meet her, surrounded by the most valiant knights of Christendom; a brave Englishman is seen amongst the company, together with many another foreign lord, who, deeming this a righteous crusade, have assembled with many followers to fight under the standard of Spain against the infidel Moors. This memorable scene imparts new vigour to the dispirited army, and under the cheering influence of the Queen's presence the city is taken. How anxiously she looks to the top of that great tower of the Alhambra for the floating banner which is to be the signal the city is hers, and that the dazzling halls of beauty in the palace are prepared for her to take possession. Another scene flits through the imagination: during these eventful days a humble navigator appeals for the patronage of "the great Queen;" he is refused, and turns away from the encampment to seek in other countries the support he needs for his enterprise. A happy influence gives to the Queen a change of thought, and the man is recalled; he has another interview with Her Majesty, and Columbus leaves the vega of Granada to discover a new world. Such are our passing thoughts as we look upon the cold stone tombs in this little vault—a shrine, without imposing beauty, but dazzling in historical memories, which

draws pilgrims from far-off lands, and which points to the brightest spot in Spain's history.

The architectural and decorative character of the Cathedral is not remarkable for purity of design or beauty of ornament. Erected at a period when works of art did not excel in originality of thought or pureness of style, the building is imposing rather for its massiveness than for its beauty. Græco-Romano style of architecture is the term used—a comprehensive one, certainly, which allows ample latitude, and might possibly embrace all the varied features of the Cathedral. The interior has many massive fluted Grecian columns, supporting a heavy roof in which is constructed a huge dome. The only remarkable feature in the interior are some massive pillars supporting the ribs of the dome which are cut away so as to give more room in the nave below—a freak of the builders, or of some other local authority, which, if it has not seriously impaired the strength of the structure, certainly appears to have done so. The prevailing ideas embodied throughout the decorations are the conquest of Granada, the excellence of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the efforts made by the Catholic clergy to convert the infidel Moors to Christianity. The effigies of the notable King and Queen are introduced in a variety of ways, illustrating memorable actions or events in their lives. The memory of the unfortunate Boabdil is somewhat ignominiously preserved, in several historical scenes in connection with his surrender of the city to the Spaniards. After the fashion of all great Roman Catholic temples, the Cathedral boasts of having upon its walls a number of fine paintings by the old masters. Many of these no doubt are of great merit, but without questioning the propriety of beautiful pictures being suitable works to adorn the sacred precincts of a church, there remains the undeniable fact that the sombre light which necessarily pervades the interior of lofty cathedrals is not a condition under which works of art can be seen to be properly appreciated.

Whilst we are peering into all kinds of out-of-the-way corners with true archæological spirit, seeking noted monuments, reputed fine paintings, or special mementoes of the past, amongst the miscellaneous relics treasured by the chapter, we are escorted by "that claimant tribe of children dear" which, true to the state of society in Granada, are always at hand, our contingent upon this occasion being, both in numbers and quality, highly suggestive of the want of a better code of vagrancy laws, or of a school board, if the name of such an institution dare be mentioned in the streets of Granada. The whining appeals of these lazy people, half thief, half beggar, always commencing "Signorito," if they do not absolutely prevent the examination of objects of interest, they certainly check any lengthy reveries. Let one of these irrepressible whiners manage, by a skilful move, to catch you alone in some retired or isolated corner, and he or she will put you through a series of mental tortures which will not soon be forgotten; indeed, the very recurrence to the mind of the incident afterwards will at once reproduce uneasy twitchings suggestive of your mental estimate of their personal condition. Their filthy clothes are patched and patched again, until the wonder grows as to which piece formed part of the original garment. If their importunities do not unsettle your studious thoughts, their disgusting condition will at once declare war against any high-flown notions you may possess as to cleanliness being next to godliness. Occasionally you will have to face a begging attack from strong, lazy rascals, whose desperate character is stamped plainly in every lineament of the countenance, and whose sullen frown will make you wince again, knowing at the same time the insecurity of the country. It is impossible to enjoy the inspection of any single thing uninterruptedly in the streets of Granada; beggars beset you at every corner; one draws back from them with a natural instinct which betrays the disgust one feels; but such an expression does not in the least abash them—their whining

appeal continues until threats or some favourable accident forces them to desist.

As an instance of the feeling of personal insecurity in Granada an incident was related to us by our guide which, apart from the caution it gives to enterprising visitors, was certainly amusing to every one besides the party immediately concerned. An English gentleman cruising in the Mediterranean had landed at Malaga, and from thence made a hasty visit to Granada. Desirous of seeing all he could, without apprehending danger, he visited alone the celebrated gipsy quarters, the consequence of which was he returned to his hotel late in the day, clothed with his shirt only. His experience doubtless would be useful to him, if he intended to stay long in these delightful regions, and the incident will probably leave upon his mind pleasing recollections of the ancient Moorish capital. Solitary travellers have not always been so fortunate, for a dreary-looking house was pointed out to us, having a most tragic story in connection with it. A whole family of seven persons was convicted and all were beheaded a few years ago, after a lengthy trial, arising from the discovery in the house of a number of dead bodies (report says thirty-two), most if not all of which were supposed to have been travellers or strangers, who had been taken prisoners by brigandage, or decoyed by more subtle means into the power of their murderers.

Returning again to the prevalence of beggary in the streets of Spain, there is one repulsive feature in connection with it which I have not yet referred to. Probably owing to the want of suitable asylums for the reception of persons of weak intellect, and others suffering from various kinds of bodily deformity, their unhappy condition is made a spectacle in the public thoroughfares for the purpose of exciting practical sympathy. These strange objects of deformity, imbecility, or disease are very numerous, and the poor creatures are used as tools by lazy people to collect small pittance with which they barely exist in filth and misery. Blind children are very

numerous, and are led about by other children, who plead and whine with redoubled energy in their company. So alive are these depraved classes of Spaniards to the advantages accruing from the public spectacle of bodily deformity and suffering, that it is said the more enterprising of the members of the fraternity of beggars lacking convenient cases, feign all kinds of maladies, mentally and bodily, to serve in good stead the sad reality. It is even reported, though we cannot think it possible, that children of tender years have been deprived of their eyesight by cruel guardians, to further their general interest in their world of beggary. Unfortunately, without the aid of premeditated cruelties, diseases of the eyes are very common throughout Spain. Blindness, as I have before remarked, is of frequent occurrence, and ophthalmia is one of the commonest ailments, alike to natives and strangers. Indeed, it is worth noting that, when preparing for a visit to the Peninsula, a bottle containing a lotion that may allay an attack of ophthalmia is not unlikely to prove a useful addition to the medicine chest.

Granada has been a fine and great city, and there is a lingering shadow of grandeur still visible in its decaying palaces and mansions. A stroll through the city is most enjoyable and interesting. In the poorer localities already referred to, where the most abject poverty and misery abound, few of the houses possess the luxury of glass windows, wooden shutters or blinds have to serve instead of the more suitable material, which is scarce and dear. Of course, there is a bull-ring and in and around the city are many ancient convents, all of which are worth visiting. Before the confiscation of religious endowments, the treasures and appointments of these conventual institutions must have been of wonderful interest and value; even now there is scarcely one but is highly interesting, and contains works of art, rich monuments, or other historical records worth careful examination, though it is easy to see that the confiscation act has doomed them to decay, and

the perishing hand of time, through want of trifling repairs, has already begun the work of destruction. In each of these establishments is to be found a remnant of the former rich and numerous communities, now pensioned by the Government; these aged people wander listlessly through their decaying houses, now stripped of all those great works of art which were the glory of the wealthy monks of bygone days. These art treasures now adorn the galleries at Madrid and elsewhere. It is doubtful even if the few poor old men that are left, receive regularly the Government pittance allotted to them; they say they do not, and from appearance their statement seems fully confirmed. They are very thankful for the small gratuities of visitors, and are most courteous in giving information when conducting strangers through their institutions. As a class these aged monks are strangely ignorant. Not knowing anything of the language, we have to make many inquiries through the guides, and we find that beyond the limited knowledge as to the present and former contents of the buildings any further information must be obtained from guide books, as their stock is exhausted. No doubt recruits to these communities were enlisted from the poorer ranks of the people, who were more or less influenced by the prospect of an easy life, and having their old age provided for. Learning was not a condition of association, and consequently, whatever may have been or is now the standard of education among the priesthood (which, to all appearance, is not a high one), the members of conventual establishments have been men of little or no education.

The market place and the business part of the city has a number of good shops and stores, nearly all stocked with English goods. The name of the celebrated Reading firm of biscuit makers is prominent in every provision dealer's window. American sewing machines are extensively advertised upon the walls, and, indeed, nearly all the goods exposed for sale are quite familiar to us. The most noticeable goods

displayed in the shop windows of the retail dealers are either Manchester cottons or Birmingham hardware. A remnant of the ancient Moors is still to be found amongst the trading community, there is yet to be seen a bazaar or Moorish street, called the Zacatin, where are a number of shops still occupied by a genuine race of Moors, who chiefly trade in petty articles of jewellery.

In the aristocratic part of the city there are a number of ancient palaces, which look dreary and dilapidated in their venerable age. Families of importance still reside in some, and many of these old mansions contain rich paintings and furniture, vestiges of former wealth and greatness, but belonging now either to declining families or to members of the nobility now no longer resident. One of these palaces is celebrated as being the birthplace of the Empress Eugenie, a daughter of the Spanish Count de Teba. Her uncle, Count Montijo, resided in a mansion in the same locality. He was a man of note, and the story of his melancholy fate will command the sympathy of everyone. Unfortunately, in 1816, he fell under the displeasure of that fearful institution, the Inquisition; he was taken away during the night, in a carriage with muffled wheels, and when upon his trial was put to such torture before consenting to accept the articles of the faith of his persecutors that he entirely lost his power of speech.

Continuing our walk, we visit the ruins of an ancient Moorish palace, said to be two hundred years older than the Alhambra. A single arch, of horse-shoe shape, still defies the hand of time and the more damaging accidents springing from a neighbourhood crowded with a degraded population. The arch is decorated with beautiful ornament, and is in itself a strange contrast, in its majesty of age and beauty, to the squalor and wretchedness surrounding it. A more agreeable walk along the banks of the famous Darro, round the base of the Alhambra Hill, leads us to another ruin of the Moorish age. It is a most interesting building, formerly used as a

bath, now degraded into the sheltered retreat of a band of washerwomen. The solid masonry has withstood the destructive accidents which have long since levelled to the ground most of the other buildings of the days of the Moors. Here are but faint traces of ornament, though the marble pillars and stone roof are still in good condition. The luxury of the bath was one of the refinements of life which the Moors fully appreciated and freely indulged in. Like the ancient Romans, their baths were fitted up with every convenience, and the most tempting luxuries were provided to induce frequenters to while away pleasantly their hours of idleness. Though partly in ruins, the former complete arrangements may be readily understood. The warm and cold baths, the cooling and retiring rooms, and other details of the popular establishment, all denote the refinement of the age in which it was built.

Before we could visit the famous palace of the Generalife it was requisite that we should obtain permission from the agent of Count Palavicini of Genoa, to whom the palace now belongs. The noble Count, though now ranking among the nobility of Italy, claims to be the direct descendant of the Grimaldi family, the founder of which, Cidi Aya, a Moorish prince, aided King Ferdinand in the conquest of Granada, afterwards embracing Christianity.

In speaking of the proprietor of this beautiful palace and the rich estates belonging to it, it may be remarked that with all their delightful attractions, the Count has never yet visited Granada. His representative or agent resides in one of the ancient palaces of the city, belonging of course to the Count. It is magnificently furnished, and, like the palace of the Generalife, contains many interesting and curious family relics of general archæological interest in connection with the history of Granada. The hill upon which stands the Generalife Palace is but separated from the Alhambra Hill by a narrow ravine, which, in the glorious days of Moorish regal occupation, was filled up, thereby connecting the grounds of the two palaces, which were indeed considered then as but one establishment.



The Generalife is a most fitting summer retreat, being surrounded with pleasant gardens, in which are most extensive shaded walks, and a profusion of running streams of water, fed by numerous pretty fountains. It was as a summer residence that it was chiefly used by the Moorish sovereigns. The ladies of the harem, no doubt, were the chief occupants of this diminutive palace, for history and tradition inform us that the pleasant gardens were the favourite retreat of the sultanas and their attendants. An aged cypress is pointed out in one of the retired avenues as the trysting-place of the beautiful Princess Zoraya with the noble Abencerrage, under the shadow of which they were seen to meet, a discovery which led to the cruel massacre of the Abencerrages. From the entrance to the grounds at the foot of the hill, we ascend towards the palace through a long avenue of cypresses, the dark foliage and symmetrical shape of which are not nearly so attractive to our English tastes as the shady avenue of elm trees in the valley below. It is not surprising that our disappointment is great, when we arrive at the palace to find all the beautiful Moorish tracery literally buried in whitewash. The building looks clean, as it may well do, under the influence of such officious attention in this particular direction. There are sufficient traces in the deep perforations of the ornament to show that originally the whole decorations were of the same chaste and exquisite character as those of the Alhambra. One cannot help devoutly wishing that the venerable and historical building may some day become the property of a man with appreciative taste, whose means will allow him to have all this sanitary whitewash removed, in the same manner as the Government is doing to the ornament of the Alhambra. The chambers are not large, nor are they numerous; and, in consequence of the universal whitewash, there are very few portions of the whole palace specially worthy of lengthy examination. Within the rooms are preserved some interesting portraits, chiefly of members of the Grimaldi family. Among others is one

of the celebrated Don Pedro (the name adopted by Cidi Aya before referred to), and another of his son Alonso. The most interesting, perhaps, of the whole series, is one of the unfortunate King Boabdil, called by his countrymen El Rey Chico (the little king), the last of the Moorish race of kings; there is also a portrait of his notorious uncle, El Zagel, who fomented the quarrels between Boabdil and his subjects, and by treacherous conspiracies hastened the fall of the Moorish rule. The gallery also contains portraits of King Ferdinand, Queen Isabella, and other Spanish sovereigns, all of which we inspect with tenfold interest, from the association of the palace and city with the celebrated personages whose portraits hang upon the walls. Although the absent proprietor cares little about the obliteration of artistic beauties in the palace, yet the attractive influence of the beautiful gardens is still preserved. There is an outer garden through which we enter the palace grounds; proceeding along an avenue of cypresses, we approach an inner or enclosed garden laid out in terraces, and bounded by cypress trees trained into fanciful patterns and cut into fantastic shapes. Within this charming enclosure are rare trees, such as palms, pomegranates, and very old myrtles. The flower-beds are carefully tended, and there is a display of bloom which is perfectly brilliant, being set like a picture, within the frame of the dark foliage of cypress trees. The tanks or ponds with cooling fountains are still abundantly supplied with water from the river Darro, which flows through these gardens, then supplies the Alhambra fountains, and again flows down the hill beneath the elm trees into the city, to supply the wants of the inhabitants.

Before leaving Granada we visit an old convent, where we see some remarkable pictures, of considerable interest to Protestants and Englishmen, which are said to be correct historical records of certain strange events said to have occurred in England during the reign of Henry VIII. The convent was once the property of an enormously wealthy

order of Carthusian monks. Of course it is now suppressed. It lies some little distance out of the city, and as usual is within a walled enclosure. The chapel of the "Cartuja" is noted for the wealth of precious marbles which decorate the interior; it is probable that there is no chapel in Europe of the same size containing a more costly or magnificent display. The sacristy is also decorated in a most elaborate style. The vestment drawers and the doors enclosing them are beautifully inlaid with ebony, mother-of-pearl, cedar wood, and tortoise-shell. Indeed, the decoration throughout the whole convent indicates how immensely rich the community has been, and perhaps confirms what our guide says, that the monopoly by the religious orders of so much wealth, particularly of revenues from landed property, has paralysed the power of Spain, and has aided greatly in reducing the prosperity of the country, and spreading poverty and distress among its labouring population. The pictures referred to were painted by an English monk of the Carthusian order, named Cotan. The series of scenes represent persecutions and martyrdoms of Carthusian monks by Henry VIII and the English Protestants in the year 1535. The whole of the pictures are horrible to look at, and if correct depict scenes which would disgrace any country or any age. One is a disgusting scene of an execution on Tower Hill: four Carthusians are being dragged by ropes attached to powerful horses to the scene of execution, whilst others are depicted in various attitudes of agony, in being hanged. Upon this interesting scene the king is gazing, evidently with pleasing instincts of gratification. Others represent equally agonizing cruelties, and their inspection makes one sensible of how much people may be misled by outrageously exaggerated versions of ordinary events. No doubt the Carthusians, as well as other religious orders of the Roman Catholic Church, were heavy sufferers in the time of Henry VIII, through the adoption of the reformed religion by England. Their revenues were confiscated, many suffered imprisonment, and

possibly others suffered from persecution; but to imagine scenes such as are represented in the picture is simply absurd, and the propagation of this version of English history is monstrous. At the same time the study of them suggests that when we next meet with pictures of Roman Catholic persecutions, careful inquiries may safely be made before accepting as literal truths scenes depicted in such coloured (in a double sense) representations. No doubt the Spaniards implicitly believe in these being faithful records of true events, for the examination of the pictures recalls to our mind that we have seen another series in a collection of pictures at Madrid, purporting to represent the history of the same persecutions. The cadaverous look about this collection would well accord with the ascetic minds of the penitential Carthusians, when pacing, in silent meditation, their dreary cloisters.

I may as well here refer to an annoyance we have felt since we have been in Spain from the postal arrangements, and the non-arrival of letters from home. English handwriting is, of course, a source of delay, and the absurdity of the official method of disposing of letters "*poste restante*" increases so largely the chances of miscarriage, that lucky, indeed, is he who gets a letter according to previously calculated time of delivery. After the letters "to be called for" are sorted in a Spanish post office, a list of them is made out, which is suspended outside the office, and applicants must look it through in order to obtain the letters expected. Should your friends have dubbed you "Esquire," you will probably find your letters entered in that "name." Senor Don, is the correct Spanish prefix, and the very plainest writing is necessary, or your letters will be consigned into most unlikely quarters for discovery when wanted. Unquestionably the best plan is to have all letters addressed to the hotels in the various cities where you expect to stay, and ample time should be allowed for their transit.

Among the minor discomforts attending a tour through

Spain is one with which old travellers are tolerably familiar—to wit, an irregular currency. The decimal system is now nearly general throughout the various countries in the heart of the Continent, and English people find it an easy mental process to estimate the relative value of various articles of commerce sold in those countries. In Spain, however, before plunging into commercial transactions, it is requisite to bring into use a process of rapid mental calculation. Thus, the basis of the price of all articles is the *real*, the value of which is about twopence halfpenny English. Articles are marked in the windows 15, 75, 125 reals, and so on, values which are not readily estimated in passing. This mental calculation is perhaps most needed when settling hotel bills. It is at all times a matter of congratulation when these necessary transactions are concluded; but in no country is the process more vexatious than in Spain; irrespective of the settlement over items in the account, which, by the way, require careful supervision, and occasionally call for firm determination to resist overcharges, an examination of the change is important. Spurious gold is extensively in circulation, and foreigners are particularly liable to be sufferers by it. The weight, size, and dies of Spanish gold coins are not likely to be well known to foreigners, and we find the bags of the money-changers, railway ticket offices, shops, and hotels all alike fruitful sources of spurious gold coin, though the officers in each are particularly careful not to accept gold hurriedly or without careful examination. There can be no doubt that, though the laws for issuing bad money are severe, it is a source of gain, and there is a general traffic in it throughout Spain. Convincing proofs of the elasticity of Spanish character in this respect, are the offers we have to purchase the spurious coin in our possession, for small sums of money, unquestionably with the object of reissuing it. These offers are accompanied by reminders that the possession of bad money is a punishable offence. There are few things which cause more irritation than, when tendering

money, to be informed that it is bad; not only is there the feeling of annoyance at the challenge, but there is the delightful fact that you are mulcted in costs. Silver is represented by *peseta* pieces, one *peseta* being equal to about eleven pence English, consequently in every handful of change one gets a few French francs, which, it is needless to say, have to be disposed of again at their proper value. In copper the exchange is again always in favour of the Spaniard. There are two issues of copper coins, in the first of which ten pence, or twenty halfpence, equal one *peseta*; in the other, which is the older issue, eight pence, or sixteen halfpence, equal the same sum. It is quite unnecessary to say that even when you have acquired a correct knowledge of the value of all the copper coins, the Spaniard is too good a financier even to have about him any coins but those by which he can gain a fractional advantage when giving change. A single curiosity of the coinage is worth mentioning, namely, the circulation of a *square* coin, value something near an English farthing: rough wear, however, has considerably broken into the lines of the original equilateral design.

When the time arrives for our departure from Granada, we find as usual that the unaccommodating railway arrangements necessitate our leaving by a train at one o'clock in the night; in fact, returning by a train at the same hour we arrived. This wretched system of arriving or departing by trains in the middle of the night may be reckoned as among the special discomforts of a tour through Spain.

We have just time to get a few hours' sleep, and then a hasty midnight meal, before we leave the hotel. Such railway arrangements make an uncomfortable commotion—meals for departing guests, and others for expected ones, are not pleasant events at such unseasonable hours; people in bed are disturbed, and every one about the establishment suffers from loss of temper. The landlord, however, must feel some kind of recompense in being able to charge for beds to two sets of travellers upon the same night.

The nights are very cold in Granada—probably the atmosphere is chilled by the breezes coming directly from the snowy Sierra Nevada; the air is also very dry and bracing. We feel the discomforts of travelling in the night air, as all our party are suffering from sore throats and hoarseness, which are rather prevalent complaints with visitors here. Genuine spanish juice is in demand; the use of this, with the aid of a little gargling with Cognac, removes symptoms which distance from home raises into importance. In returning, we proceed by way of Loja, and then over the dreaded roads, in the shaky diligence, to Bobadilla, where we catch the train on the main line from Malaga, in which we proceed to Seville by way of Cordova.



## LETTER XIV.



## The Giralda.

**W**HEN a schoolboy is taking early lessons in geography his eye travels diligently over the maps of the various countries of the world, tracing out the boundary lines of nations and seeking the names of great cities. He notes where high mountains, covered by perpetual snows, tower to the clouds, and he marks the course of famous rivers, which, commencing as trickling mountain streams, after flowing through the heart of rich countries, become great and important navigable rivers before they empty themselves into the sea. The tales of his boyhood have made him already familiar with the names of remarkable countries and of many famous places. Sunny Spain has been the scene of many a day-dream of his youth. If perchance in his early days he has not heard that Spain is the veritable Tarshish whither the wise and mighty Solomon sent his ships, or has yet to learn about the fierce wars of the ancient Romans, which repeatedly laid waste this delightful country, or is in ignorance of the history of that great race of Moors which has left such a lasting influence upon the people, and so many rich and interesting memorials in the land—matters of history, perhaps, which belong to the delights of advanced study—he has already heard of the deeds of prowess of the famous Cid, and the cities of Burgos and Valencia are already familiar to him; their names are treasured in his mind as cities associated with stories of



fascinating adventure. Tales of the Peninsular war, and a boyish admiration of the bravery of English soldiers, have created in his mind a sort of halo of glory round the names of many a famous battle-field. Vittoria, Fuentes de Onoro, and Salamanca are well-remembered names, though he has not for the present any idea in what part of the Peninsula these places may be found. There are so many tales acceptable to a youthful imagination in connection with Spain and its eventful history, that almost every city has some story associated with it, which has found favour in childhood. The pleasure of geographical study is greatly increased by meeting with, and recognizing, names of places which have already been impressed upon the memory by that most subtle and permanent influence, the relation of attractive tales of legendary romance. In like manner travellers find themselves drawn by the magnetic influence of previously-acquired associations towards many a famous city which has long since lost its power and greatness, and the present decaying ruins of which are attractive only from being shrouded in the memories of the past. No place in Spain has more attractions in connection with its history than has the ancient city of Seville, added to which there are collected within its walls every varied characteristic of the interesting people of Spain of the present day. The feudal noble is a fellow-citizen with the outlawed gipsy; the proud Castilian can be compared side by side with the gay Andalusian. The impoverished officer gambles at the same table with the desperate bandit. Quarrelling, duelling, drinking, dancing, and revelry, are the light amusements of Seville society, whilst more serious and important mental efforts are directed to affairs of love and politics. Seville is the chief city of Andalusia, and indeed of the whole of Southern Spain. It was once the capital of an important Moorish kingdom, and has for ages possessed a wealthy and a large population. Its palaces are beautiful, and have been the homes of kings and of great people. Its ancient piles of buildings are quaint

and abound in historical associations; the narrow streets and decaying monuments recall times and events of the Middle Ages. A sunny climate and balmy atmosphere remind one that it is the land of sweet oranges, whilst the sunburnt beggars bring to mind the celebrated pictures of Murillo; and we recollect that the great painter lived in this city, and that he selected his subjects from the picturesque idlers of these streets.

Seville is the place *par excellence* to witness the great national pastime of, the bull-fight. It is the city where religious ceremonies are more imposing than in any other city in Europe, excepting Rome. The street processions are most gorgeous, and the Church services are exceedingly impressive. Seville is the city of the world-renowned *Figaro*, and, indeed, of a hundred other things which make it attractive to the traveller.

It is a long ride from Granada to Seville. We leave the ancient Moorish capital at midnight, and it is late the following evening before we reach Seville. These long stages are very wearying, and I must confess that we do not feel any special enthusiasm when making our first *entrée* into the city. However great our expectation at starting, our one desire upon arrival is to get a comfortable rest. As we approach the city we can perceive from afar the famous tower of the Giralda, a bell-tower attached to the Cathedral, built long ago by the Moors. From a distance it is undoubtedly the special feature of Seville; it appears as if it were the only lofty erection in the city, so much does it tower above all other buildings. The Giralda is one of the most beautiful, perhaps *the* most beautiful, of the many celebrated bell-towers which belong to various great cathedrals throughout Europe. The celebrated Campaniles of Venice, Florence, and other cities in Italy, are noted for the beauty of their respective designs, and perhaps in elegance, altitude, and costliness may be deemed rivals of the famous one at Seville; but the antiquity and history of the Giralda give to it

far more importance in the eyes of a traveller, who looks upon it as the work of great minds of a former age, which the conceit of modern times, through lack of knowledge, has pronounced to be an age of semi-barbarism. In our day we use the term "Goth" as one of reproach, yet it surely ought not to be so, when the noble works in Spain so largely testify to the greatness of the ancient race. Again, the enlightened Moors are vulgarly believed to have been brutal barbarians. Yet the monuments they have left behind them bear testimony to the remarkable refinement of their tastes and habits of life. As far back as the year 1171 a great and intelligent Moorish King, Abu-Jusef Yacub, erected a magnificent mosque in Seville after the plan of the celebrated one at Cordova. This building occupied more than twenty years in its erection, and Abu-Jusef died before its completion. His son, however, completed the mosque, and erected this "Mueddin" tower (from which all devout Moslems were summoned to worship). It was completed in 1196, and was held in the greatest veneration by the Moors—indeed, so much so, that lest it should be defiled by falling into the hands of the Christians, they prepared to demolish it before the capitulation of the city at the time it was besieged by the Christian army, and were only prevented doing so by the threat of the invading general, who said, should it be destroyed, he would give up the city to the pillage of his soldiery.

The Mueddin or Muezzin who summons the devout Moslems to prayer had his official name given to him by the Arabs. One is always attached to each mosque, and his duty is to announce the different times of prayer. His chant consists of these words, repeated at intervals: "Allah is most great. I testify that there is no God but Allah. I testify that Mahomed is the apostle of Allah. Come to prayer. Come to security." Besides regular calls, two more are chanted during the night for those pious persons who wish to perform special nightly devotions. The first

continues after the usual chant in this manner: "There is no deity but Allah. He hath no companion; to him belongeth the dominion; to him belongeth praise. He giveth life and causeth death. And he is living, and shall never die. In his hand is blessing, and he is almighty," &c. The second of these night-calls takes place an hour before daybreak and begins as follows: "I extol the perfection of Allah the Existing for ever and ever," &c. The office of the Mueddin is generally intrusted to blind men only, lest they might, from their elevated position, have too free a view over the surrounding terraces and harems. It is said that in Mahomedan countries at the present day the harmonious and sonorous voices of the singers, together with the simplicity and solemnity of the melody, make a strikingly poetical impression upon the mind of the hearer in the daytime; much more, however, is this the case whenever the sacred chant resounds from the height of the mosque tower through the moonlit stillness of an eastern night.\*

The Moorish tower was originally only 250 feet high, but in 1568, after being attached to the Christian Cathedral, a rich belfry, 100 feet in height, was added; the whole is surmounted by an immense gilt female figure of "The Faith," which, although fourteen feet high, and weighing twenty-five hundred weight, is poised as a weather vane, and moves round with the slightest breeze. This figure, *El Girandillo*, gives the name to the tower (*que gira*, which *turns round*). The Moorish portion of the tower is decorated with sunk patterns, and an idea of its costliness may be gathered in the expenditure by the princely builders of £50,000 sterling for four immense brazen balls and their iron supports, which were to decorate the summit.† This world-famed tower is unquestionably the specialty of Seville—it is the most striking object from a distance, and frequent examination is productive of increased admiration. Upon festive occasions it is brilliantly illuminated, producing a most striking and wonderful effect.

\* Chambers. † Murray.

The patron saints of the Giralda are local worthies, who have earned the respect and veneration of the good people of Seville for a special and timely miracle. In the year of grace one thousand five hundred and four, the devil unloosed the winds of heaven to wreak vengeance upon this sacred edifice. The protection of the two patron saints effectually defied his Satanic Majesty, and the church was saved. Murillo and other Spanish artists have perpetuated the remembrance of this miracle in several great paintings and other works of art.

Once a year the people of Seville hold high festival; the same week is appointed for grand ecclesiastical processions. All the churches have large congregations the day through, who flock to witness special and imposing ceremonies. Holiday is observed throughout the city, great bull-fights are announced for several successive days; horse racing is indulged in with the fervour of Englishmen, and a great fair is held outside the city, which covers a certain enclosed area, like an encampment. Visitors are attracted from all parts of Spain, and the whole city is in a state of chronic excitement until the festival is over. Lodgings and travellers' conveniences, to say nothing of luxuries, are at a premium almost fabulous, beds and private apartments increasing from four to eight-fold in value. We arrive in Seville towards the end of the fair week, and are compelled to put up with the temporary inconvenience and annoyance arising from the over-crowding of the city by strangers. Fortunately earlier visitors having seen the fair have departed after two or three days' experience, so that we are enabled to secure some chambers at a branch establishment of the well-known and reputable Fonda de Paris. Upon the night of our arrival we proceed, weary and tired, to bed, but not to rest, for we soon discover a new source of trouble and annoyance. Mounting several flights of stairs we enter our chamber, and have our suspicions at once awakened by seeing those signs of prospective torments, mosquito curtains, enveloping each of the

bedsteads. With forebodings of an approaching unequal struggle with these pests of warm countries, we sternly and savagely examine the flimsy gauze which is to be our protection, but, as usual, the enemy is not to be caught napping, and not a single insect is visible. I have scarcely fallen asleep when I discover that at least one sly rascal has managed effectually to evade my careful arranging of the curtain. I recognize the familiar whiz, and know peaceful rest is at an end. I doze on, and feel myself at agreeable intervals under the operation of being punctured, and my enemy imbibing freely of my vital fluid. In the morning I find ten bloated beings, whose voracity has led them into fatal idleness; they are captured and duly "scrunched" with an avenging hand. On examination of my curtains the daylight discloses a number of small rents, which explain the presence of the ten night-fiends. It is certainly one of the most mysterious things in connection with the instinct of insects that mosquitoes should so diligently seek the small apertures in the protection curtain, through which they may enter to carry on their sanguinary work.



## LETTER XV.

*The Palace of the Alcazar.*

**A**MONG the many fine buildings and monuments of Seville there are two of especial interest—the noble Cathedral and the beautiful Palace of the Alcazar. I propose to attempt a description of the latter first, as our increasing love for the works of the ancient Moors causes us to examine this lovely building with increased feelings of admiration, and we feel still greater interest in the palace than we had in the fairylike halls of the Alhambra when first entering them. The Alcazar has quite as eventful a history belonging to it as the Alhambra. There have been cruel deeds of violence perpetrated within its walls, its marble pavement is stained with the blood of murdered guests, its lovely gardens have shaded beautiful women, and its present deserted halls bear record of the luxurious lives of its powerful possessors.

After the great King of Granada, Yusef I, finished building the lovely Palace of the Alhambra, a famous King of Castile, Don Pedro, surnamed the Cruel, borrowed the workmen and eminent artists who had been engaged in building and beautifying the new palace of King Yusef, to repair and redecorate the palace—then an ancient one—at Seville. Through the skill and talent of these able artists, and by the aid of King Pedro's lavish wealth, another Aladdin-like palace sprung into existence, which rivalled that at Granada. This same old Don Pedro, fitly surnamed the Cruel, was a perfidious

monster; he not only stained his name by cruel actions, and the floors of the Alcazar with blood, but his cruelties disgraced the nation; and to this day the beautiful palace is associated with his dreadful deeds, rather than with any other of the varied and changeful scenes of the five hundred years which have passed since the time of his wicked career.

One story about Don Pedro having a romantic interest for Spaniards and curious readers of history, has a special relation to England. It illustrates the troubles and dangers attaching to the possession of riches, and the powerful inducement wealth offers to avaricious minds, to commit crime.

In the Royal crown of England, preserved at the present moment in the Tower of London, is an immense ruby, described as being of the size of a pigeon's egg. This came into possession of England as a gift to Edward the Black Prince from this notorious Pedro the Cruel. It is a famous gem, and has been frequently spoken of in the history of England. For instance, it is the "fair ruby, great like a racket ball," which Queen Elizabeth showed to Mary of Scots' ambassador, Melville, and which he naïvely requested might be sent as a present to his Royal mistress. Now listen to the story of its coming into the possession of Don Pedro. Abu Said, who had usurped the throne of Granada, fled from the rightful King, Ismail III, to Seville, under promise of safe conduct from Pedro, who received, feasted, and then put to death his guest, in order to seize his treasure in jewels, under circumstances of inhospitable and mocking cruelty. Among these jewels were three great rubies; one of these, which Don Pedro calls the *Balaz* of the Red King, is the celebrated ruby now in the crown of England.\*

In one charming room, glittering with lovely ornament, is the mark upon the pavement of a knife handle, surrounded by a dark blood-stain. In this chamber Don Pedro caused his half-brother, Don Fadrique, to be murdered, from motives of jealousy, he suspecting him to be in

\* Murray.



love with his Queen, Blanche of Bourbon. The death of Don Fadrique, surnamed El Maestre de Santiago, did not satiate the cruel temper of Don Pedro; he followed up the deed by putting to death his Queen, Blanche, who was murdered at Chiclana, not far from Cadiz, in 1361.

Within the beautiful walls of the Alcazar, Don Pedro kept his mistress, or, rather, his morganic wife, the celebrated Maria Padilla, a woman who exercised unbounded influence over him, and whose gentle nature and real love were the only means of restraining his frightfully cruel passions. The luxurious baths of the beautiful Maria (formerly used by the sultanas) are still to be seen in the lovely gardens. At the present time they are walled in, though in Don Pedro's time they were surrounded by a grove of orange trees.

Another famous monarch who resided here has his memory preserved in the traditions of the palace. Charles V was married in the palace to Isabella of Portugal, causing at the time alterations to be made which are of a kind very rare in Seville—he had fire-places put up in several of the rooms, an arrangement now considered among the special curiosities of the palace. Afterwards Charles V resided here in morbid seclusion for two years, amusing himself with religious penances, and fishing in the ornamental waters of the gardens.

The beauty of the Alcazar is all concentrated in the superb patio—a very extensive one; around it, as usual in Moorish dwellings, are the rooms, the exquisite decorations being of the usual delicate and chaste character; the slender pillars and beautiful arches having the same light and elegant appearance as those of the Alhambra. This charming patio looks like the creation of one of those eastern magicians to which the stories of the Arabian Nights introduce us in such a fascinating manner. The Hall of Ambassadors—the chief chamber opening out of the patio—is a magnificent room gorgeously decorated with Moorish filigree ornament on the walls, and having doors inlaid with pearl and covered with

interesting geometrical carved ornament. It has a glorious ceiling of genuine Moorish work. Unfortunately in all parts of the building the pure Moorish ornament is spoiled by the introduction of fancy decoration by later Spanish sovereigns. Thus, Queen Isabel erected a chapel, which is in itself a very beautiful one, though incongruous with the Moorish design. Again, in the Hall of the Ambassadors, there are Spanish balconies erected, and upon the walls are a number of portraits. Unlike the Alhambra, the palace has two storeys, which give to the buildings surrounding the patio a more imposing appearance, and complete finish. The Alcazar has met with the customary fate of Moorish buildings: in 1813 the whole palace was barbarously white-washed; fortunately, in 1857, it fell into the hands of the Duc de Montpensier, a man of appreciative taste, who at once, at his own expense, caused the whole place to be cleaned, and the ornament and colour restored to its original beauty. This has been most creditably done, though it cannot be compared with the costly restoration of the Alhambra; however, enough has been done to reproduce so much of the character of the original palace as to show what an exquisite abode it formerly was. Another patio is not only attractive for its beautiful ornament, but has a pretty story connected with it. It is called the Patio de las Doncellas, and is so called from having been the court where the Moorish Kings caused to pass before them the virgins (always a hundred in number) forming the yearly tribute imposed on their vassals, till Alphonso, surnamed the Chaste, delivered them from their thralldom.

After having inspected the beautiful rooms of the palace we are conducted to the celebrated gardens. These are very extensive, and are filled with beautiful trees and pleasant fountains. The baths of Maria Padilla are more like vaults than an agreeable place for bathing, being arched over and walled in; certainly they have the advantage of coolness, but they have too chilly and damp an atmosphere to offer great

temptation to bathers. Orange trees are the greatest ornaments of the gardens; the walks are lined with hedgerows of orange bushes, and in different parts are clusters of large trees, beneath which the ground is perfectly white with fallen blossom. Some of the trees are very old; one is pointed out as having flourished from the time of Maria Padilla, and which still bears an abundance of fruit. Myrtle trees abound, and all kinds of beautiful flowers and rare trees grow here; the delicate maiden-hair fern grows in such wild profusion as to cover the walls of the ancient fountains, and we tread it under foot in passing along the shaded pathways. Fountains and summer-houses abound. One novel arrangement of fountains is curious, and a source of amusement. The paths are covered with ornamentally-laid bricks, which are perforated with a number of small holes. Water is forced by pressure through these holes, and there arise innumerable small jets sprinkling and cooling the walks of the garden in every direction. If the taps are turned on at a time when you are curiously surveying something in the middle of the grounds, the chances are that you will get a pretty fair sprinkling before you can find a corner to retire to. As may be supposed, the tempting opportunity thus offered for practical joking is not forgotten, and visitors are fortunate if they escape a wetting.

One of the large basins here has an anecdote attached to it in connection with Don Pedro. He was one day in great perplexity as to the choice of a judge who should decide a very important matter then in agitation, walking up and down near the water, he picked up an orange, and cut it in two, and throwing half away, threw the other half into the pond, the cut side downwards. The King then sent for one of the judges, and asked him what was on the water. He replied it was an orange. The King, vexed, dismissed him, and sent for another, and so on for several more, each giving the same answer. At last one, before answering, took the branch of a tree, and drew the orange towards him; taking it

out, he said it was "half an orange," upon which the King at once appointed him judge over the impending matter.\* Another special pond in the gardens is the one in which Philip V fished when living in retirement. It is worth mentioning that it was upon the occasion of the marriage of Philip V to Isabel of Portugal, at the Alcazar, that the Emperor granted freedom to his royal prisoner, Francis I of France, who, since the battle of Pavia, had been kept a prisoner at Madrid. Altogether, these gardens have a host of pleasant associations mixed up with their history; they offer the most tempting retreat from the sultry heat of the Seville sun, and as one wanders among its myrtle bushes, and beneath the fragrant orange trees, having on one side the ancient palace of a hundred stories, and on the other the celebrated Giralda, one falls into a reverie over the insignificance of man, and how transient are his greatest glories.


\* Pemberton.



## LETTER XVI.



## Seville.

VERY man has a weak point. There is a vulnerable place in the armour of self-complacency of all people. It is not a bodily infirmity; it is a weakness of nature, a tickling of vanity, or some other acute sensibility of mind or appetite. As the infant finds delight in the infallible straw, so the child of riper years is tickled with the Will-o'-the-Wisp fancies of his mind. These change with age and circumstances. Sometimes the sparkling bubbles of fancy, which are so fascinating to individuals, have such an infectious influence as to spread from mind to mind until the charm affects a whole community. Nations are subject to fits of mania, and adopt likes and dislikes; they seize upon and foster strange habits and peculiarities and most unaccountable prejudices. Like a man who believes his character and worldly position is staked in his necktie, his gloves, or his umbrella, so likewise a nation, through the admirable conceit of its fractional parts, jealously cultivates and tenaciously guards many amusing characteristics and peculiarities. Take an Irishman, for instance—see how he glories in his shilelagh, how he delights in its trim appearance, how he fondly grasps it. The cut of his coat, the length of fur on his hat, or the height of his collar, is nothing to him in comparison with his trusty companion. Talk about weaknesses, can anything exceed the delight of a true-born Irishman, when, with arm upraised, his feet vigorously beating out the steps of an Irish jig, and countenance beaming

with pleasure and excitement, he twirls his darling shilelagh on the tips of his fingers round and round again with marvellous rapidity, and in a style that at once expresses a mastery of the art, and bids defiance to the rest of the world.

Have you seen Punch and Judy in England, and thought it the most enjoyable nonsense that ever allured a fond mother in search of a darling child? Tut! You must go to Naples to see Punch. All Neapolitans believe in, patronise, indeed, almost worship Punchinello. The mimic god reveals to them their daily political intelligence, he enters with heartiness into the affairs of their everyday life, he quizzes them, he ridicules and praises them by turns, he provides them with mirth and news, they wince under his shafts of satire or are raised into the seventh heaven of worldly bliss by his praise; nothing penetrates to the heart of hearts of a Neapolitan readier than the words of the honoured Punchinello.

Allow me now to introduce to you the magician of Spain. Let me for a moment raise the curtain of national pride, and disclose the secret of its greatness. Know, then, that the destiny of every Spaniard is in the hands of his barber. Figaro is a national institution; the laws of his Court are autocratic, and their dictum absolute. The whole of society is delicately but firmly held between the forefinger and thumb of the irresistible Figaro. The length of the beard, the size of the moustache, the training of the tender imperial, and, above all, the exact size, shape, and growth of the whisker, are the problems of a studied science, a masterly knowledge of which raises Figaro above his fellow-men, and entitles him to the thanks of his appreciative patrons. Figaro takes firm hold of the affections of his customers, and he becomes the *confidante*, the adviser, the medium, and messenger of intrigue and love, and, in short, is an important personage in Spanish society.

Nor is the importance of Figaro a creation of to-day;

history has minutely recorded the fullest particulars of his art in past times. The great Velazquez, with becoming feelings of pride, has studiously portrayed the national boundary lines of the hairy regions of the face with the greatest nicety. The pages of history bear record that for hundreds of years, though the fickleness of fashion has, from time to time, changed the size and shape of the beard, the moustache, or the whisker, yet Spaniards have with marked pride diligently studied Figaro's art as being essential to their happiness and to their peace of mind. In these days Picador and Matador, with an all-powerful influence, lead the fashion; the exact "cut" is noted, and varying changes watched with lively interest by the embryo-whiskered population of the great cities. You may perhaps call to mind those pretty figures of Spaniards, in various national costumes, exhibited at the great Exhibitions of '51 and '62, which displayed such an accurate representation of the fashion of the day; in these the hairy ornaments of the face were defined to the greatest nicety, and they fully realized the *propria personæ* of a living Spaniard. Such figures are to be seen occasionally in the shops of the larger cities of Spain, which, by ready comparison with living models, are more highly to be esteemed as correct representation of dress and figure than even those exhibited in London. Should you meet with such figures again, or with photographs of Spaniards, pray do not fail to note the cut of the whisker of the present day, which is of a special peculiarity, and gives a marked national character to the face and features.

The Figaro of figaros, *the Barber of Seville*, whose happy creation has lent an additional charm to the ancient city, whose immortal memory has so vastly raised the importance of the craft, and whose name recalls so many pleasant associations, is traditionally reputed to have resided in an ancient house near to the fine old Cathedral. We, like other travellers whose imaginations have peopled the ancient city with the heroes of history and romance of bygone days, have mingled

in thought the creations of fiction with the eventful scenes of real history. We seek, therefore, *la tienda*, or shop of Figaro, with all the interest of devoted pilgrims. Alas! the gossiping shop of the immortal Seville barber, if it ever existed, exists no longer. Barbers and barbers' shops flourish in Seville, but that particular *tienda* of the world-renowned gossip, is a thing of the past, and the locality, indeed the very house, which the good Sevillians point out as the home of their celebrated fellow-citizen, offers but little satisfaction to the inquisitiveness of curious visitors. Busy hands ply other trades under its roof, and a passing glance suffices to convince one that the real shop of the honoured Figaro can now only be realized as a picture of the imagination.

Having thus paid tribute to the memory of genius, we arrange for visiting an institution which, in its matter-of-fact reality, its stirring scenes of activity and life, forms a marked contrast to the sentimentalism hanging about the quaint old houses of the ancient city. In the suburbs of Seville is an immense establishment belonging to the Government, in which are carried on the various processes of tobacco manufacture. The taxable elasticity of this favoured article of commerce and luxury, aided by the agreeable attractions attaching to a manufacturing monopoly, has induced the Spanish Government, as in the case of other Continental nations, to retain the whole trade of importing and manufacturing entirely in its own hands. The Spanish possessions in America, as is well known, produce the choicest and most fragrant plants, which, being shipped direct to Spain for the purposes of manufacture, enables the Government to export largely to other countries the finished articles made from superior raw material. The reputation of the favourite Havana plants creates an extensive foreign trade for the Seville manufactory, in addition to which the home consumption is enormous. All Spaniards are inveterate smokers, and the habit is incessant, from morning to night; the familiar cigarette forms the finishing ornament to a Spaniard's face. In the houses, in the churches,



in public and in private, the habit is indulged in. At dinner-time a Spaniard lights his cigarette to occupy the spare minutes between the courses. I have even seen a man light his cigarette to smoke while he re-fills his pipe, so precious are the moments for enjoying this terribly-fascinating luxury. Nor is the fashion confined to the male population. Pert young ladies, and others of uncertain age, may be seen enjoying the weed in the promenades and streets of the city, or lazily leaning over the railings of the upper-storey balconies. The theatres are exceptional harbours of refuge for non-smokers. There it is strictly forbidden during the performance, but the intervals between the acts—periods of tedious duration—are allowed for the smoking fraternity to retire, in order to recruit themselves sufficiently to tide over the restrictive periods of the evening. Other great cities of Spain have extensive tobacco manufactories, but this at Seville is by far the largest and most important. It is not a very difficult matter to obtain an order for admission, a silver passport as usual opens the doors to us, and enables us to witness and enjoy one of the most remarkable phases of Spanish life we have met with since we have been in the country. This great manufactory consists of four sides, each having several storeys, enclosing a large space, crossed and intersected with other workshops. To be accurate in my description, the quadrangle covered is 662 by 524 feet, and the intersecting buildings within form no less than twenty-eight patios or courtyards. This immense institution is surrounded by a moat—a contrivance to prevent any smuggling of the precious raw material. The outside of the building has an imposing, though by no means a beautiful, appearance. It looks like one of the great brick factories of England, though the absence of smoke has kept it cleanly in look, and has preserved to it a fresh and bright appearance which its century of years' existence would hardly lead us to expect. There are some delightful gardens surrounding it. Altogether the quiet and respectable look of the building and

neighbourhood is a strange contrast to the busy scene within the walls.

In this extensive establishment are employed five thousand women and girls. The sight of this multitude of workers, whose active hands and fingers are moving with wonderful celerity and skill, is not to be forgotten. Upon the second and third storeys are the great rooms, in which the cigar makers are at work. These extensive chambers are, indeed, nothing more or less than undivided galleries, running round the building. Under the guidance of one of the foremen we ascend into one of these rooms, upon entering which we pause a few moments, to realise the busy scene of life around us. From its great length, the room has an appearance of being narrow and confined, though it is not so. On each side of a centre avenue or pathway, which is kept clear for traffic, are large groups of girls, seated at tables, busily engaged in making cigars from material taken from boxes and other receptacles which surround them. These groups are as numerous as space will allow, filling the room from one end to the other. The rapid action of arms, hands, and fingers, which is universal and incessant, is to a stranger a most curious and interesting sight. No time is wasted; idle moments mean loss of wage; every one is working by the piece; and hard work it is to make up the tale of a satisfactory day's work. I have frequently seen the great workshops of Birmingham, Manchester, and Yorkshire filled with industrious communities of young girls and women, but I cannot remember seeing, upon any such occasion, a sight so impressive and striking as is presented in this long gallery teeming with earnest workers. We stop before one group to watch minutely the process of making cigars, and note how each girl is provided with her own stock of material, how she selects a fair-shaped leaf, which she rapidly cuts into two with a small knife; taking the one-half, she dexterously envelops within it a quantity of loose fragments of tobacco leaf, and fashions the cigar into

shape whilst she is wrapping the leaf around it. This done, the other half of the original leaf is neatly folded round, and gummed down upon the now tidily-fashioned cigar, which is completed with the exception of a little trimming of the ends with the knife, the scraps being collected for the inside of the next one. When fifty are finished they are tied up into a bundle, such as are to be seen in any cigar shop. A girl must make 400 to 500 cigars in a day to earn a moderate wage, and to give satisfaction to the foreman. The quantity of cigars made in the establishment averages two million pounds a year. An idea may be formed of the requisite application and industry of the workers from the rate of wages. For the making of each bundle they are paid six quartos, a sum rather less than twopence English, so that by diligence and unceasing activity for a whole day they may possibly make 500 cigars, thus earning one shilling and eightpence. The strain and anxiety of mind entailed by the perpetual reminder that "time flies" has a visible impress upon the features of many a careworn face; toil and trouble go hand in hand, but the aching feeling of heart aroused by the knowledge of the stern fact that lost time is lost wage, and therefore lost food and comfort, must be cruel torture to the many poor creatures who are dependent upon these scanty earnings for their daily bread. The principle of piece work of course is not peculiar to Seville or to Spain; all manufacturing processes are more or less controlled by its adoption, which, unquestionably, is a sound one; the conditions, however, in respect to the labour employed differ according to circumstances; therefore, while admitting the soundness of the principle, I can only lament over and feel sympathy for poor women who are compelled to labour in this irksome manner as the alternative of other and greater troubles.

A careful inspection of the room and the people exposes the needy condition of the *employées*—their trouble and daily care follow them from their homes into the workshop. In all directions are cradles containing wee babies, and numbers of infants under three years of age are sprawling upon the floor

or nestling in the folds of their mothers' dresses. It is, indeed, a pitiful sight—the little infants crying from their cradles, unheeded, because the harsh implacability of time urges on the active fingers of the anxious mother, who is, perhaps, providing food for other children who remain at home unnursed and uncared for, or who, happy in their ignorance, bask in the genial rays of the summer sun. How pitiable the sight to see little children cooped up in these close and dreary workshops, without any childish delights, any pleasant games, any healthy pleasure! Their mothers watch them, and doubtless dream of, and wish for, pleasanter and more genial scenes for their loved ones. Can it be wondered at that mothers readily part with their new-born infants into the open arms of the foundling hospitals? Such things cause reflection; and who will help sighing that poor humanity should be so troubled?

The moral condition of the sunny land of Andalusia is not of a high standard; therefore, we must expect to hear that morals amongst the lower classes of Seville are of a very loose character. The girls of the tobacco manufactory bear a significant reputation, and are almost considered a class by themselves. All Seville girls have glossy black hair and sparkling eyes, and though, to our English tastes, they could not be called pretty or beautiful, they are exceedingly handsome. Many such girls are to be found in the ranks of the tobacco workers. With all the obvious miseries that hang about them, their unabashed assurance does not fail to create timely amusement at our expense. During our walk through the shops, familiar jests—which, unhappily, through our ignorance of the language, are lost upon us—bland smiles, and mischievous glances greet us in all directions. Unequivocal applications for gratuities are general, and one bevy of girls, engaged in carrying away the finished bundles of cigars, concert a very neat practical joke, which causes considerable merriment. My light and somewhat curly hair is apparently a curiosity amongst the raven locks of Sevillians, and an

attempt is made to cut off a *souvenir*, probably as a trophy of skill to be hung up in the shop; however, the snip of the scissors saves the curls, but the merry laugh is at my expense. Amongst the women were many unmistakeable gipsies, who display a marked contrast in feature and character to the others. A sullen manner, offensive staring looks, and a repulsively-dirty condition, are characteristics which we already well know and shrink from. A great number of children of tender years are at work, who seem to act rather as assistants to more advanced hands than as piece workers themselves. One cannot help noticing, too, the youthful appearance of many mothers, whose children, of but a few weeks old, are beside them, and whose appearance betokens how needy must be their condition to so speedily return to work.

Quick as are the fingers of the cigar makers, the folders of the little paper cigarettes move faster still. I must confess I look upon cigarette-making as a mysterious art. Being a non-smoker, I have never seriously studied the business; true, I have frequently tried to make one of these insignificant articles, but to my discredit I have invariably failed. My admiration is complete when witnessing the mechanical precision, the skill, and quickness of these cigarette workers. We stand watching one old gipsy-looking woman and two children so long that she very properly feels she has a claim upon us for the instruction we have received; therefore, as in previous cases, we have to pay a few halfpence for the lessons. Other girls are busily engaged in weighing and wrapping up small packets of tobacco, and on the ground floor is a large department for making snuff. All these productions entail a large staff of carpenters making cases, packers preparing consignments for shipping or home trade, porters, wagons, wagoners, and teams of horses; the yards are filled with piles of heavy packages ready for despatching; and, with foremen, clerks, and officials, it is as busy a place of business as can be found anywhere in Europe.

Within a bowshot of the tobacco manufactory stands the celebrated Palace of San Telmo, the residence of the Duc de Montpensier. The palace was originally a college, founded by a son of the great Columbus for naval students in 1682. Recently the college has been removed to Cadiz, and in 1849 the ancient building of San Telmo was presented to the Duc de Montpensier (a son of Louis Philippe of France), who married a sister of Queen Isabella. The Duke has recently obtained an unenviable reputation for killing a near relative in a duel, which compelled him to leave the kingdom for a time. He is a handsome man, and very like his brother, the Duc d'Aumale. There is a strong party in the country attached to his interests, and it is believed he has certain ambitious views in respect to the crown itself. The Palace of San Telmo, a very magnificent one, is furnished in a most princely manner, and contains many works of art of historical value and interest.

The chief piece of ornamentation on the outside of the palace is the sculptured doorway, which is very handsome, but is a strange mixture of ornament and design. Within the palace a visitor finds much to interest him. There are many magnificent paintings, which formed the chief portion of the collection of the late King Louis Philippe. Amongst them are good portraits of many members of the Bourbon family, and many excellent paintings by modern artists. Altogether the palace is one of great interest, containing as it does a collection of modern works of art, which possess already a great historical value, though their freshness has not yet left them.

I cannot finish a description of this portion of the city without referring to a small spot of thrilling interest situated just outside the walls. Here still exists the remains of a small stone square platform, which marks the spot where the victims of the Holy Inquisition were burned. After the Council had condemned, and the chief Inquisitor had passed sentence upon the enemies of the Church, they were handed over to the civil power for execution. Strong guards

escorted them to the Quemadero, or burning-place, where the last act of the religious tragedy was performed. This burning-place of Seville has obtained a notorious reputation, hundreds of noted victims having expiated here their offences against the Church. A single paragraph from one historian gives an idea of the horrors inflicted upon the country by this cursed institution. The passage runs as follows: "According to the best authorities, from 1481 to 1808, the Holy Tribunal of Spain burnt 34,612 persons alive, 18,048 in effigy, and imprisoned 288,109, the goods and chattels of every one of them being first duly confiscated." A curious record in *Townsend's Historical Papers* states that in 1781 a *beata*, or female saint, was burnt upon the Quemadero of Seville, adding that she was very bewitching, and had a successful monomania for seducing clergymen.

If any one wishes to see a city thoroughly, and to understand the character of its inhabitants, he must turn out of the great thoroughfares and highways, and seek the abodes of the poor and the homes of the people who haunt the narrow lanes and hiding places which are to be found in all great cities. This is especially true of Seville. Not only are interesting studies to be made of the life and manners of the people, but many of the crumbling monuments of antiquity are to be found in the recesses of low and densely populated localities. We obtain a curious insight into the unobtrusive life of the poorer classes of Seville, rather by accident than design. One morning we start upon a journey of discovery, having the intention of finding out and visiting the famous studio of Murillo. The house is situated in a remote part of the city, and before we discover it we have spent a good portion of the day in the poorer quarters of Seville. We first discover the corn market, an institution which we examine with great interest. It is very quaint, like a large vault, where petty farmers are congregated with a few bags of grain, the whole having a decided "archæological" aspect. The stock in the market would not have supplied a good retail shop in

England. I suppose the people eat fruit and vegetables, and send the grain to England, in exchange for hardware. In an adjoining street we find the noted retreat of the washer-women, El Corral del Conde. In a large square or yard, surrounded with houses, having rows of balconies reached by steps from the outside, are congregated a whole colony of washer-women. Numbers are at work around an ancient fountain in the centre of the yard, rubbing with energy the linen against small fluted boards; linen floats in the breeze from one end to the other, and from side to side, and every inch of railing in the balconies is covered with it. What with these clothes, and the picturesque costumes of the women, the patio presents a most novel appearance. We find Murillo's house, and see the sunny studio where the ancient master produced his great works, and where he so pleasantly passed his honoured life. The mansion now belongs to a gentleman who affects a taste for the fine arts, and has covered the walls with second-rate pictures. One or two indifferent ones are pointed out as genuine "Murillos," though visitors with critical inclinations may hesitate to believe in them. There are many little *souvenirs* of the great painter, which probably are genuine, but the chief charm about the place is its pleasant situation, and the agreeable prospect from the windows over the city walls to the country beyond. From here we thread our way through a number of narrow streets on our way to the well-known Casa de Pilatus. This remarkable palace was built by an ancient Spanish nobleman to commemorate his having performed a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 1519. The house is said to have been constructed like the house of Pontius Pilate in Jerusalem. It was once a magnificent palace; it is now completely enveloped in the cursed whitewash of which Spain is so proud. The pretty patio is fit for the Alcazar, so elegant are its proportions, and so beautiful its decorations. Some ancient marble statues still adorn it, though they are much injured.

Within, the damage has not been so great. The noble



staircase, and elegant suite of state rooms, are gorgeously decorated in a peculiar style of Gothic ornament, closely resembling the Moorish or Saracenic style of art. The Moorish glazed tiles, with raised ornament (which has been successfully copied by English potters), decorate the walls, the fine old staircase being lined with them throughout. The unappreciative taste and apathy of the present owner allows white-wash still to cover the lovely ornament of the patio, therefore only its general character can be seen, but there is sufficient to show what a lovely palace still exists beneath the white-wash which might easily be removed, and the place restored to its pristine beauty.



## LETTER XVII.

*Religion in Spain.*

**D**URING an evening stroll through the streets of Seville we are attracted by the deep, clear sound of a church bell, the vigorous ringing of which is collecting from the narrow streets of a poor and thickly-populated neighbourhood troops of young people, for the most part girls, to a late religious service. So unusual a circumstance for the hour induces us to delay our prospective evening walk, and to join the throng entering the church. Moreover, we are influenced by a desire to witness the special ceremonies of a service evidently designed for the young. Pushing on one side the heavy, leather-lined curtain which, as customary in cathedrals and churches of the Continent, is suspended in the doorway, we follow the assembling stream into the interior of the church. It is one of those old and decaying buildings common enough in the cities of Spain—a type of the costly Christian temples erected centuries ago at a vast expense, which still preserve in their venerable age all the massive grandeur of the days of their foundation, though the elaborate tracery of the rich ornament upon them is crumbling into dust, under the destroying hand of time—a place which, if carefully examined, provides endless stores of wonders for the antiquarian, and abundant objects of interest to the curious traveller. The service has already commenced, and we noiselessly approach the altar, around which the youthful congregation are kneeling. The ancient church is of noble proportions, and has a number of gorgeously-adorned chapels arranged along the walls of the

outside aisles. The service, which our curiosity has prompted us to witness, is being performed within one of these small chapels, and the assembly are gathered around it, and spread far into the aisle behind. Upon the altar a number of large candles are burning, the bright light of which falls in the most charming manner upon the raised faces around. These altar candles being the only lights within the sacred edifice, the lofty columns supporting the roof, and the receding aisles are lost in gloomy shadows and ghostly darkness. Whilst we stand full of admiration of the remarkable picture before us, we hear the swelling sound of flute-like notes from an organ, which is placed somewhere far up in the regions of the clerestory or roof, sending forth its harmony like a sweet challenge to the congregation of children below. The tune is clear, and, in the stillness which pervades, is wonderfully effective. The notes travel around the towering pillars and through the dark aisles, the reverberating echoes returning again and again the lovely air. Presently the voices of the children softly join in, and they sing an evening hymn. The words, of course, we cannot understand, but the sweet voices are singularly impressive, and long after the last notes have died away the melodious strain seems ringing in our ears. Whilst they sing, the eyes of all are turned towards the altar, where a company of priests, gorgeously attired, are performing a religious ceremony, which is unintelligible to us. By-and-by some boys dressed in white robes, each bearing a basket filled with flowers, approach the altar, and at intervals scatter a portion of the contents over the floor, which soon becomes deeply strewn with fragrant blossoms. The hymn finished, the priests engage in some further devotional ceremony before the altar, which, not being understood by us, is consequently uninteresting, and we embrace a favourable opportunity to retire. We are deeply impressed with the powerful effect this service has upon the youthful congregation; without any aids of reason or eloquent words of prayer, the senses

of this large assembly are completely enthralled by the fascinations of the dramatic acts of ceremony and the sublime influence of the music. Such is the Roman Catholic religion (of course, I mean in Spain). It appeals to the feelings and to the senses, and disregards the higher attributes of man, reason and intelligent conviction. The feelings of fear and veneration attach themselves alike to the dead image of the SAVIOUR which, all ghastly, lies upon the altar; to the figure of the Virgin Mary, whose image and memory is adored by Spaniards; to the sacred precincts of the altar, with all its consecrated accessories; and to the living representatives of the stern power and assumed majesty of the Church—the priesthood.

The sovereigns of Spain, even to the latest representative of the Bourbon dynasty, have always been firm allies of the Holy See, and powerful auxiliaries in strengthening the temporal influence of the Church and the priesthood. For centuries the nation has vied with Rome itself in the wealth and power of its religious institutions. The observance of traditional rites and exaggerated symbolism has found strange favour with the Spanish character, and even Rome cannot boast of greater pomp and magnificence in its religious services, festivals, and observances. Ancient Seville has boasted with vain pride over the part it has taken in carrying out the inflexible laws and stern acts of the Inquisition. History treasures the recollection of the magnificence of its ecclesiastical courts and the imposing gorgeousness of its state councils. Rank, power, wealth, and intellect have all combined in united efforts to impress the world with the importance of that highly-esteemed and dreaded institution. At length the enlightened minds of men no longer tolerated its vastly-abused power; but after it had been swept away, the Church still clung tenaciously to outward show of power and importance—indeed, these imposing demonstrations have been material aids to the priesthood in maintaining their ascendancy over the thoughts and feelings of the people. The

religious ceremonies of Seville are famous throughout the world. Spaniards travel from extreme parts of the kingdom to witness celebrations upon the anniversary of great festivals. Not only are the services made occasions for displaying costly finery, and imposing ceremonials within the churches, but great ecclesiastical processions parade the streets of the city, displaying the precious treasures of the reliquary, bearing aloft the crucified image of CHRIST, and carrying life-sized figures of saints. Flags and consecrated banners gaily decorate the throng, and the richest costumes envelop the eminent ecclesiastics who take a place in the company.

The processions of "Corpus Christi" are among the important anniversary events. Easter is also a favoured period for great and gorgeous celebrations of fast, and festival, with the Roman Catholic Church. In Seville especial importance is attached to the events of the Passion Week. Upon these occasions imposing processions are organized, and the whole of the ecclesiastical officials of the city, decked in the showy, ornamental dresses belonging to the cathedral chapter, or collected from the sacristies of the many churches of the city, parade the chief thoroughfares and streets, which are filled with multitudes of people anxious to see and pay reverence to the relics, the images, and the Church dignitaries which are to pass before them. In Seville, as in most other cities in Spain, there are certain venerated spots, known as "stations." At each of these, the Procession of the Passion halts, and appropriate prayers are said. The first station, or starting-place, in Seville, is in the patio of that beautiful but decaying, whitewashed palace, the Casa del Pilatos. In the centre of the patio is a cross. Others occur at intervals, and the last one without the city is the Calvary, or Golgotha, upon which are erected memorial crucifixion effigies. The simple-minded stranger will be greatly impressed when witnessing a religious procession for the first time; every member and each dress has special attractions, and the richness, novelty, and variety are bewildering. The dress of the miserable Capuchin

Friars may probably first attract attention. As they march in the van of the procession, sympathy will be excited by their weary and careworn countenances; with feet bare, and scanty raiment encircled by a piece of rope, a symbol of penance and suffering, they dreamily pass along, holding lighted candles, symbols of the divine rays of light shed from the Gospel of CHRIST. Next pass a group of Dominicans, whose plump countenances bear a curious contrast to the wretched Capuchins, and we wonder how such conditions arise. Again another group approaches, and we recognize the richer costumes of the Jesuits. We notice something peculiar in their looks. Is it haughtiness and pride? Perhaps we are only led to think so from the humble deportment of their *confrères*, the poor Capuchins. Then comes the bishop, borne in a kind of open palanquin on the shoulders of gaily-dressed attendants. The venerable old man sits motionless, and holds in his hands the consecrated pix, which is covered with jewels, having no less than thirteen hundred diamonds in it, and two pearls each of the size of a small nut; in this precious depository is treasured the Sacred Host. As this group approaches the vast crowds kneel down, and a significant silence denotes the feelings of veneration inspired by the presence of the honoured bishop and of the precious burden he carries.

I remember once seeing the Pope thus carried through a dense multitude to the great Cathedral of St. Peter, at Rome. When the Father of the Church approached, the sea of people, as if by magic, humbly bowed their knees and paid reverential homage to their holy "Papa." Important communities met in that procession to do honour to the occasion. Mendicant friars, representatives of wealthy religious orders and powerful colleges, cardinals richly attired in the scarlet robes of office, embassies from foreign Catholic Courts, and regiments of soldiers composed entirely of nobles; many others assisting to swell the grandeur and importance of the festival. We entered with the exalted company into the great cathedral,

and listened for the first time to those wonderful choruses in which silver trumpets and stringed instruments mingled with almost heavenly voices, the recollection of which no time can efface. And then we witnessed that sight of sights, the Pope blessing the congregation. It was as if the rod of a magician had been suddenly swayed over the vast assembly: a bell tinkled, and in an instant all were kneeling, and a profound silence reigned throughout that immense building. We bowed our heads reverently, and received, with the great congregation around us, the kindly blessing of an old man. The almost oppressive silence lasted but for an instant; then arose the usual hum of many voices finding vent at the conclusion of a great ceremony. Such is a scene from one of the notable festivals of the Roman Church.

The good Sevillians are proud, and reasonably so, of possessing one of the noblest cathedrals of Roman Catholic Christendom. There are to be found admirers who affirm it to be the most beautiful cathedral in Europe. It does not possess all the majesty and size of St. Peter's at Rome, but it is far more elegant in its proportions. For many reasons I prefer those of Rouen, Burgos, and other cities which have claims for particular beauties, though, as a whole, they are certainly eclipsed by the noble building at Seville. Seville Cathedral should be examined and admired without the aid of comparisons. The beauty of those superb columns in the interior, and the elegant flying buttresses which surround its outside—which from a distance look like protecting arms stretched over the city—the famous Giralda and the charming patio, with the lingering remains of Moorish erections surrounding it, are all points of beauty and excellence which provoke admiration, and the more frequent the visits the higher will be the estimation of its varied attractions. Seville was once the capital of an ancient Moorish kingdom, and the present cathedral was built upon the site of the former mosque, which, in fact, was demolished in order that the chapter might, to use their own words, “construct a church

such and so good that it never should have its equal." One may therefore expect to find in the existing Moorish buildings, which are in proximity to the cathedral, and which formed a portion of the sacred enclosure of the Moslem temple, traces of that decoration for which the artists and workmen of the banished race were renowned. Nor will the visitor be disappointed in this respect; for although the cathedral is erected upon the quadrilateral oblong site formerly occupied by the mosque, there still exists the pretty orange patio, the Moslem's "Court of the House of the LORD," surrounded with original Moorish buildings. The entrance into the patio is through a beautiful gate—the *Puerta del Perdon*. The elegant horse-shoe arch, the magnificent bronze doors, and the diaper-traceried decorations are in the most charming style of Moresque ornament. In the year fifteen hundred and something, the march of improvement overtook this exquisite piece of work, and sculptured groups of figures, illustrative of scenes from the New Testament, were inserted in the original ornament. The combination is not so displeasing, though from an artistic point of view it is objectionable to spoil original ornament by improvements. The insertion of groups into this decoration is particularly incongruous, inasmuch as the Moslems never represent in their ornament the form of any living thing. In the patio there still stands a stone pulpit, from which powerful orators have instigated, in the name of the Church, the dreadful *autos-da-fé*; and in the centre is the original fountain at which the devout Moslems washed themselves.

We now enter the cathedral, and silently walk through its lofty aisles. Massive columns rise in every direction supporting the roof; aisle after aisle is formed by them, and their number, size, and height produce an architectural effect of the most imposing grandeur. In the centre is a large enclosure containing the high altar and *coro* (or choir), the ornaments, carvings, and decorations of which are well fitted to adorn this superb edifice.



As I have been referring to the ceremonies of the Church, I may as well relate some of the peculiar arrangements within the cathedral in connection with the famous fast and festival celebrations. At the entrance to the choir is placed during Easter week, an exquisite bronze candlestick, twenty-five feet high, and when the Miserere is sung it is lighted with thirteen candles. Twelve are put out one after another, indicating that the apostles deserted CHRIST; one alone, of white wax, remains burning, a symbol of the Virgin, true to the last. At Easter, too, the "Cirio pasqual," or "Fount candle," which is equal to a large marble pillar twenty-four feet high, and weighing seven or eight hundredweight of wax, is placed to the left of the high altar. It is said that, in more prosperous times of the Church, the candles used were even eight or ten times larger than this.

At the west end of the centre aisle lies buried a great man, the son of a greater father. Here lies interred the body of Fernando, son of Columbus. On a slab are inscribed quaint figures of ships, and a short sentence which speaks volumes. It runs thus: "To Castile and Leon Colon (Columbus) gave a new world." The younger Columbus founded a Naval College, and was, in fact, a great man, though his eminence is eclipsed by that of his father.

In the transept is painted, in fresco, a colossal figure of St. Christopher, thirty-two feet high. (San Cristobal was a Saracen ferryman.) He is painted, at the entrance of most Spanish cathedrals, of colossal size, that all may see him, because all who look upon him cannot come, on that day, to an evil death. Such is one of the innumerable legends fostered within the pale of the church in Spain. We did not see the precious contents of the reliquary—treasures which the jealous catholics of Spain are very chary of showing to heretics. The collection at Seville is a valuable and interesting one. To mention a few items—there are pieces of the true cross, a single thorn from the crown of thorns, the Virgin's shift, arm bones, legs, fingers, &c., of saints, all handsomely mounted in

silver or gold. To the secular student there are other curiosities which possess peculiar interest. Here are the identical keys presented to Ferdinand when Seville surrendered. The one given by the Jews is of iron gilt, and letters on the ward convey the legend, "The King of Kings will open—the King of all the earth will enter." The other is of silver gilt, and was given by Axataf, and has inscribed in Arabic upon it, "May Allah render eternal the dominion of Islam in this city." Amongst the relics is a golden cross, made from gold brought by Columbus from the New World, and presented by him to the cathedral.

The most extraordinary of all the gorgeous and dramatic scenes represented from time to time within the cathedral, is one in connection with the annual Feast of the Conception. This ceremony is one of peculiar interest to strangers, for probably there is nothing resembling it to be seen anywhere else throughout Europe. Premising that an account will be interesting, I insert a short description of it, though we were not fortunate enough to witness it. The festival is one at which all the clergy of the city are present, the Lord Cardinal Archbishop officiating. In the course of the service, a sudden pause is made, and in a moment there appears from behind the altar a number of gaily dressed youths, from twelve to fifteen years of age, who presently are to dance and sing. These youths are accompanied by musicians, who appear upon the scene at the same moment. Upon the entrance of this company the priests crowd together right and left, so as to leave an open space between. In front of the altar kneel the congregation. Upon a signal being given, the boys rise and begin to dance, at the same time accompanying the light dance-like music with their voices. These boys (usually ten in number) are dressed as pages of the time of Phillip III (1620); they wear blue and white silk jackets and breeches slashed, white stockings and white shoes, white hat and feathers. Like all true Andalusians they accompany their lively performance with the merry castanet.

During the performance the Cardinal Archbishop and officiating priests stand near the altar, and when it is over the Cardinal blesses the congregation, raising his scarlet-gloved hand to give them his benediction. This over, a curtain is drawn before the pix and sacred "Host," and the ceremony is concluded.

One morning we attend an early service in the cathedral, for the purpose of hearing the celebrated organ, which is said to be the finest in the world. The congregation attending is a very devout one. One cannot but be impressed by the wonderful awe inspired by the mysterious ceremonies performed. People of all classes are assembled, and silently kneel in all parts of the vast building, some are so far from the officiating priests that they hear the murmuring sounds of the intoning voices but like echoes. Unlike the congregations in Italian churches, who irreverently stare about them, and are not at all particular about rising up in the midst of their devotions to point out to a stranger the "lions" of the place, the Spaniards by their looks resent even the creaking footsteps of impatient visitors, who wander about the aisles to the distraction of the thoughts of devout worshippers. Whatever may be the convictions of the mind, the religious feeling amongst the Spaniards, who attend the church services, is earnest and intense. There is a great deal of ceremony in the service; subordinate priests are passing to and fro along the coro, carrying vessels and ornaments, bowing, kneeling, and engaged in other matters, which, to our uninitiated minds, are mysterious and incomprehensible. It certainly puzzles me to know how such extreme symbolism can be understood by the poor and ignorant people we see gathered around us.

However, the strains of that beautiful organ amply compensate for the trial of patience we have to endure in witnessing so many inexplicable formularies. The deep and rich notes travel along the vaulted roof and produce most thrilling music. A peculiarity of the organ is in having a number of trumpet-shaped pipes placed horizontally, like

fans, which produce those full notes, which, reverberating through the vast interior, linger in a wonderful manner before dying imperceptibly away. The service over, we wander through the aisles, and examine the costly contents of the numerous chapels, which, as usual, line the walls of the building. The celebrated pictures which adorn this magnificent edifice are badly lighted, which prevent their being appreciated as they should be. As it would be like reading an index or catalogue to enumerate them, a cursory reference to them must suffice. One that created a great sensation when first exhibited, is the "Descent from the Cross," by Campana. This picture has had strange vicissitudes, and many romantic stories are entwined in its history. Not only did the populace look upon it with fear and trembling, so vividly was the scene depicted, but even Murillo spent hours upon hours gazing at it, watching, as he said, "until those holy men should have finished taking down the SAVIOUR." At his own request, Murillo was buried before it, in the Chapel of Santa Cruz. When the French General, Soult, with barbaric fury, pulled down this church, the remains of the great painter were cast away, and the noble picture was torn into pieces. Subsequently the diligent labour of another artist restored it, without seriously impairing its beauty.

The celebrated "San Antonia" and "Guardian Angel," by Murillo, also adorn the walls of this cathedral. There are, besides these, a large number of other works of the great master, and *chefs d'œuvres* of nearly all the great Spanish painters. A curious feature in connection with Crucifixion pictures may be noted. Spanish artists paint three nails, Italian and other schools four; also, while others place the wound on the left side, Spaniards put it on the right. The body of King Ferdinand III (1252), the conqueror of Seville (afterwards canonized, and the tutelar Saint Fernando of the Sevillians), is preserved in a massive glazed silver coffin, which is placed above the altar in the "Capilla Real." Three

times in the year the body is publicly exposed, upon which occasions a most striking military mass is celebrated. Soldiers march in, and the colours are lowered to the conqueror of Seville. The banner of Spain and sword of St. Ferdinand are also in this chapel. The latter is deemed a valued relic, and it has been customary to take it out upon all grand war expeditions. Once a year (the Saint's Day) it is exhibited, and a sermon "El de la Espada" is preached, in which its virtues are expounded. In this chapel rest the remains of the celebrated Pedro the Cruel, side by side with the gentle and beautiful Maria Padilla, of Alcazar memory.

It is not possible to give the faintest idea of all the interesting and beautiful things to be seen here. The cathedral may well rank among the foremost of Christian churches; not only is it architecturally beautiful, but its costly decoration, its carvings, its pictures, its painted windows, its relics, its monuments, its valued treasures of gold, silver, and vestments, would occupy months of study, and take volumes to describe. Before leaving the cathedral we ascend the famous Giralda Tower, and enjoy a prospect of the ancient city and the vast expanse of country surrounding it. The ascent is by a series of inclined planes, as in the Campanile at Venice. From the top the view is magnificent. Immediately below us is the pretty orange patio of the cathedral, annexing, by its boundary walls, the noble Christian Temple to the remaining portion of the ancient Mosque of the Moors. On the other side is the lovely Palace of the Alcazar, with its beautiful and singular gardens. Prominent, too, is a building used partly as an exchange and partly as a museum, in which are deposited some priceless treasures; here are preserved over 30,000 MSS., and documents relating to Spanish South America, which have never been thoroughly examined. (We have already visited the treasury and admired the neat order in which everything is kept, though we cannot help feeling that the same fate may befall these rare MSS. as that of many others which have lain hidden in the musty libraries of the

monasteries and convents of Spain, stowed away uncared for and unexamined; some accident, such as a fire, eventually destroying them entirely.) Close below us is the chapter Library, founded by Fernando, son of Columbus. It was originally amply endowed, but the trust has been squandered, and not only has the library ceased to derive the benefit of the endowment, but its present collection of 18,000 volumes is not valued as it should be. Amongst the books preserved here are many MSS. in the writings of the great Columbus; amongst others the diary and notes of his great and eventful journey, and some curious papers drawn up by him, when in prison, to satisfy the Inquisition and prove that his discovery of the New World was predicted in the Scriptures.

A little further away upon the banks of the Guadalquivir is the famous Plaza de Toros, the chief centre of Spanish bull-fighting. A few days before our arrival a grand Fiesta de Toros had taken place, extending over several days, during which time some exciting scenes had been witnessed. It was reported to us that one man was killed outright, and another hopelessly wounded. So much for the favourite pastime of Spain. The bull-ring, as seen from the Giralda, looks more ancient and quaint than others we have seen. On the side nearest to us is a large opening, caused by a fierce hurricane in 1805, which the energy of the citizens has not been equal, up to the present time, to repair. Beyond this again lies the glistening river, covered with busy craft, and in the far distance are the historical mountains of Ronda. It is a glorious view, and so full of associations of memorable events that, weighing the difficulties of travelling in such a troubled land against the attractions it offers, we cannot but feel that this one view alone embraces sufficient to compensate for all the toil we have experienced.

I cannot leave the subject of the religion of Spain without referring to the footing Protestantism has gained in the country. The Bible in the Spanish language is now largely circulated, and in Madrid, Seville, and Granada there are

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resident Protestant chaplains. Service is conducted regularly in Madrid, at the British Legation, and at Seville at the residence of the Consul. In Granada, we were told, the Protestant minister is in continual danger of personal injury, if not of losing his life. The lower classes of the inhabitants of Granada are not likely to be nice over the manner of expressing their likes and dislikes, and they have a great hatred of Protestants. However, there is a band of devoted disciples attached to the chaplain, who accompany him when needful to protect him. It is said that the Protestants of Granada number as many as three or four thousand, and that they wear a badge in the shape of a small gold star beneath their coats. In other Spanish cities, such as Valencia, Barcelona, &c., Protestant service is held in the houses of the respective British Consuls.



## LETTER XVIII.



## Life in Andalusia.



DISLIKE being associated with *compagnons de voyage* who, with "Murray" or some other infallible guide in hand, run industriously after all the sights of a large city like working out a sum in arithmetic. Such people either bury themselves in the atmosphere of art galleries, old cathedrals, and historical monuments, or are perpetually lost in imaginative reveries created by the investigation of musty fragments of unrecorded history, and have no sympathy whatever with the currents of pleasure which affect the every-day life of their contemporary fellow-creatures. They have not even a passing glance for the many charming pictures of "common things" which are plentiful enough within and about the homes of the dwellers in large cities. Upon my arrival in a strange town I delight in seeking out peculiarities of the daily life of its inhabitants. I peep into their houses. I peer curiously into their shop-windows and impertinently scan their features, dress, habits, and manners; for I have a firmly-rooted opinion that half the pleasure attending a visit to an unknown country or city consists in examining the institutions which affect the welfare of its inhabitants.

A fellow-traveller has counselled me to visit, first the markets, which he avers are an infallible gauge of the social condition and welfare of the citizens; indeed, my Mentor is himself content with this single test, and at once pronounces verdict upon the inhabitants. I cannot say that I have become altogether a convert to his peculiar opinion, but I must confess



to a weakness for wandering through the markets and busy thoroughfares of great cities; I enjoy with childish delight the baubles, toys, and trinkets displayed in the shop windows, and in my own mind I form an estimate of the importance and prosperity of a town from the size, number, and style of the warehouses and shops of retail dealers, and the costliness, novelty, and assortment of the merchandise displayed therein.

As I have already described the glories of ancient Seville, and have often spoken about most of those grand old buildings which have made the city so famous, I will invite you now to look at the city and inhabitants from another point of view. If you will in thought accompany me to the "Calle de las Sierpes," a fashionable and busy highway, a central emporium of all kinds of useful and luxurious merchandise, you will greatly enjoy the lively scene; and if you care, as I do, to look at the tempting display of traders' stocks, you may learn something of the industries of Spain. In an evening this fashionable thoroughfare is crowded with a gay, vivacious throng of people. Here you see the proud and handsome Andalusian beauty, whose glossy black hair displays so effectively the single ornament of a rich red rose which she entwines in it; the graceful mantilla falls over her shoulder; and though her features have little variable play, her piercing black eyes give a remarkable expression to her countenance.

Here, too, you will find genuine specimens of the genus "dandy," who, with affected grace, kiss their hands to the coquettes who occupy the balcony above. The crowd is great; the merchant and tradesman, with grave and taciturn countenances, thread their way through the throng with unconcern; whilst the excited politician talks loudly, or in angry mood lays his hand upon his knife or stiletto. Girls from the workshop or tobacco manufactory, and young men from the offices of the city, beggars of both sexes and of all ages, and ragged urchins selling fusees or newspapers, help to make up a heterogeneous concourse. The shops of the Calle are

large, and possess fine windows. They are well lighted in the evening, and exhibit an attractive display of goods. Very few articles are really of Spanish manufacture. The costly silks and velvets exhibited are brought from Italy or France. The hardware is imported from England. Jewellers' shops are filled with the products of Parisian *ateliers*, interspersed with coral ornaments from Naples, silver filigree work from Genoa, and the enamelled jewellery of Turkey. Glass, china, and iron goods are all supplied from abroad.

Spain is far behind other nations of Europe in the manufacturing arts. With untold riches in minerals and raw material, she is dependent upon foreign nations for the most trifling manufactured articles of daily use. A Government that could establish confidence would soon induce the development of her mineral wealth, would attract manufacturing enterprise, and abundance of foreign capital would be found to utilise the thousands upon thousands of acres of rich land which at present lie waste.

Among the industries of Spain represented in these rich and attractive magazines are dainty displays of well-made gloves, articles for which the dressy Sevillians have a special predilection. A large trade creates fine shops, and the glove shops of Seville are amongst its most attractive mercantile stores.

Another native industry is the manufacture of cutlery. Albacete knives are as well known in Spain, and have as wide a reputation with Spaniards, as Sheffield blades have in our own country. The knife, dagger, and stiletto are well planted in Spanish soil. One or the other is the inseparable companion of a Spaniard; it is not a mere ornament of dress, but in the hands of passionate or unprincipled men it becomes a formidable weapon of attack. A cutler's shop in Seville is a small museum in its way; all shapes and sizes of knives are displayed, the larger and more formidable ones being mostly in favour. In shape the larger ones are like a silver fish-knife; they will measure ten inches in length in the blade, and are

two-and-a-half to three inches across. Strong handles are fastened on them, so that a firm grip may be obtained. In the windows of these cutlery merchants may be seen a choice collection of daggers, and dainty specimens of the more delicately-fashioned stiletto. There are also some kindred articles of "luxury" or "pleasure," namely, those terrible weapons known as "knuckle-dusters"—an article which, though of English invention, has been affectionately adopted by Spaniards. The use of the knife as a weapon is very general throughout the peninsula—not only does every Spaniard carry one, but he knows how to use it. Most of the murders and assassinations—and they are indeed numerous—are committed with it. It is worn handily in the belt. A spring fixes the open blade, and it becomes a dagger. The conceit of the Spaniard has caused both handle and blade to be handsomely decorated. Handles of pearl or ivory, or others of fancy woods, inlaid with gold and silver, are in demand; blades of best steel are frequently inscribed with mottoes, such as "I am the property of my lord and master," or "I die for my king," or (this is a Moorish one) "With the help of Allah, I hope to kill my enemy." As may be supposed, it is a formidable weapon in the hands of a bravado, bandit, robber, or treacherous gipsy. We were upon one occasion forcibly reminded of the "itching palm" of the Spaniard for the knife. As we travelled from Granada by diligence, a countryman persisted, much to our annoyance, in riding upon the step behind. As he intercepted the view, and prevented a free circulation of the air, a point of importance, stoved as we were in the smallest possible compartment, and travelling upon a fiercely hot day, we remonstrated with him, politely at first, and afterwards in stronger terms, which elicited a prompt reply, and one that was effectual as far as we were concerned. Placing his hand upon the handle of his dagger-knife, he informed us in an expressive manner that, "by the grace of God he intended to ride for nothing."

The trade in fans provides the most attractive display

amongst the showy exhibitions of the Calle de las Sierpes. Whole windows are filled with them—indeed, large establishments trade only in this single article of luxury. Fans of all sizes and all qualities tempt the maidens of Seville. The girl of straitened means can have a bright, showy paper fan for a few halfpence. The wealthy merchant or noble may select a jewelled present for his bride, in which he will have to invest a small fortune. Landscapes, flowers, birds, and ornamental patterns are painted upon them. Scenes of Seville life and fashion, Spanish costumes and bull-fights, are all depicted in these fan pictures. I have selected one as a curiosity, having upon it a series of scenes in the arena during a bull-fight, all photographed, and the pictures introduced into a suitable ornamental design. The figures embrace the most eminent of living bull-fighters, whose portraits are sold in the shop windows side by side with the members of the Ministry and other eminent characters. Speaking of photographs, there is only one firm in Spain (Laurent, of Madrid) that publishes especially good ones. This firm has an excellent collection of views, embracing all that is worth photographing throughout the Peninsula. The eminence of this house is the more remarkable, as it has no competitor. Its productions are sold everywhere throughout Spain; and it may be worth noting that any one wishing to purchase views of the country may as well buy the whole in Madrid as seek elsewhere for the same views.

A Protestant stranger will be attracted by the contents of the windows of a wax-chandler. Of course, these tradesmen chiefly supply the churches, and the goods they display are usually huge candles, many of which are gorgeously painted and decorated, some having graduated marks upon them, the precise object of which I am not acquainted with. Besides the candles, there is a singular collection of wax models of arms, legs, babies, &c., such as we had previously seen upon the altars of the churches. These are purchased by pious persons as offerings to the church. Silversmiths also sell

altar offerings, generally trinkets in the shape of a heart, varying in size to suit the pocket of a purchaser.

Swords made of the celebrated Toledo steel are articles of dress worn by all Spanish noblemen and officers. Toledo steel stands unrivalled for good sword blades. I may incidentally remark it is said that the temper of a true Toledo blade is so good, and its elasticity so great, that the sword blades are frequently packed curled up like the mainspring of a watch.

The dealer in arms, including fire-arms, makes a special display of his sword cutlery: the hilts are gorgeously decorated, and the blades are beautifully ornamented. Like the blades of knives, inscriptions are introduced into the ornament. Here is one, for instance, which we must admit is appropriate: "Do not draw me without cause; do not sheathe me without honour."

Leaving the shops for a time we turn into a large *café*, and whilst sipping a cup of coffee, leisurely inspect the company. Politics form the chief matter of debate, and loud and excited voices betray the earnestness of the debaters. At the end of this large hall, in which are seated two or three hundred people, is another room, in which are a number of billiard tables. The hubbub and din betray that the players are staking largely upon the games, and are greatly excited over the play.

The scene in this *café* is interesting from mental comparison with the company assembling in the public-houses in England. Here were perhaps altogether four hundred people in one house, the freest drinker imbibing nothing stronger than coffee, diluted with brandy. In England beer and stronger drinks help to destroy the social and intelligent intercourse which assemblies like these might create, and which in Spain, as in other Continental countries, offer the chief means of relaxation and amusement to the inhabitants.

Speaking of the billiard playing reminds me that one evening we visited, under the guidance of a resident Englishman, one of the great gaming-houses which unfortunately are

permitted to exist in Seville. The house was in this same Calle de las Sierpes. We found it handsomely and even luxuriously furnished. Upon the stairs we were accosted by a porter in uniform, who for an instant hesitated whether to allow us to pass; but our escort soon explained matters, when, having delivered up sticks and umbrellas, articles which might be converted into weapons if a disturbance arose, we were allowed to enter. Crowds of persons were congregated round the gaming tables in each chamber of a suite of rooms. The same characteristic marked each game. There was no noise here; the chink of gold was more expressive than the loud shouts of the billiard players. We watched them playing roulette, and we noticed intently all that passed, but the fingers of the players were too active for us to learn the drift of the game. Around the table were seated the more prominent players, before each of whom was a pile of gold coin. At one end sat the president or banker, who rapidly set in motion the revolving finger or pointer over the coloured disc upon which the money was staked. Players threw their stakes upon one of the many compartments of the table, the bolder ones hazarding stakes upon several compartments at one time. The gold was quickly placed, and instantly the indicator set in motion by the president. When it ceased to revolve, the pointer declared the winner and loser. Long before we could see the result, the banker had scraped with a toy rake all the spoil into his coffers, and new stakes were placed upon the table. So rapid was every motion that, to our inexperienced eyes, the whole game appeared like sleight of hand. I should observe that behind the chair of the chief players crowded a number of occasional players and lookers on. These outsiders betrayed far more emotion than the cooler heads before them. Now and then a gold piece was carelessly pitched over the sitters on to the table. I watched the countenances of the actors in the scene. These outsiders confessed themselves excited by the twitchings of the face; the older players scarcely moved a muscle of their features.

In time, placing the stakes and collecting the winnings was equally mechanical. Much more automatic even than the players, was the president. With a look of perfect stolidity he seemed indifferent whether he twirls the index, rakes his winnings, or pays his losses. To witness such a scene is not amusing, scarcely instructive. One could see how easily the passion of gambling is imbibed, and how readily the vicious propensity is developed where opportunity offers. Happy is England in possessing such stringent laws relating to gaming-houses, though such a sentiment must be coupled with the regret that such laws do not apply equally to betting transactions; for of all the accursed phantoms which haunt the amusements of mankind, none is so terrible as the excitement of gambling.

We were not such barbarians as to leave Seville without visiting that wonderful and priceless collection of Murillo's pictures which is so jealously preserved by the Sevillians in their "Museo." The art collection of Seville is not a large one, embracing but few works of great value in addition to the celebrated Murillos, of which there are twenty-four, including, undoubtedly, some of his finest works. This collection has been formed, like others in Spain, out of the spoils of disendowed convents. The Sevillians are naturally proud of the memory of their great fellow-citizen, and his paintings now in the Museo are regarded by the inhabitants almost as objects of veneration. The whole of these *chefs-d'œuvres* of Murillo are exceedingly beautiful, and each is worthy of being described minutely. I could not attempt here to mention them all, even by name, nor do I feel equal to conveying an idea of their beauty and feeling. There are some "Conceptions" which rival the Madrid ones, though I shall not attempt to describe their particular beauties. I think the "St. Anthony with the Infant Christ" an exquisite work, and good company for another picture representing the same Saint kneeling to the Infant Christ. However, it is better not to speak of them in detail, as it would convey no adequate idea of their true excellence.

Time and space will not permit me to describe those busy scenes which enliven the extensive wharves which line the banks of the Guadalquiver, though there is plenty to be seen, and much might be said about the unloading of the merchandise and the shipping of the produce of Spain. The great cargoes of oranges, the vast stocks of wine, the olive oil and minerals, create a busy traffic from the surrounding country to the convenient and well-regulated wharves of Seville. One feels almost tempted to give a sketch of the Triana, an isolated quarter of Seville, where are congregated in residence all kinds of queer characters, such as gipsies, sailors, Jews, bull-fighters, beggars, and scamps, whose haunts and persons are worthy of the pencil of an artist, and whose lives would be a chapter of romance.

Leaving Seville for the south it is but a short journey to Cadiz. On the way we pass the well-known wine town of Xeres (or Jerez)—from which we get our term sherry—and have just time in passing to obtain a glass of the genuine article, which we roundly abuse. It is said the Bodegas, or wine cellars of Xeres, are most extensive, some of them containing as many as 14,000 butts. In these cellars are rare wines, which are greatly prized, and only "tasted" by visitors upon special occasions. One firm, Messrs. Gonzalez and Co., have wine ninety years old, and prized vintages valued at £500 per butt. Some special casks are very choice, as they have travelled to the East Indies and back for the sole purpose of improving the quality. One remarkable cask contains wine christened after the ex-Queen Isabella, who visited the establishment in 1832. A silver padlock was then placed upon the bung-hole, and the "generous" wine is not to be drawn until the death of the ex-Queen.

A short ride (for Spain) of five hours landed us in Cadiz, at a good time of the day, for we had left Seville early. After refreshing ourselves, we stroll towards a point where we may get a prospect of the Atlantic, and enjoy for an hour the cool and delicious breezes from the open sea. Cadiz is



built upon a peninsula; indeed, it might almost be described as an island, for the long, narrow neck which connects it with the main land is but a marshy or sandy strip of ground, utilised only for the purposes of the railway, and as a highway for vehicles and pedestrians. It is a wonderfully clean town, whitewashed, of course; but in addition to the cleanliness of whitewash, the houses are trim and neat, and the whole place has a comfortable and thriving look. The two great sights of Cadiz are the Capuchin Convent and the Cathedral. The former is the suppressed convent of San Francisco. Lord Essex occupied it as head-quarters in 1596. The chief object of interest within it at the present time is the celebrated picture of "The Marriage of St. Catherine," by Murillo. The great artist painted it for this convent, and before it was finished he fell from the scaffolding upon which he was standing to work at the picture, and received such injuries from the fall that he died shortly afterwards (in Seville) 1682. Consequent upon this unfortunate accident, the picture has never been finished.

The Cathedral, which cost a vast sum of money, is scarcely worth describing. The extraordinary Corinthian columns in the interior may certainly astonish a visitor, but it will not be on account of their beauty or appropriateness. The view from the Torre de la Vigia is the most enjoyable treat in Cadiz. The city and island seen from here appear like a map. I have never seen such a comprehensive view of a city as is to be had from this tower. The chief buildings, the streets, the forts (Cadiz is a fortified town), the arsenal, the piles of shot and rows of cannon, the long neck of land connecting the city with the mainland, and, lastly, the villages and objects along the main shore, are all distinctly seen, and make a delightful picture. It is worth mentioning, that it was near Cadiz that the great Nelson received his mortal wound. Cadiz in those days (1805) was the scene of stirring events, and not the least prominent amongst its eventful associations are the names of Trafalgar, the "Victory," and Nelson.

## LETTER XIX.

*The Garden Province of Valencia.*

HARMING Valencia! How the heart of that grand old warrior, the famous Cid, must have beaten with pride when, after an arduous siege of twenty months he triumphantly entered the city, and ascending the fine old Campanile, led thither his loving wife Ximena, and his wondrously beautiful daughters, and surveying the lovely landscape from its commanding height, with outstretched hands exclaimed, "Behold the glorious country! see what a garden is here; enjoy thou its beauties, revel in its delights! for I, the Cid, I, Rodrigo Diaz, have made myself its mighty lord and ruler.

Favoured city, to be so esteemed eight hundred years ago! In what a halo of interest has the magic hand of history enveloped these ancient walls! Even the mighty Cid appears upon the changeful scenes but midway in its long chain of eventful annals. Long before his day the valiant Moors had ruled the destinies of the Garden City; before the Moors, the enlightened Goths held sway; and then again its history must be sought in the records of the ancient Roman Empire. Such is the mantle of romance which has fallen upon these crumbling walls.

The history of the city is no mythical story, its beauties are no fiction: as of old, to-day, and for ever, Nature has decreed it to be an earthly paradise—such a land as kings might covet, princes would jealously guard, and travellers will sigh to leave. The luxuriant verdure, which covers alike the

hills and plain, the cloudless sky, and the refreshing breezes from the blue Mediterranean, have invited the noble, the merchant, and the stranger to make a home among its fragrant orange groves, and their pleasant villas may be seen studded about the plain almost buried in luxuriant foliage.

Before describing the venerable city I must, with a little retrogression, speak of our long and tedious journey from Cadiz in the south to Valencia in the east of the Peninsula. We leave Cadiz fortified for the prospective journey with sundry bottles of wine, biscuits, slices of chicken, oranges, and other creature comforts, and commence the longest stage of our journey. For two days and a night we endure the over-taxed tempers of each other, and bewail our fate at having to spend so many hours in this weary and unprofitable way. The first part of our journey is retracing our steps. We again pass through the wine city of Xeres; again we see the romantic Andalusian city of Seville, and we give a last lingering look upon its beautiful Giralda; and when we have finally parted with its palaces, its people, and its whitewash, we enter once more the sombre glades of the olive plantations. We have one more look at romantic Moorish Cordova, and we leave behind us its decaying grandeur, its loathsome beggars, and its forest-columned mosque. Then we retrace the robber country of the Sierra Morena and the wine-growing plains of Manzanares. At last, when within about fourscore miles of Madrid, we suddenly leave the main arterial railway of Spain, and pursue our way towards the eastern provinces.

After leaving the Madrid line, the country at first is bleak and mountainous. Presently, however, we find that we have passed the summit of this mountainous ridge by seeing rivers flowing eastward, and as we descend into the valleys we enter upon the glorious farm lands of Valencia.

Our entrance into the province of Valencia was by way of Albacete, the famous city of cutlery, the Sheffield of Spain.

This city is situated in a fertile plain, in a district where the science of irrigating farm lands by means of canals and reservoirs which treasure up water collected during the rainy seasons from the surrounding mountains, is well understood and practised. Small mountain streams and great rivers are alike taken possession of, and their precious waters stored up for the thirsty land. An ample supply during the scorching heat of summer enables the farmer to raise crop after crop of produce during a single year.

Spain has so far appeared to us like a vast, uncared-for wilderness, a country in which Nature's bounteous gifts are unappreciated, and whose proffered treasures lie unheeded; but when one sees these Mediterranean provinces—these gardens of Murcia and Valencia, this fertile belt of land which skirts the inland sea, where soil is diligently tilled by a thrifty and industrious population—one at last finds a redeeming spot in this unprogressive country. We leave behind us in the regions of sunny Andalusia thousands of acres of land, whose latent riches only lack energy and industry on the part of a careless and indolent people to gather. A chain of barren sierras divide these wasted lands from one of the most productive and best-cultivated tracts in Europe.

It being summer time the beds of the rivers are quite dry; every streamlet and summer spring aids in supplying the irrigation canals. The force of the winter torrents is plainly evident from the terrible disturbance of their rocky beds; indeed, one of the most interesting features of these mountainous districts is the picturesque scenery of their river channels. In the valleys all is luxuriousness. Thousands of acres of orange trees, under careful culture, displaying trees white with blossom, side by side with others bright with abundance of golden fruit. In other parts of Spain, as in Cordova and Seville, we have seen oranges growing in profusion, but the traveller must visit eastern Spain to find the real orange-growing country, which supplies our

home markets so plentifully. Immense farms produce nothing but oranges. Station after station along the railway mark the importance of the trade; trucks stand on sidings laden with boxes already packed, and carts disgorge their freight of ripe fruit upon the ground in different station yards. Hampers of delicious blossom await despatch to Barcelona and other places, for making the much-sought-after orange-water of the toilette; all these evidences denote unmistakeably that we are now travelling through the chief orange-growing districts of Spain. To a visitor from the colder climate of England there is a special charm about such a country.

There are many varieties of oranges, but the chief kinds for supplying the export market are the bitter and "Seville" orange. The former is largely exported for manufacture into marmalade, and large shipments are made to Scotland, particularly to Dundee. This bitter orange is also used for flavouring the much esteemed liqueur curaçoa. Orange trees flower in the spring. Neither the blossom nor fruit has a quick growth, and for many weeks the air is filled with the perfume of falling blossom. In the evening the atmosphere is so impregnated with it that it becomes quite overpowering and sickening. The fruit commences to turn yellow late in the autumn, when that required for exportation is gathered, and after being wrapped in paper, is packed in cases. Oranges for home use are gathered as they are required; and be it observed, that to enjoy oranges to perfection they should be eaten fresh from the tree, and the most luscious fruit is that which hangs upon the trees until the new blossom appears. Throughout the Valencia districts, we see new plantations of young trees, and other plantations of various ages of growth. Trees begin to bear fruit about the sixth year; the fruit continuing to improve in quality for sixteen or twenty years, after which the oranges degenerate, the rind becomes thick, and they are unfit for exportation to foreign markets, for which purpose only the choicest fruit is selected. Orange

trees attain a great age, and still bear fruit. In the celebrated gardens of the Alcazar at Seville there are trees pointed out as having been planted in the time of Pedro the Cruel (1369), which are of immense size, and are still fruitful.

Export chests contain from 700 to 1,000 oranges each, and are worth to the exporter from 25s. to 30s. each; they have open bars, so as to allow a circulation of air through them. Oranges are packed before being quite ripe; they ripen, however, upon the voyage, though at the same time the skin toughens, and they lose much of the tempting lusciousness of newly-gathered fruit. During the flowering season much blossom is collected by nuns and others for the purpose of making into sweetmeats.

To convey an idea of the importance and extent of the trade in these Eastern provinces, it will suffice to mention that there is grown in the immediate neighbourhood of Blanca (province of Murcia) an average of 25,000 boxes a year.\*

Next in interest to the orange plantations are the rice fields. The cultivation of rice is entirely dependent upon the valuable system of irrigation. All along the lines of canal there are well laid-out and carefully prepared allotments of land, which are first levelled, and then banked up with puddled clay walls, over which the water is allowed to flow to a depth of a few inches. In these flooded fields we see teams of horses (not oxen) ploughing the saturated earth, the seed being scattered broadcast by labourers who toil ankle deep in water. Some crops are already growing, and the pretty bright green shoots of the rice plants are so thick as to nearly hide from view the water which still covers the roots. The valuable results of irrigation works in Spain are sometimes wonderful. Spaniards owe the adaptation of this valuable principle to those long-departed shrewd men of intellect, the ancient race of Moors. Indeed, the very works in Valencia which irrigate over fifty thousand acres of land were constructed by them more than a thousand years ago.

\* Murray.

Kings of Spain, in subsequent times, have extended the system through other parts of the kingdom, but it is marvellous that the Spaniards have not had sufficient energy to carry it throughout the whole country. There are thousands—indeed, millions—of acres of land which might be watered in this manner in the valley of the Douro, the Tagus, the Guadiana, and the Guadalquivir. English enterprise is doing something in this way for Spain; extensive works are in progress by an English company for irrigating 60,000 acres of land; and doubtless, if Spain would create confidence and assure protection for capital, any amount of English money might be found to increase such useful works. Land in Spain thus irrigated increases twelve times in value. Farms in the neighbourhood of Valencia are worth from £200 to £400 sterling per acre, and some in the adjoining province of Murcia even £500 per acre. These rich lands will grow corn, rice, olives, vines, oranges, citrons, palms, pepper, prickly pears, and numberless other fruits, and the genial climate ripens two, three, and even four crops in a year. The value of water is of course very great, and many curious and interesting matters are worth noticing in connection therewith. In Lorca the water is sold every day by auction, and the value of the streams of water which supply the district may be estimated from the fact that a stream of water discharging a cubic foot per minute is worth an annual value of upwards of £2,000. In Lombardy and Piedmont, where there are extensive irrigation works, from which the adjacent lands have been greatly enriched, a similar stream is worth only £15 to £17 per annum.\* So scarce is water in some districts of Spain, that I heard it stated that wine has not unfrequently been used for the most common purposes; such as, for instance, in mixing mortar for building. In a former letter I referred incidentally to a curious Court of Justice held in Valencia in connection with the system of irrigation. Certain laws are in force controlling the use of the stored water, but the privileges accruing

\* Murray.

to persons occupying lands abutting upon the canals, are difficult to define, and give rise to endless disputes. These bickerings have called into request a court of law for adjudicating upon all irrigation matters. This court is one possessing great attractions to the curious traveller, inasmuch as the ancient custom is still retained of the judges sitting in council in the open air once a week at the gate of the cathedral to decide summarily such petty disputes as are referred to them for settlement; the judges are seven in number, and elected by their fellow-yeomen or brother irrigators.

In the cathedral town of Valencia there hangs a great bell (*La Vela*), which, like the one on the famous tower of the Alhambra, gives warning of approaching irrigation periods.

Throughout these districts are to be seen those quaint and picturesque water-wheels, which, like the *Sakiah* of the Nile, raise water from a well by means of jars attached to the wheels, which, descending into the water, are filled, and then empty themselves into a reservoir above.

There are very few cereals grown in Valencia, but among them is one that will attract the notice of an English traveller. It is the long-bearded wheat, from which is obtained the well-known *semolina*-corn flour. When growing, the crops have a luxuriant appearance, as the fine rye-like straw attains to the height of six or eight feet. From this corn is made the macaroni, so largely consumed in Naples and other cities of Italy; from the same material is also prepared the kindred *vermicelli*, which has a large sale for soups; also little fancy star-patterned paste discs used for the same culinary purpose. The manufacture of this macaroni food is quite an interesting process. After the paste or dough is mixed, the mass is placed within a cylinder, the bottom of which is perforated with holes, a heavy pressure above forces the dough through the small apertures, and the macaroni hangs down soft and limp beneath. It is cut off into lengths, curled up into trade shapes, and then placed upon stages to dry; the



latter process being effected by allowing free currents of air to pass between the different shelves or stages. The pretty little stars for soup use are produced by knives revolving rapidly at the end of the cylinder, thereby cutting off the paste as it is forced through the perforated holes. In Italy this manufacture is laborious work, men nearly naked turn the large wheels which are attached to the machine used for forcing the paste through the holes of the cylinder. This heavy work may be seen in all the cities of Italy, but the all-powerful labour-saving steam power has been pressed into service even in macaroni manufacture. If steam engines cannot be readily erected in Italy, at least the paste may be worked in England; for I am informed that an enterprising Italian, one Criscuolo, has erected a large manufactory somewhere in London—I think in the neighbourhood of King's Cross—for making the various articles of the macaroni family by the aid of the great magician—steam.

From Valencia are shipped large cargoes of the Esparto grass, used so largely in England for making paper. Such is the progressive spirit of this utilising age, that what was, but a few years ago, deemed worse than useless is now a valuable material. It encumbered the ground, and vast breadths of land could not be brought under cultivation because this weed had taken and held possession. One of the happy results of the Great Exhibition of 1851 was to make known to the paper-making world that the worthless Esparto of Spain was a strong fibrous material, and would be worth importing. It came into favour, and gradually increased in value from two to three pounds per ton, until it actually reached a market price of between ten and eleven pounds per ton. At the present moment about one hundred thousand tons are imported annually into England, being sold at prices varying from five to seven pounds per ton. In Spain itself it has had a limited use in the manufacture of matting, sandals, baskets, ropes, &c. Numbers of women and children are employed in these manufactures.

The Esparto, with another plant known as palm grass, which grows in tufts upon the same lands, is collected from the marshy grounds lying amongst the wild hilly districts of Valencia, Murcia, and Granada. We saw men cutting these grasses, and, Spaniard like, in proud contempt for economy of labour, they cut the weed by handfuls with knives. The grass, when cut, is dried like hay, and then tied into bundles and carried or carted to the railway or seaport. Spain has benefited largely by the discovery of the commercial value of the neglected weed; but it seems more than probable that the habitual carelessness of the Spaniards will not reap a permanent benefit, for, owing to their previous estimation of it they have reaped wholesale, and are utterly careless about its further cultivation.

Before we arrive at the city of Valencia we have a glimpse of the small town of Jativa, which cannot be passed without notice; it is a very ancient city, which has many great events interwoven in the history of its crumbling walls. It presents but few objects of present interest excepting for the pencil of the artist, who may find here quaintness, and brilliancy of colour, in costume, decaying castles and towers, lingering horse-shoe arches of Moorish construction, and all the delightful surroundings which, to an artist's eye, make a picture, but which, in actual fact, are sad hindrances to social improvement.

In Jativa, Ribera, the great painter, was born; in this city was born, too, the noted Rodrigo Borja (or Borgia), afterwards Pope Alexander VI. The Borjas were an ancient family of Jativa. In the terrible dungeons of the ominous-looking castle above, the infamous Cæsar Borgia was once confined a prisoner by the "Grand Captain," Gonzalo of Cordova. There is an interesting and romantic story in connection with this event which is too long to repeat here. In substance, the famous Gonzalo (a hero greatly worshipped in Spain) pledged his honour that the liberty of Cæsar Borgia should be preserved, but when he was in his power he broke his pledge and

imprisoned him in Jativa Castle. The name of the "Grand Captain" was further sullied by a similar act towards the ill-fated Duke of Calabria, the heir of Naples. Gonzalo swore on his honour, and on the sacrament, that his liberty should be guaranteed. No sooner, however, did the prisoner touch Spain than every pledge was broken, and he, too, was confined in this same prison. Even as far back as 1294 the castle has borne an unenviable notoriety, for in those dreary walls the then King of Castile, Sancho-el-Bravo, confined his nephews, (the rightful heirs of the crown), whom his treachery and cruelty had dispossessed.

Upon our arrival at the city of Valencia, we pay an early visit to the cathedral, and first ascend the famous tower, from the top of which we survey the lovely province, which enjoys such an enviable reputation. Contrary to our expectations, we find that Valencia, although called a seaport city, is, in fact, four or five miles from the sea. And even the river that flows through it, and which, of course, is within a short distance of the mouth where it empties itself into the sea, is nearly dry. The line of road between the city and the port is lined with habitations, and the suburbs of Valencia are far more populous than those of any city we have hitherto seen in Spain. Mansions and villas are dotted about the landscape in all directions. It is, indeed, a lovely country. Well may those ancient Moors have placed their Paradise at this spot, and have imagined Heaven itself to be suspended over it, and that a portion of it had fallen to the earth.

Valencia might be termed appropriately the city of relics, in another sense than having reference to the remnants and vestiges of former city beauties or local glories. True, art and history have left noble monuments within the ancient walls, but for the present I speak of other relics, to wit, the treasures of the reliquaries of the noble cathedral and of the numerous churches of the city. All the cities of Spain have precious collections of relics, but those of Valencia rank pre-eminently high for their extent and

value. Could all the relics of Spain, indeed, those of this one city only, be placed together in one museum, they would certainly form a curious and interesting, probably an instructive, collection. The motives which influence the minds of collectors of religious relics pass all comprehension. Strange fancy it is to pay reverence, indeed almost to worship, old bones, pieces of wearing apparel, and other repulsive remnants of the earthly possessions of saintly persons. Some of the extraordinary relics of Valencia surpass in interest the most famous ones to be found in so many places throughout Roman Catholic Christendom. When inspecting such relics as these it must require a bold faith even in Roman Catholics to implicitly believe in them; to Protestants and heretics they can only be looked upon with amazement. For instance, here is preserved, with religious care and reverence, the right hand and arm of St. Luke. Close to it is a picture which this withered member must itself have produced, as it is said to be a portrait of the Virgin's head, painted by St. Luke. In a glass case are the remains of a little child, said to be one of the children sacrificed by King Herod in the murder of the Innocents; another relic is a red belt once belonging to the infant SAVIOUR. Here is, too, a portion of the banner of St. George, which he held when destroying the dragon. There are bones without number, remains of great and notable saints, such as the jaw of St. Bartholomew, the tooth of San Cristobal, &c. This latter is really a marvel. It is of enormous size; and Professor Owen would probably declare its former owner to have been a gigantic saurian. The good ferryman, San Cristobal, is in great favour with the Valencians, as he opportunely appeared to assist in the massacre of certain Hebrews in 1391, when the faithful servants of the Church improved the occasion by sacking the synagogue. With a passing glance at the leg of St. George, displayed amongst a number of others, we come next to the special treasure of the cathedral collection, the Santo Calix, in other words, the veritable cup which it is said our SAVIOUR used at the

Last Supper. As the true cup is likewise to be seen in other collections of Europe, it need only be remarked that this one is very beautiful; it is really a work of art, and from this point of view a gem. It is beautiful in shape, the bowl and foot are agates, mounted in gold, set with pearls and emeralds. A curious contrast for suggestive thoughts is a small tooth comb which belonged to the Virgin. There are also some of the myrrh presented by the wise men of the East to our SAVIOUR at Bethlehem, and a number of other equally strange and marvellous relics. Whilst speaking of relics, I may mention a few other remarkable ones preserved in the churches at Valencia. To say nothing of the goodly number of bones, sufficient in themselves to furnish a fair-sized charnel-house, there is some hair, said to be cut from our SAVIOUR's head; another lock (fair golden colour) from the head of the Virgin, three pieces of wood from the true cross, five thorns from the SAVIOUR's crown, &c., &c.



## LETTER XX.



## Spanish Ballad Romances.\*

## THE LEGENDS OF THE CID.

**E**L Mio Cid (My Cid) is the darling hero of Spain. What Ganger Rolf is to the Scandinavians, what King Arthur is to the English, what Charlemagne is to the French, the Cid is to the Spaniards. He is the subject of song and romance; the hero whose half mythical history every trueborn Castilian delights in: a brave Spaniard, whose daring exploits are interwoven into eventful scenes of Spanish history. Ancient Valencia, more than any city, excepting Burgos, recalls the memories of the valiant knight. Of course, one cannot expect to find much within the city bearing actual evidence or record of the personal prowess or remarkable deeds of the Cid, but its ancient walls and crumbling towers are so fraught with matters connected with his history that it is impossible to disconnect the scenes of the past from the city of to-day.

I have before stated that Spain is rich in historical MSS. There are treasures buried in the libraries of the Government, of the Church, and amongst the archives of ancient cities, which are unread, and the contents unknown. Many would

\* There are many collections of Spanish ballads translated into English; those by Lockhart and Sir John Bowring are, perhaps, best known. They cannot fail to give delight to any one who may peruse them. The quotations and translations interspersed throughout this letter have been gleaned from a series of able articles upon the Cid which appeared some years ago in the pages of that admirable work, the *Penny Magazine*.

throw light upon the history of the country, and would disclose events now unknown and unrecorded elsewhere. It is said that in Burgos are preserved amongst the city records many exceedingly valuable documents relating to the Cid, which have never been published, but are so carefully treasured by the good citizens, that their contents are not even known.

Spain has always been rich in legendary lore, its ballad poets have gathered subjects from the diversified incidents of its earlier history, and many important incidents are recorded only in ballad romances. It is difficult to clear away the mist of imaginary fiction—which is always freely intermixed with ballad history—and glean the accurate facts.

Perhaps in the present case it is scarcely worth while doing so, for the stories of the Cid are so delightful, and have long ago been accepted by all of us with customary youthful admiration and implicit faith, that it is far more pleasurable to enter Valencia and Burgos bearing in our minds the full burden of the *Romances of the Cid*.

From numberless ballads, and from what may be considered a more trusty source—viz., the prose *Chronicles of the Cid*, supposed to have been written in the thirteenth century, but published in 1541 and 1552 respectively, printed in "black letter"—we learn that the greatness of the hero-knight culminated when he conquered Valencia, and established there a kingdom for himself, ruling it as a fief under the King of Castile. As there is a large amount of interest attached to many of the old cities in the north and east of Spain in connection with the Cid's history, and as the Spaniards of the present day tenaciously treasure every monument that in any way belongs to the fortunes of their well-beloved hero, a short sketch of his life and of some of the ballad histories cannot be out of place when speaking of the city of Valencia.

Rodrigo (or Ruy) Diaz de Bivar, the Cid, was born at Burgos in 1025, and for the following seventy years his name

occurs with more or less interest in connection with the wars of Castile. This was an age when all Europe was disturbed by the restless spirits of adventurous knights. Sturdy Norsemen (the celebrated Sea Kings of Scandinavia) had left their bleak northern homes in search of enterprise, plunder, or sovereignty. William of Normandy transported his ferocious bands into the peaceful pasture lands of England at the very time the Cid was waging war against the Moors—those perpetual enemies of Castile. Born of noble parents, his early life led him into scenes in harmony with his impetuous nature.

The ballads recounting the deeds of his early youth are full of extraordinary and startling incidents. For an insult offered to his father he sought revenge upon a noble and honoured knight, and succeeded in killing his enemy; the event led to the most romantic issue, the youthful Cid married the orphan daughter of his former enemy in order somewhat to repair her grievous loss. As may be imagined, these varying incidents found material enough for many ballad poets of succeeding times. The youthful bride became the faithful wife, and the mother of those two famous daughters of the Cid, Elvira and Sol. Lastly, the valiant Ximena, after spending a long life devoted to her valiant husband, accompanied his body to its final resting-place, and spent her last days in lamentations over his earthly remains.

All the ballads relating to the history of the Cid frequently refer to the strange incident of his marrying the bereaved Ximena. After the Cid had killed Don Gomez, his daughter appeared at the Court of the King at Burgos, and appealed to her sovereign for recompense or vengeance. Falling upon her knees she spoke thus :

“ I am daughter of Don Gomez,  
Count of Gormaz was he hight,  
Him Rodrigo by his valour  
Did o'erthrow in mortal fight.



King! I come to crave a favour—  
This the boon for which I pray,  
That thou give me this Rodrigo  
For my wedded lord this day."

Her appeal was long and earnest, ending—

"Freely will I grant him pardon  
That he slew my much-loved sire,  
If with gracious ear he hearken  
To my bosom's fond desire."

The young Rodrigo happily fell in with the wishes of the beautiful Ximena, which were, moreover, supported by the request of the King, who desired that her wishes might be gratified:

"I did slay thy sire, Ximena,  
But, God wot, not traitorously;  
'T was in open fight I slew him—  
Sorely had he wronged me."

The young man concluded his defence by saying—

"A man I slew—a man I give thee;  
Here I stand thy will to bide;  
Thou in place of a dead father  
Hast a husband at thy side."

Following upon the romantic incidents of his wedding, the chronicles record minutely the particulars of many brave and successful expeditions against the enemies of Castile. During this period King Sancho was killed, and was succeeded by his brother Alfonzo—events which unfold many tragic stories, and again find materials for other ballad romances, in all of which the name and memory of Rodrigo Diaz is glorified.

The Cid suspecting Alfonzo of aiding or being cognisant of the murder of his brother, compelled the new King to purge himself by an oath before Castilian knights of all complicity in the deed before he would pay homage to him. Alfonzo enraged at this, shortly revenged himself by banishing the Cid from Castile. It was upon this occasion the renowned knight deceived the Jews:

"Then two Jews of well-known substance  
 To his board inviteth he,  
 And of them a thousand florins  
 Asketh with all courtesy.

'Lo,' saith he, 'these two large coffers,  
 Laden all with plate they be;  
 Take them for the thousand florins;  
 Take them for security,  
 In one year, if I redeem not,  
 That ye sell them I agree.'

Trusting to the Cid's great honour,  
 Twice the sum he sought they lend;  
 To their hands he gave the coffers—  
 Full were they of naught but sand."

One of the coffers referred to in this ballad is the one preserved in the Cathedral at Burgos, and of which I have already spoken. Many vicissitudes now overtook the Cid, but his bravery induced him, in true Condottiere style, to gather round him a band of devoted knights and soldiers, and undertake an expedition on his own account against the Moors. After successfully fighting against his elected enemy in the eastern provinces of Spain, he, by timely presents of the spoil to King Alfonzo, somewhat propitiated his sovereign. At length the valiant conqueror made known through all the provinces of Castile, Aragon, and Navarre that any one who loved a merry and glorious life might join his standard, but that they were to come out of pure love of blows, for he intended to attack the Moors in their stronghold of Valencia. A long and stubborn siege ensued, and the Valencians were sorely pressed. The troubled Moor sang—

"Oh, Valencia! my Valencia!  
 Worthy thou to rule for aye;  
 But, if Allah do not pity,  
 Soon thy glory must decay.  
 Lo! I see thy mighty ramparts  
 Shake and totter to their fall—  
 Yea, thy proud and lofty towers,  
 And thy snowy turrets all;

See thy fertilising river  
 Now hath stray'd from out its bed;  
 All thy springs and gushing fountains  
 Now are dried up at their head."

This long and sorrowful lament concludes—

"Oh, Valencia! my Valencia!  
 Allah quickly succour thee!  
 Oft have I foretold what now  
 Sore it grieveth me to see."

At length the city fell before the indomitable perseverance and bravery of the Castilian army, and the brave Cid seized upon the city for his own, but his faithful principles would not permit him to hold it as a rival to Castile, though his mighty arm had already conquered a greater area than that governed by Alfonso. He sent fresh presents to his King, and as to the conquered city, he said of it—

"I do hold of him in fief,  
 As a vassal of his lord."

The chronicle states that Rodrigo's earliest care was to appoint a Christian bishop to the newly-won city. "God! how all Christendom did rejoice!" The Moors, however, evidently did not share in the delights of the conqueror, for a contemporary Moorish chronicle, speaking of the event, says, "Allah curse him!" and then relates how the first act of the Cid, after obtaining possession of the city, was to burn alive its former (Moorish) governor, one Ibn Jehaf, in the great plaza of the city.

In his prosperity the Cid sent for his wife, Ximena, and his two daughters, who thereupon joined him; he also thought of his unknighly transaction with the Jews:

"To the worthy Jews two hundred  
 Marks of gold bear with all speed,  
 With as many more of silver,  
 Which they lent me in my need.

\* \* \* \* \*

Say, albeit within the coffers  
Naught but sand they can espy,  
That the pure gold of my truth  
Deep beneath that sand doth lie."

After the arrival of Ximena and her daughters, they became sorely troubled by the news that the King of Tunis had sent fifty thousand men to retake Valencia. The Cid then took Ximena and his daughters to the top of the high tower, and showed them the vast army:

"Toward the sea they cast their eyes—  
Foes did swarm along the coast.  
Round about the town they looked—  
Everywhere a mighty host.  
Tents were pitching, trenches digging;  
All to battle did prepare;  
Shouts of men and war-steeds neighing,  
Drums and trumpets rent the air."

The ladies were greatly terrified, but the Cid, stroking his long beard, cheered them:

"Fear not thou, my lov'd Ximena;  
Fear not ye, my daughters dear;  
While I live to wield Tizona,  
Ye, I wot, have naught to fear."

Eventually the doughty knight drove the host from his shores, and captured immense booty.

Immediately after this follows the well-known tragic story of the marriage of the two daughters of the Cid to two craven knights, who, after having obtained a large dowry with them, cruelly ill-treated them for imaginary grievances—they revenged themselves upon the helpless girls, their cowardice not allowing them to do it in a more open manner. The newly-married knights, taking with them their brides, departed from Valencia, arriving at length at Tormes, which was beyond the territories of Rodrigo; they there came to a halt, and ordered all their train to go forward, saying that they and their wives would follow anon. Then, entering a

thick oak wood, hard by the road, they dragged their wives from their mules, tore all their clothes from their backs, seized them by the hair, and dragged them to and fro over the rough ground, buffeted and lashed their naked flesh with their saddle-girths, kicked them barbarously with their rowelled heels till their tender bodies were bathed in blood, and finally lashed them to trees, to die of starvation or to be torn in pieces by the wild beasts of the forest. However, assistance opportunely arrived, in the appearance upon the scene of a valiant relative, who, suspecting treachery, had followed in the disguise of a monk, and through him the girls were rescued, and brought back to Valencia.

The Cid moved King Alfonzo for vengeance, and other ballads relate how the recreant knights were suitably disgraced and punished. Upon the Cid's return home, he received requests from the Courts of Aragon and Navarre that his two daughters might be allied to the heirs of these respective kingdoms. These marriages were afterwards consummated, and thereby the blood of the Cid flows in the veins of most of European Royal sovereigns. Rodrigo did not long reign in Valencia. Four years after taking the city he felt signs of his approaching end—at the very time a fresh attack upon the city was being organized by the Moors. While the invading army was before the gates of the city the great knight died. Before this event took place he directed that his body should be arrayed, as usual, in armour, and placed upon his favourite and well-known steed Babieca, and his trusty sword Tizona placed in his hand; when all was prepared, the whole company were to march back into Castile, leaving the city of Valencia to be occupied by the Moors at leisure. All this was done accordingly, and it is said that Santiago (St. James) aided this retreat by sending an army of angels to drive back the Moors whilst the proud, but sorrowing, *cortège* departed. Upon the arrival of the body at Burgos, the King commanded that it should not be buried, but be placed as it was, clad in rich vestments, in the church.

"There it sat, within that chapel,  
More than ten long years, I ween."

It was during this period that the last memorable deed of the Cid is said to have been performed. As it is so frequently referred to, it must not be omitted. The story of the Jew plucking the dead knight's beard is thus told :

"Lo, the Cid! this is his body,  
Who through all the world was fear'd,  
I've heard say that in his lifetime  
None did even touch his beard.

Come, methinks, I now will pluck it—  
None can harm me now he's dead.  
Forth his hand the Hebrew stretched,  
As these impious words he said.

Ere the beard his fingers touched,  
Lo, the silent man of death  
Grasp'd the hilt, and drew Tizona  
Full a span from out the sheath.

Deadly fear the Hebrew seized  
When he did behold this sight—  
Down he fell unto the earth  
Wellnigh lifeless with affright."

Ximena spent the remainder of her life in watching over the body of her lord, keeping vigils and singing masses for the benefit of his soul. She died four years afterwards, and was buried with the redoubtable Cid (*El Cid Campeador*, as he is called by the Spaniards) in the convent of San Pedro de Cardena, at Burgos. As I have stated in a former letter, the bones of the Cid and of his faithful wife are now preserved in a glass case within the Council Chamber of the Town Hall in Burgos.

Such, then, is a rough sketch of Spain's hero, the events of whose life have found materials for so much ballad poetry and for so many stories of romance. Indeed, it is probable that no single person, or single series of events in Spanish history, have given rise to so much literature, or has created such an undying interest, as the history of *El Mio Cid*.

## LETTER XXI.



## Valencia.

## INDULGENCES.

**U**PON the death of the valiant Cid, Valencia again fell into the hands of the Moors, and remained in their possession for upwards of another century, but in 1228 it was finally subdued, and annexed to the Kingdom of Aragon, and ultimately, by the marriage of Ferdinand with Isabella, was brought into the Castilian dominion. The most important historical events connected with its more recent history have been in connection with the French invasion and the Peninsular war. When the news of Murat's cruelties to the people of Madrid reached the city, the inhabitants were furious, and the mob seized upon 363 French residents, and butchered them in the Plaza de Toros (June 5th, 1808). Still later the city has been the scene of other important events. In 1840 Christina abdicated here, Espartero being elected Regent.

The Cathedral of Valencia is a large and important one; it cannot claim attention for any special features of beauty, but has been a most costly edifice, and it contains many objects of interest worth examining. Besides the remarkable relics referred to in my last letter, there are tombs, pictures, and much decorative detail deserving careful examination, but which are scarcely worth referring to here. As I have already described at length so many cathedrals and churches of Spain, it would be but recapitulating scenes and descriptions I have already given. It may be noted that

the Valencians are said to be more earnest and devoted religionists than are to be found elsewhere in the Peninsula.

The city boasts of possessing the finest bull-ring in Spain. To a stranger first entering Valencia, the Plaza de Toros must be an object of admiration and surprise. It stands close to the railway station, is very handsomely designed, and has cost a large sum of money. It was erected as recently as 1857-60, and will seat 16,851 persons. When it is known that such an amount can be spent on a building for the barbarous pastime of bull-fighting, in the present day, it seems hopeless to expect much progress amongst the Spanish people. This costly edifice most appropriately belongs to the trustees of one of the hospitals of the city. It is said that the bull-fights of Valencia are second to none in the Peninsula.

Within the city there is a Silk Hall, where a large trade is done daily in raw silk. And though I have not referred to the cultivation of the mulberry for the purpose of feeding silk worms, this is extensively done in the neighbourhood of Valencia.

The costumes of the Valencians are very striking and picturesque. The men are enveloped in mantas, closely woven, and of strong material, in stripes of many bright colours. Many such mantas have the additional ornamental appendage of a deep ball-fringe; they are bright and cheerful-looking, strong and serviceable, and their close texture is a useful protection from any unfriendly thrusts of the formidable Spanish stiletto or knife. Incidentally it may be remarked that a Spaniard always uncloaks before entering a church. It is as much a point of etiquette as taking off his hat. It is forbidden for any one to enter a church with the capa or manta flung over the shoulder; all wearers must let it hang loosely down, if worn at all.

In the Chapel of the Escuela Pia (a large charitable institution) is the carved image of Santa Marcia, who was martyred. Her throat was cut, and this frightful catastrophe is depicted



in the image. She is gorgeously dressed, and looks as if sleeping, but for the ghastly gash in her throat. In the centre of the wall behind the case she lies in, all her bones are placed, and a tumbler full of her blood. In the patio, close to the church door, is an azulejos representation of "The Virgin at the pillar with the Child Jesus." A notice beneath informs the faithful that, according to the archives of the church, whoever shall repeat one Ave Maria before "Our Lady of the Pillar," or any of her images, will gain an indulgence of 9,570 days. The mention of indulgences reminds me that the custom still prevails with the Church in Spain of increasing the stipends of the clergy by the sale of indulgences. During our stay in Cadiz I was fortunate in obtaining some of these curious and famous documents, which I have had translated. The character of these ecclesiastical privileges has gained an unenviable repute, and I consider it a fortunate circumstance that I have obtained those now in my possession. They are too lengthy to recapitulate here in detail, but so interesting a subject induces me to give some extracts, in order that their character may be comprehended. Before giving the text of these papers I may observe the sale of indulgences was a subject of angry controversy by the early Protestant reformers, and was, undoubtedly, one of the chief causes of the Reformation. Modern Protestants, with less knowledge of their exact import, are impressed with an idea that the indulgence is a permission to commit sin, but the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church firmly refute this erroneous idea, and offer as an explanation for their use, that it is only in accordance with the principles and discipline of the Catholic Church, which reserves to itself the power of remitting certain penitential observances which the discipline of the Church exacts from people having committed sins. This remission is granted to persons who shall perform meritorious acts of charity or service to the Church.

In the earlier history of the Church certain severe penances were inflicted upon all who committed any grievous crimes,

especially apostacy, murder, and adultery—such sinners being excluded from Church communion for various periods, in some cases even till death. It should be observed that the performance of the penances was an earthly punishment, and did not necessarily assure to the penitent a forgiveness of the sin; though, no doubt, in certain periods of history, when the sale of indulgences was vastly abused, such a construction was put upon penances, and hence the value of obtaining an indulgence which by deduction was at once to relieve the erring sinner, not only of the penance decreed by the Church, but of the eternal consequence of the sin itself.

Even at the time of the wars of the Crusades the granting of indulgences in lieu of penance, in return for meritorious services to the Church, was in full force. "Provided it were for devotion alone and not from motives of greed or glory," such services were accepted by the Council of Clermont as an equivalent for all penance. After certain abuses of doctrine and practice, committed in Germany and Switzerland, the Council of Trent decreed: "That while it affirms that the use of indulgences, as being most salutary for Christian people, and approved by the authority of Councils, is to be retained in the Church, yet orders that in granting them moderation be observed, lest by excessive facility discipline be enervated." The precise effect of an indulgence is explained by Pope Pius VI in his celebrated bull *Auctorem Fidei*. "An indulgence received with due dispositions, remits not alone the canonical penance attached to certain crimes in this life, but also the temporal punishment which would await the penitent after death to be endured by him in purgatory."\*

One of the documents referred to commences thus:—Summary of the Faculties, Indulgences, and Graces that our Holy Father, Pius IX, who now governs the Church, has deigned to grant, by the Bull of the Holy Crusade, to all who are faithful in the kingdom of Spain and other dominions subjected to its government (or to those coming to them),

\* Chambers.

giving alms, the price of which we have fixed; issued for the year 1872.

The preamble then goes on to state that certain wars in Europe (even in Italy) endangered the faith. Any persons leaving the Spanish dominions to fight against the infidels, or any who assisted in defraying the expenses of such expeditions, were granted certain spiritual and temporal graces for a certain number of years. It further states, that as it is probable that there will be no necessity for similar wars in future, his Holiness, Pius IX, grants the same privileges for the use of Divine worship and the support of the churches in Spain, inasmuch as in the past calamity they have suffered grievous losses in rents and casual revenues. These letters are good for twelve years from the date of publication (April 30th, 1871). This preamble is signed by Fra Cirilo, of Alameda and Bren, Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of Spain, &c., &c., &c.

Then follows the summary of the privileges and graces conferred by the Bull:

Firstly. His Holiness allows to the persons referred to in the preamble who contribute alms, the same indulgence as was granted to those who engaged in the conquest of the Holy Land, and in the year of jubilee (if penitent and have confessed their sins).

Item. To the same persons are granted certain privileges for holding mass with closed doors, without ringing of bells, &c., and that during the period of ecclesiastical interdict certain privileges of interment (if they have not died excommunicated), which permits of burial with moderate funeral pomp, &c.

Item. That being within the Spanish territory (not out of it), you may eat meat with the advice of doctors; and if the weak state of the body require it, during the fast days of the year, though they may be in Lent. In the same way you may eat eggs and milk pottage, and be understood to keep the fast. The regular clergy are excluded from this privilege

if they are under sixty years of age. When they are forty, they may go as far as eggs and milk pottage.

Item. The faithful who contribute alms or fast on days not set apart for that purpose, or do other pious acts, are granted fifteen years and fifteen Lents of indulgences and remission, &c., &c.

Item. Those that devoutly visit during the same year, in each day of the Stations of Rome, five churches or altars, or five times one altar, are granted certain privileges appertaining to the churches inside and outside Rome, and may devote this full indulgence to aid the holy souls of purgatory on the days marked at the foot of this summary. Further that twice, once in life and once in time of death, the faithful may choose an ordinary confessor, who shall have the power reserved by the superior ecclesiastical court (except for the crime of heresy).

Item. His Holiness grants the faculty to dispense to the irregularity of those who being bound with ecclesiastical censures have celebrated masses, &c., and other divine things, so long as they have not been obstinate in their irregularity for the space of six months, excepting always the irregularities arising from *murder, simony, apostacy, heresy, bad reception of orders, or from any other crime that has produced scandal in the place*, imposing on the dispensed the alms mentioned, &c., &c.

Item. That we may be able to dispense according to the hidden impediments of affinity arising from unlawful connections (giving alms, &c.), those who have contracted matrimony in good faith may be able to ratify it in full force of conscience, and remain after lawfully in it, &c.

Finally, that all the indulgences, graces, &c., must be in due form printed, sealed, and signed, so that others may not usurp them, &c. And that you — have contributed the alms of three reals (7½d.) in virtue of the Apostolic authority, receive this summary (write or have written your name upon it), and declare that it is granted to you, so that you may

participate in all the referred indulgences, faculties, and graces in the form above described.

Given in Madrid, this first day of January, 1871.

Here follows the summary of the days of the Stations of Rome upon which, by concession of his Holiness, all who have taken this Bull gain full indulgence if they have visited five churches, &c., as above referred to, at the same time they take a soul from purgatory in virtue of the same full indulgence. Here follow the days.—(Signed) FRA CIRILO, of Alameda and Bren, Archbishop of Toledo.

The other document or indulgence, costing two reals (5d.), is described as an Apostolic privilege for the use of meat, and is headed as a summary of the third class.

Whatever may be the exact value of these privileges to the devout members of the Roman Catholic Church, many items of which are scarcely to be understood by Protestants, there appears to be, to my uninitiated mind, a rather large grant for the money; in other words, for the performance of a meritorious act of charity, to wit, the purchase of these pieces of paper, respectively valued at sevenpence-halfpenny and fivepence.



## LETTER XXII.

*The Carlist Insurrection.*

## BARCELONA. BRIGANDS. ADIEU.

**D**ON Carlos is an unfortunate name in Spanish history. I need but instance the melancholy story of the young Prince, Don Carlos, son of the stern and morose monarch Philip II, and heir to his vast dominions. Born in an age when the spirit of chivalry had shed over Spanish conquest a halo of glory, which completely ignored the terrible cruelties and sufferings of war and bloodshed, the Prince was surrounded by mischievous influences. His mind became imbued with a desire to indulge in cruel sports and pastimes, and his inclinations led him to give way to the vicious propensities of a bad disposition rather than to cultivate refinement of intellect or to display the more gentle sensibilities of the heart. His traits of character are not surprising, when the cruel and barbarous punishments, customs, and even pastimes of the nation at that period are taken into consideration. Notwithstanding Spain's greatness—and at that time it was a nation without a rival for wealth, power, and learning—it was cursed by being under the black cloud of the Inquisition. The perpetrated cruelties of this dreaded institution hang about Spain's historical greatness like a terrible disease. The grandeur of its kingly courts, the magnificence of its ceremonious events, the brilliant pageantry of its brave orders of knighthood, its glorious conquests in the New World, its galaxy of great and learned men, cannot compensate for the tortures inflicted upon the

nation at large by the all-powerful councils of the iniquitous Inquisition. This very King Philip II, historians say, supported by formidable Inquisitors, put to death, by assassination, burning at the stake, burying alive, and other revolting means, no less than seventy thousand of his subjects, out of zeal for the "Holy Church;" whilst at the very time he was collecting saintly bones by the cartload for the reliquary of his famous Palace of the Escorial. The son and heir to this famous and zealous monarch was the youthful Don Carlos, an ill-conditioned child, deformed in body and depraved in mind. During his boyhood he spent his time in torturing animals and in the indulgence of ferocious acts of cruelty. Arrived at man's estate he exceeded all bounds of princely liberty—he was licentious and quarrelsome, a spendthrift and a gambler. At length his unsettled disposition led him to join some paltry conspiracy against the King, his father, which ended in his being condemned to be imprisoned, and kept in solitary confinement. During his incarceration his mind gave way, and he soon became a helpless idiot; finally—historians say—he was murdered by the administration of poison—an act instigated by the King himself. The mournful history of this Prince involves many strange matters of history, which would be worth referring to if other matters were not more immediately interesting and deserving of present attention. Philip and his imbecile son have long since passed away, their memories have tainted the pages of history, and one feels that, however much they have achieved worldly greatness, those silent tombs in the massive and gloomy vaults of the Escorial are monuments of but fitful glory and unbounded misery.

Another Don Carlos was the brother of King Ferdinand VII, and (the King being childless) heir-presumptive to the Crown. Late in life King Ferdinand married, and a daughter was born. According to the Salic law of Spain no female could ascend the throne; therefore her birth did not preclude Don Carlos from prospective succession. The Queen

of Ferdinand—Christina of Naples—by successful intrigues induced the King, and through him the Parliament, to abrogate the Salic law in favour of the Princess Isabella (1832). Don Carlos, supported by a large party in the State, indignantly repudiated the passing of this measure, but their efforts were ineffectual. This signal piece of folly on the part of Ferdinand has been the source of the greatest calamities to Spain; in short, the question of succession has been the starting-point of all those unhappy intestine wars which have been the curse of Spain during the last forty years.

It would be impossible to speak here of the many events of import arising out of this quarrel that have happened during these years. There are many interesting stories to be told of this epoch: how King Ferdinand left a distracted nation to be governed by a regent Queen; how rumour branded the name of the Queen Regent with an infamous life; how Queen Isabella earned the detestation of her subjects and was driven from the throne; and how a new dynasty stepped into the Government with hope and vigour and favoured prospects. In these stories many honoured names like Prim and Espartero brighten the pages of modern history; but it is enough to say in reference to the name of Don Carlos that in the cancelling of the ancient Salic law the seeds were sown of long discord and sedition. Unhappy differences have ever since existed throughout the length and breadth of the land, conspiracies and intestine wars have continually troubled the Government, and the country has been a prey to parties of faction and intrigue.

Don Carlos, the brother of Ferdinand, died without establishing his claims to the Crown. At his death he left a son, another Don Carlos, to carry on the same quarrel and prosecute the same claim. At the present moment this youth is in arms against the Spanish Government, basing his aspirations upon his father's claim; and it may be observed that many a monarch has been seated upon a throne with less pretensions than those of the young Don Carlos. Undoubtedly the elder



Don Carlos was badly treated, and claims a fair share of sympathy under the circumstances. It is said that the Salic law was rescinded in an underhand and unconstitutional manner. However that may be, there is no doubt that Don Carlos the elder did, and Don Carlos the younger does, count many friends among the nobles and gentry of Spain. The Carlist cause is a popular one throughout the rural districts, particularly in the northern and eastern provinces. And though the faction is not strong enough to maintain its claims, yet there are no lack of supporters to carry on Court intrigue and spasmodic warfare.

Such, then, is a brief account of three notable persons bearing the same name. I have thought it best to introduce a short sketch of each, in order that the frequent occurrence of the name (which really is a common one in Spanish history) may not lead to confusion. Each Don Carlos mentioned is a favourite subject of anecdote and story, and the most casual reader of Spanish history will repeatedly meet with one or the other of them.

When the fiery spirit of the Spaniards led them to take arms recently against the Government of Queen Isabella, many patriotic Spaniards hailed with satisfaction the prospect of a Republic, and it is most probable that, could such a form of government have been fairly established, it would have been at once a blessing and benefit to the country. The nobility and upper classes, however, had decidedly monarchical inclinations, and then followed what all the world knows—the invitation to Prince Amadeus of Italy to ascend the throne vacated by Queen Isabella, and his acceptance thereof. For a time the party of Don Carlos fondly hoped that in the tide of events they might successfully advocate the claims of the young Pretender; failing in this, a plan was concerted for a rising of the Carlist bands among the wild regions of the provinces of the north and east.

Don Carlos is not a brilliant man, nor in any way such a man of mark or character as one may expect to be associated

with such a daring enterprise as an attack upon the Spanish Crown. Several people whom we have met have known the young man in Paris, and they declare him to be totally unfit for, and a most unlikely person to attain, what he seeks. For some time young Don Carlos has lived in privacy in Paris, where his conspiracies were shaped and ripened. The character of the Basque Provinces favours guerilla warfare, and it is the inclination of the inhabitants to engage in it which makes these districts so troublesome. It had been arranged that the insurrection should commence by the assembling of bands of armed men throughout the rural mountain districts, near the foot of the Pyrenees. When all was ready Don Carlos was to run the gauntlet of the carefully guarded Pyrenean passes, and join the seditious assemblage.

I must now review the events and circumstances relating to the insurrection, which affected ourselves and interfered with our comforts and progress through Spain, ultimately materially impeding our journey.

Upon our arrival in Spain we were told in a jocular way that the Carlists were preparing for a rising, and that an insurrection was imminent. We were further impressed at that ancient and quaint city of Burgos by meeting at dinner the Governor-General of the province, surrounded by a campaigning staff of officers. At Madrid we were struck by imposing military demonstrations. The scent of war always arouses a spirit of activity among garrison troops. Regiments were being continually marched to and fro; the *rappel* was more vigorously sounded than usual, and there was a general and unmistakeable activity which could not fail to be remarked. All these signs we noticed, but as the current rumours were scarcely worth credit, and accurate information unobtainable, we hoped that the Government might be able instantly to suppress any rising, should one take place, or at least, that we might escape the wave of Spanish domestic trouble. The stoppage and robbery of the train, in the Sierra Morena, a few days before our leaving Madrid, had caused the Govern-

ment to provide an escort of soldiers, to the number of ten or a dozen, for each train. This continued until we reached the southern cities. Upon our leaving Seville for Valencia, the escort was increased, and before reaching the latter city we were accompanied by a very strong detachment.

At Valencia we hear the first tidings of the Carlists being actually in arms, and of the northern provinces being in a state of insurrection. Government troops are rapidly moving northwards, the telegraphs are destroyed, and all railway communication is cut off. Walking through the city upon the evening of our arrival, in search of information, we see notices posted up in conspicuous places conveying the intelligence that an engagement has taken place during the afternoon a few miles outside the city, and the numbers of killed, wounded, and prisoners is stated. The documents end with certain proclamations to the inhabitants. We are curious to notice what effect the reading of the notices has upon the crowds of people gathered around them. The assembly freely discuss the information, and relish it with evident good humour—either they disbelieve the quality of the news, or they are pleased to hear it, for they smile as they read, and laughingly joke as they discuss it.

Whatever may be the delights to the inquiring mind of the enterprising traveller when revelling in the extensive archæological treasures of an ancient and decaying city, it takes away all the romance of the visit to receive the intelligence that an enforced residence for a few weeks longer than bargained for, or desired, is probable. After gleaning the latest intelligence of the Carlist rising, we return to our hotel, and are profoundly impressed with the opinion of our landlord, who naïvely observes that we need not be alarmed, his house has ample accommodation, adding that during the last insurrection foreigners were not allowed to leave the house for three weeks, but no visitor was in the least inconvenienced.

The following day being Sunday, we attend morning service, in the house of the British Consul, where we hear that for the present the railway is clear as far as Barcelona, but that all traffic beyond that city is entirely suspended. The Consul advises us to proceed immediately to Barcelona, and take the diligence across the Pyrenees to Perpignan, for should the rails be disturbed between Valencia and Barcelona, which is daily expected, our only way home would then be by sea to Marseilles.

By the way, these quiet little Church services are very impressive and refreshing when turning away from the noisy enjoyment of a Spanish Sunday, and in contrast to the gorgeous ceremonies of the Roman Catholic churches. In the quiet drawing-room are gathered about twenty English people, mostly residents, others chance travellers. All are called together by notices affixed to certain known houses, a short paragraph stating that a reverend visitor would read prayers, &c., at an hour named. The quiet spot, the distance from home, the disturbed state of society, and the many associations of the troubled country, intermingled with thoughts of home, create a strange feeling of interest in the meeting, and lend additional solemnity to the service.

Upon arriving at Tarragona, a city lying between Valencia and Barcelona, upon the shores of the Mediterranean, we decide to stay a day and explore its monuments, and inspect the fine old cathedral. It is delightfully situated in a charming and undulating country, has an exceedingly healthy atmosphere, and commands extensive and beautiful views of land and sea.

The good folks of Tarragona say that all the young people, and those who seek to improve their worldly prospects, travel northwards to Barcelona, a city of progress and real activity, and a field where enterprise and industry will secure ample recompense. The dreary aspect of the city seems to confirm the statement, and the desolate look of its ancient buildings, together with the absence of bustle and activity on

the part of the inhabitants, at first impresses us with unsalutary feelings; but it is a glorious place for the antiquarian visitor, and no stranger can visit the city without being greatly interested in its many valuable records and monuments of bygone days. Some people say that the gloom which hangs over the city first arose after the dreadful punishments inflicted upon the inhabitants during the Peninsular war. In 1813 the French General Suchet besieged the city, and after a time captured it, by the aid of a traitor who delivered up the strong fort which commanded the city. The moment the city was taken Suchet gave it up to pillage, and its inhabitants to massacre; then followed scenes of atrocity which are a disgrace to the history of the human race. Suchet, in explanation, said that by giving up a whole city to destruction he hoped to intimidate the rest of Spain. Over such an account one can only sigh while deeply sympathising with a people subjected to such a mournful fate.

The allies of the Spaniards, the English, avenged the atrocious conduct of Suchet; and objects of interest to every Englishman, when wandering through the lovely cloisters of the ancient cathedral, are the inscriptions, painted in black letters, upon the walls, recording the resting-place of many a brave British soldier who fell in these bloody and cruel wars. Tarragona is a very ancient place: in the time of the Romans it was of great importance, having within its walls upwards of a million inhabitants; and at the present time there are abundant traces of Roman occupation. Many ancient buildings erected at that remote age are still crumbling among the decaying edifices of the city. Antiquities and "remains" abound, and the local museum is rich in treasures of the Roman period. Later, Goths, Moors, and Christians have left their mark upon the city. The horrors of war have frequently been familiar to its inhabitants; for the Catalonians have always been a meddling people, and have been invariably mixed up with conspiracies,

quarrels, and insurrections. It is still a fortified city, though it is very doubtful if it would withstand many hours the formidable effects of modern engines of war. However, that matters little to the ordinary visitor. The forts and military buildings are interesting from the associations with the days of old.

One of the chief delights in a visit to this historical city is to leisurely saunter along its pretty promenade, or Rambla, as it is termed, situated at the edge of the upper town, and overlooking the forts and lower parts of the city, beyond which is the lovely blue Mediterranean. We soon find our way to this delightful spot, and spend a pleasant hour enjoying the beautiful scenery and the refreshing sea breezes. Below us is a building which at once attracts our attention, and gives us food for lengthy meditation. We overlook an ancient house, like a fortified castle, which is strongly guarded by soldiers and outlying sentries; we are informed that it is a Spanish prison. The court-yard—indeed, the whole interior plan of the buildings—is plainly seen from our elevated position. The yard is crowded with men, who smoke and pace the narrow enclosure, or dreamily screen themselves from the sun by lying at full length along the base of the pillars and walls. The house is a very ancient one, and was once a palace of the Cæsars. Before that time it is said Pontius Pilate lived there. (This world-renowned judge is claimed as a townsman by the Tarragonese, and this mansion is said to have been erected by him.) The city has been the home of other great men. The famous brothers Scipio—Publius and Cneius—for a time resided here, and a ruined tomb, standing some four miles out of the city, is pointed out as being their grave. The magnificent cathedral is a rich store-house for the archæologist—ancient tombs, decaying inscriptions, glorious ornament, and a host of “good things,” which require more time to examine than, under the circumstances, we can spare. The most beautiful, perhaps, are the exquisite

cloisters, which contain 316 marble columns, supporting ever-varying arches, the detailed ornament of which is also of endless diversity. Some of the trifling ornaments on the capitals of the pillars are grotesque groups of absurdities, all of the most curious and amusing character, such as a rat and cat funeral, a cock-fight, and some quaint undescribable subjects.

Behind the cathedral is an ancient church dedicated to St. Paul, and said to have been built by the apostle himself: this may or may not have been the case. Undoubtedly the church is very ancient; but the Spaniards believe in so many extraordinary things that it is impossible to sift the grain of truth from the volume of fiction. Here is the home of the delightful legend of St. Tecla, a saint in high repute, and to whom the cathedral in Tarragona is dedicated. It is said, she was a young and beautiful girl, who, listening to the preachings of St. Paul, was converted by him to Christianity. Thenceforth she dedicated herself to God's service. A young man, one Thamiro, claimed her as his bride, and brought the powers of law to his aid in order to enforce his claim. The Spanish judges thereupon condemned the youthful Tecla to be burned at the stake. The sentence was carried out, but the piety of Tecla saved her, and she came out of the fire unhurt. Her judges then commanded that her body should be thrown to the lions; this was done, and the wild beasts approached her but to lick her feet. A like immunity was vouchsafed to her when exposed to the rage of bulls. From that time she was ranked amongst the first of female martyrs, and venerated accordingly. Many of the more beautiful carvings within the cathedral are scenes illustrating the memorable events in the life of this tutelar saint of Tarragona.

Another local saint is sought after by persons who are suffering from deafness and bad eyes. He was canonised, after being executed by the governor, who had discovered him living like a wild beast in a cave. What his life or

death has to do with bad eyes I have not been able to find out.

But these saints are not particularly remarkable, considering what the soil of Spain has produced in this way. I have said little about miracle-working saints, and miracle-working relics, but it will surprise no one to hear that Spain abounds in these precious gifts. The neighbouring city of Tortosa, in Catalonia, possesses a marvellous relic in the shape of a precious girdle, brought down from heaven by the Virgin herself, accompanied by SS. Peter and Paul, in 1178. This relic has miraculous properties in cases of childbirth, and so esteemed is it that it has been conveyed to the Royal apartments at Aranjuez, to facilitate the *accouchement* of two Infantas. Fearful lest any sceptic should doubt the authenticity of this relic, Pope Paul himself declared it to be genuine. Numberless other marvellous relics possessing miraculous powers are carefully preserved in the churches throughout Spain. A medal at Santiago cures the ague, a handkerchief of the Virgin, ophthalmia, a scrap of Saint Frutos supplied at Segovia the loss of common sense—a shrine which a good number of Spaniards might visit to advantage.

During our stay at Tarragona we visit the extensive wine stores of Messrs. Bonsoms, Müller, and Co., whose large establishment gives activity to at least a portion of the city. A visit to one of these great wine stores is interesting, the most difficult task to perform being the “tasting.” The courteous partner (an American, by the way) who conducts us through the extensive premises, insists upon our testing the qualities of all kinds of vintages. Wine stored for forty years, special growths, various flavoured, wines, are submitted, till we protest and confess our inability to stand the ordeal. It is a curious thing to see how all the wines of commerce are manufactured. Every country has a peculiar taste, and wines for England, Russia, or the United States are each “manufactured” to suit the market. At the commencement all



the wine brought in from the farms of the district is consigned into vast reservoirs or cisterns below the warehouses. By this process all slight variations are lost, and only one base is obtained. This bulk is again pumped up into casks, which, when filled, are stored in the sun for a year or two, the heat improving the quality. Of course different seasons produce a variety of qualities, and special vintages are carefully stored for particular markets. Sherry, Malmsey, and other wines taste in their natural state thin and poor to our English palates, but their purity and healthy qualities readily find a market for them; and this Tarragona firm, with many others equally well known, ship a surprising quantity of the highly esteemed wines of Spain to all parts of the world.

We spend the evening in a pleasant stroll along the shores of the Mediterranean, and find that outside the city the same dreary poverty exists as in the dilapidated houses within. Along the rocky sea banks the poorest of poor fishermen shelter themselves in the meanest and most wretched habitations, whilst tribes of gipsies burrow into holes and caves, and, like half-wild animals, glare at us with ignorant and savage countenances as we pass. It is a melancholy thing to witness such a deplorable condition of mankind. As an instance of the want of ordinary mechanical skill among the artisans of the city, we see in the shop of a wood-turner, a (to us) novel machine. Suspended a little way from the roof is a large elastic wooden bow, about five feet in length, to the ends of which are fastened strings connected with his lathe. The pressure of the foot below turns the spindle, which makes perhaps a dozen revolutions, during which the man is enabled to work upon the leg of a chair; the pressure of the foot ceasing, the bow comes into action, and turns the spindle the reverse way, at the same time raising the treadle below. In this intermittent manner the man laboriously works at his chair leg, really taking six hours to do three hours' work. I am told that this is an Eastern contrivance, and is common amongst

the barbarous tribes of Africa. Such may be the case, but it is astounding that in this age of improvement and steam a primitive machine like this should exist in Europe.

Our polite American friend of the wine store informs us that the neighbouring country around Tarragona is very fertile and rich. Besides the vineyards there are extensive plantations of olives, the oil from which is an important article of commerce. He tells us that the rude and unimproved presses for extracting the oil cause much waste, indeed so much that the refuse itself is rich enough to be worth a second working. Some time ago a company was formed for the purpose of buying up this refuse, and extracting, by superior machinery, the valuable oil that remained. Unfortunately, bad management caused the company to collapse, though, our friend added, the fact remains, and yet offers a field of enterprise for some future speculator. Another article of commerce is the locust bean, which is grown extensively throughout the East of Spain. Within the last few years an increased demand has sprung up for this product, which is used by a well-known and largely advertising firm in England for making "food for cattle."

The following morning we leave Tarragona and continue our journey to Barcelona. The whole ride from Valencia to Barcelona is through a charming country—lovely mountain scenes, rich agricultural districts, interspersed with glimpses of the sea, make the long ride appear short and enjoyable. Olive-trees have not an agreeable looking foliage, the leaves being dull and gray, and none of the trees are shapely. The Spaniards split them when young into three or four pieces, so that as they grow they spread themselves, often lying nearly on the ground, as if they were decayed or had been struck by lightning. The locust bean trees generally grow among the olives, and are distinguishable by the brighter green of the leaves. As we approach Barcelona, we see the famous nut-bushes growing, which are carefully tended in extensive orchards.

Late in the evening we arrive at Barcelona, and are delighted and surprised at finding the city by far the largest and handsomest one in Spain; indeed, it scarcely looks like a Spanish city, having many fine streets and modern residences.

The principal streets are lined with large and handsome shops. Busy and active people throng the thoroughfares, shipping fills the commodious harbour, and, altogether, the city has the appearance of a thriving and industrious commercial community. The Rambla, where our large and fashionable hotel, the "Cuatro Naciones," is situated, might be one of the boulevards of Paris; it is wide and well lighted, and people flock thither to promenade and gossip. In the centre of the roadway is a walk, shaded by trees, extending the whole length; indeed, it may be said to be a road in itself appropriated to foot traffic, having a wide horse-way on each side. All the fashionable people of Barcelona walk upon this promenade in an evening. Early in the day one may see here long rows of stalls covered with flowers. Such an abundance of beautiful plants and blossoms it does one good to see. Amongst this floricultural profusion are large baskets of orange blossom, which are sold for making orange water, &c. The flower market lasts but a few hours, and then all is cleared away for the convenience of promenaders. The fish market also must be seen early in the morning, in order to witness the many and curious kinds of fish caught in the Mediterranean. Barcelona has a remote and interesting history, which I shall not now attempt to review. It is an important fortified city, and the opinion of its inhabitants has great weight in the national councils. It is also a great manufacturing centre, having extensive spinning and weaving mills, and is the seat of many industries. One remarkable peculiarity we notice in the streets which we have not seen before in Spain, and which is rarely to be seen elsewhere, namely, little wooden confessional-like boxes of public letter-writers. There are numbers of them

placed along the Rambla, the solemn and learned scribes cooped up within having a comical and grotesque appearance.

By the time we arrive in Barcelona the aspect of the political horizon has grown decidedly stormy, and no time is to be lost in making arrangements to quit the country. The local newspapers—and there are plenty of them here—announce that a great battle is imminent northwards—that Saragossa, Pamplona, and other cities which we had hoped to visit are in a state of siege, and that the country generally is in a most uncomfortable condition for travellers. It is even doubtful whether the Perpignan route is safe. We therefore hastily make arrangements to leave Barcelona the following morning. The urgency of our departure prevents us seeing much of this fine city, which we regret, for not only is there a cathedral of great interest, but there are many other things well worth the inspection of travellers.

In our eagerness to get away, we—perhaps rashly—are too public in announcing our intentions, and also in taking our tickets by the diligence, added to which the whole party (of six) change, at a money-changer's in the Rambla, a quantity of gold for French money. In the disturbed condition of the country more caution than we have displayed is necessary. Some treacherous Spaniard or Spaniards have been watching us; or it might be some of the servants at the hotel, or some idler witnessing the transaction at the money-changer's, or at the office of the diligence. Any way, a conspiracy is formed to communicate with a band of brigands in the mountains for the purpose of stopping the diligence and robbing us. Curiously enough, after our return to the hotel, we decide to start by the early diligence leaving Barcelona before six in the morning, instead of the usual one at mid-day, in consequence of which we escape the polite arrangements of the brigands, and the unfortunate travellers by the mid-day conveyance are mulcted in costs.

It is a charming ride over this Pyrenean pass, by way of Gerona and Figueras—the road winds between stupendous

mountains, with peaks topped with glistening snow, and through lovely fertile valleys, rich with vegetation. The Governments of France and Spain have combined to make this an excellent road. Notwithstanding this highway connecting the two countries is over a broken and uneven country, the road is equal to the best kept highways in England. Nearing the frontier, the formidable Spanish citadel, the *Castello de San Fernando*, commands the pass, and a few miles further on the opposing French fortress of *Bellegarde* frowns from the mountain top. Of course, at the frontier we are stopped for the examination of baggage, passports, &c., and whilst this process is going on we stroll along the village, and make notes of the specialties of the place. In the neighbourhood are extensive plantations of cork trees, many of which we have already passed with the bark of the trees partially peeled off. In the little villages of the neighbourhood are manufactories for making the bottling corks of commerce.

We now take a final view of Spanish territory, and a few hours later arrive at *Perpignan*. The next day intelligence arrives of the stoppage of the diligence and the robbery of the passengers. The brigands had placed themselves in ambush a few miles from *Figueras*, and upon the appearance of the diligence they compelled the driver to pull up. The passengers were then forced to alight, one by one, and were judiciously placed face downwards in the roadway, whilst they were despoiled of their worldly stores; resistance would have been folly, as the penned-up passengers could scarcely move, and were, moreover, without arms. The gentle pressure of brigand persuasion, aided by the glistening of some cold steel, successfully subdued the rising indignation of the passengers, who submitted to be robbed of all their money, watches, and other articles convenient of carriage. The baggage was only partially attacked, for time was pressing, and a hasty inspection evidently convinced the adventurous gentlemen of the hills that it would take more

time to examine than it was worth. The spoil carried off was by no means contemptible. In money they collected about 15,000 francs, in addition to which they carried away ten or twelve watches, and a considerable quantity of articles of jewellery, &c. An amusing circumstance was the demand of the brigands for the Englishmen with the bank notes; and when they could not be found they seized upon an unfortunate German, whose appearance in some measure answered the description they had received. Not finding the "bank notes," they stripped him, and cut his clothes to pieces in search of the hidden property.

Some hours later the victimized travellers themselves arrive at Perpignan, and create considerable amusement by relating the incidents of the robbery, and dwelling upon the indignity offered to them in having to bite the dust. Happily, no one was injured; the brigands were firm, but not violent, and to the lady passengers they were even polite.

As for ourselves we not only congratulate each other upon the escape, but we feel thankful that we had not been placed in such a trying position. It is hardly possible to conceive that six Englishmen, in bodily health and arrived at mature years, would have tamely submitted to despoliation after this unromantic fashion. Some one or other might have been injured, which would have caused us lasting regret. However, now in France we feel ourselves safe. Our visit to Spain has been, perhaps, unfortunately timed, but after all we have met with no accidents, though many have threatened, and as to the enjoyments of the journey, they could not be surpassed. A tour through Spain is a mental feast that must satiate the most craving appetite.



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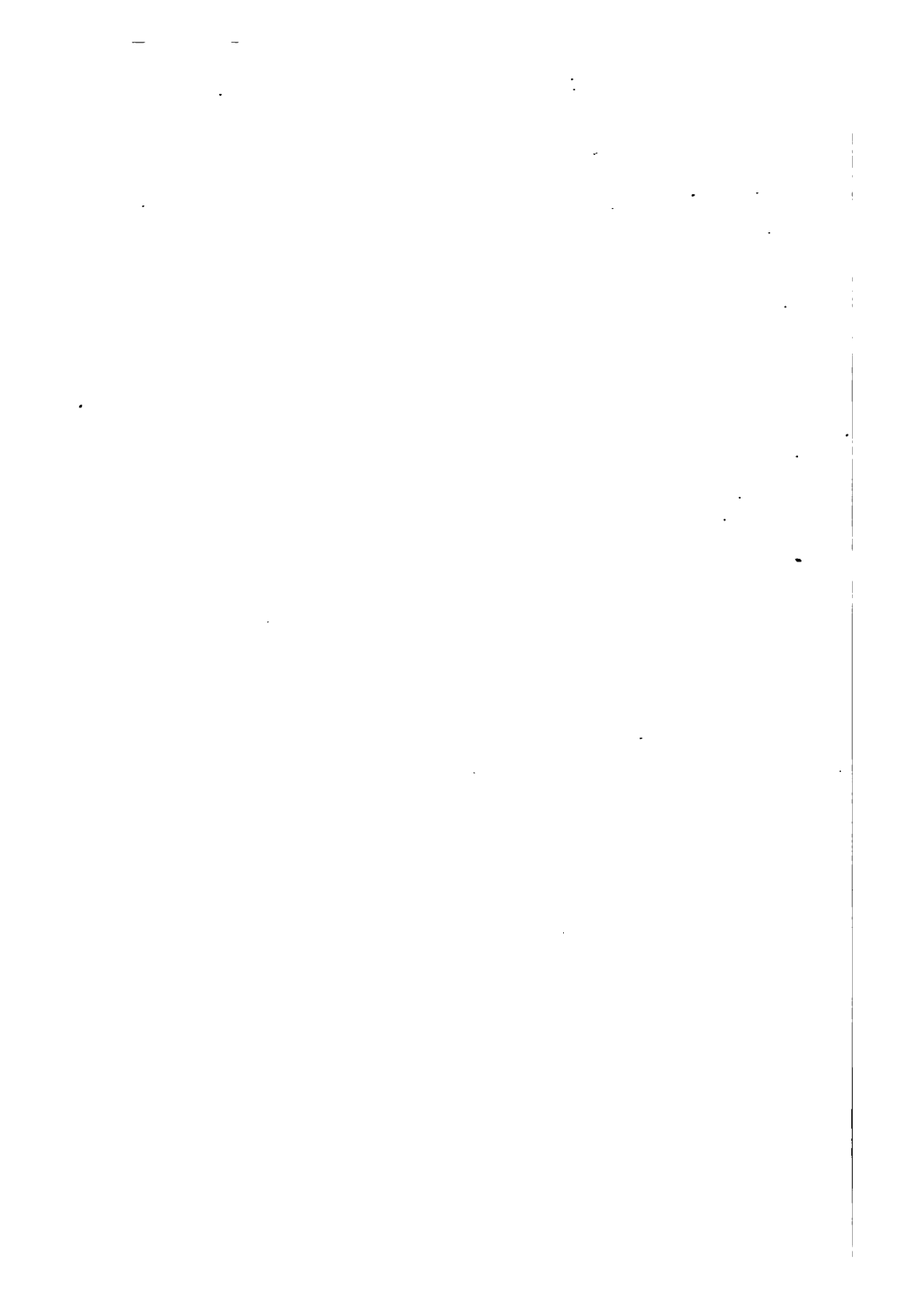
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